XMAS NUMBER, 1901.

THE ROYAL

6D.

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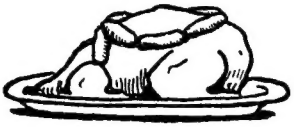
No. 83. Vol. VII.—DECEMBER, 1901.

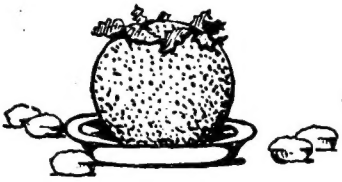
Published by C. ARTHUR PEARSON Ltd., London, W.C.

A CHRISTMAS DINNER

FIRST COURSE

SECOND COURSE

THIRD  COURSE

FOURTH  COURSE

FIFTH COURSE

LATER-

OF COURSE!

22 II 1901
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'LIFE IS NOT GIVEN US FOR THE MERE SAKE OF LIVING, BUT ALWAYS WITH AN ULTERIOR AIM.'—*THOMAS CARLYLE.*

If you had all the KNOWLEDGE, HONOUR, WEALTH, or the highest social position of this WORLD at your command, you must be measured by the HEART, which should be HUMBLE, HONEST, and KIND, for this is NOBILITY of MAN.

NOBLE EXAMPLES SET BY THE GREAT AND GOOD DO NOT DIE!

THE CHRISTMAS CAROL.

'The drying up a single Tear has more of honest fame than Shedding Seas of Gore.'

'The first test of a truly great man is his humility.'—*Ruskin.*

'It is very characteristic of the late Prince Consort—*a man himself of the purest mind, who powerfully impressed and influenced others by sheer force of his own benevolent nature*—when drawing up the conditions of the annual prize to be given by Her Majesty at Wellington College, to determine that it should be awarded **Not to the Cleverest Boy, nor the most Bookish Boy, nor to the most Precise, Diligent, and Prudent Boy, but to the Noblest Boy, to the Boy who should show the most Promise of becoming a Large-Hearted, High-Motived Man.'**—SMILES.

As Time rolls his ceaseless course, Christmas after Christmas comes round, and we find our joys and sorrows left behind; so we will build up the beings that we are.

WHAT MAKES A HAPPY CHRISTMAS?—HEALTH AND THE THINGS WE LOVE, AND THOSE WHO LOVE US.

What Higher Aim can Man attain than Conquest over Human Pain?

EVERY TRAVELLING TRUNK AND HOUSEHOLD OUGHT TO CONTAIN A BOTTLE OF

ENO'S 'FRUIT SALT.'

It is not too much to say that its merits have been published, tested, and approved literally from pole to pole, and that its cosmopolitan popularity to-day presents one of the most signal illustrations of commercial enterprise to be found in our trading records.

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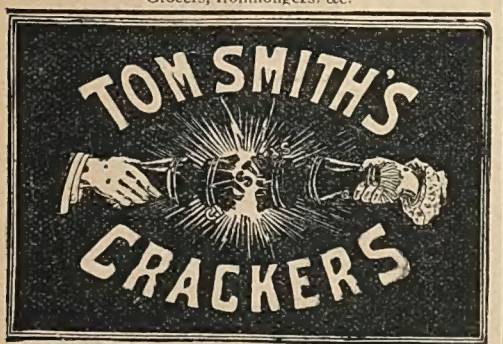

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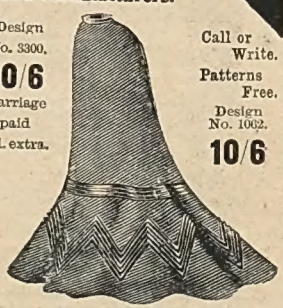

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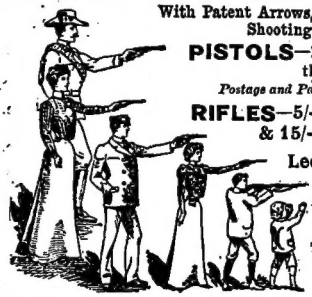

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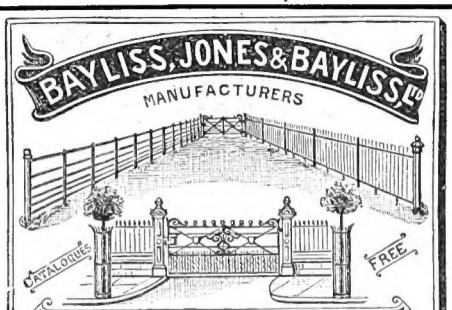

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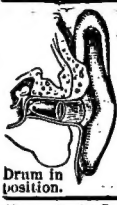
and Head Noises relieved by using WILSON'S COMMON-SENSE EAR DRUMS.



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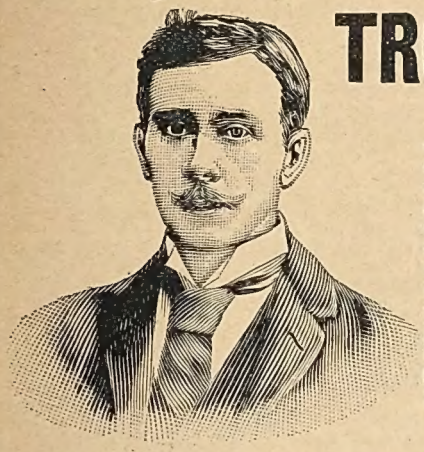

Tightness or constricted feeling round the head, continual catarrh, yellow watery discharge, difficult breathing, dizziness, weak eyes, bad throat, noises in ears like steam escaping, and pain around the eyes, was my condition when I proved the merits of Aerial Medication. I consider there is no equal to it for the ear, nose and throat. Having tried many things and several supposed to be clever doctors and treatments, I ought to be in a position to know. Have felt grand ever since I used this wonderful cure three years ago: hearing is perfect, head clear, free from catarrh, and general health is much better.—JOHN J. FRANCIS, 32 Albert Street, Crewe, Cheshire.

LIVING TESTIMONY.

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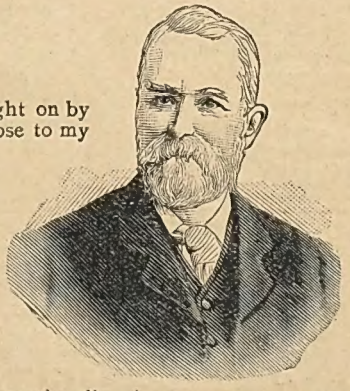
My hearing began to fail four years ago, and became so bad that I could not hear a watch tick. My nostrils were dry; had tickling sensation in the throat, noises in the ears at night, and a stuffy feeling in the head. It gives me great pleasure to acknowledge the great benefit I have derived from three months' Aerial Medication. Am able to hear watch tick at arm's length, head is clear, ears have opened out and the treatment has strengthened the parts and overcome conditions which I am sure could not have been accomplished in any other way. — Miss MARY JEWITT, Bridge Farm, Strensall, near York.



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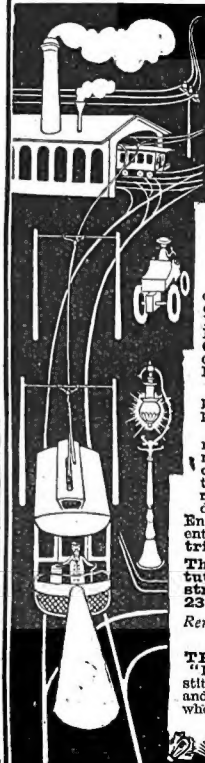

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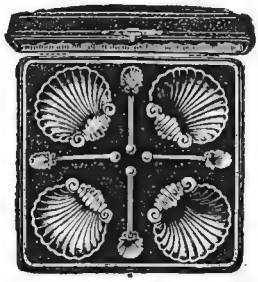

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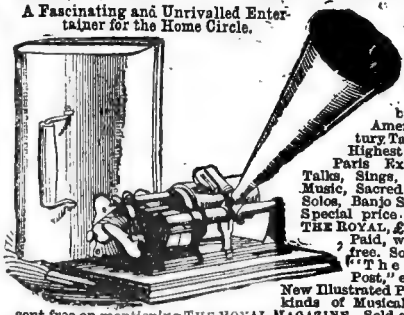

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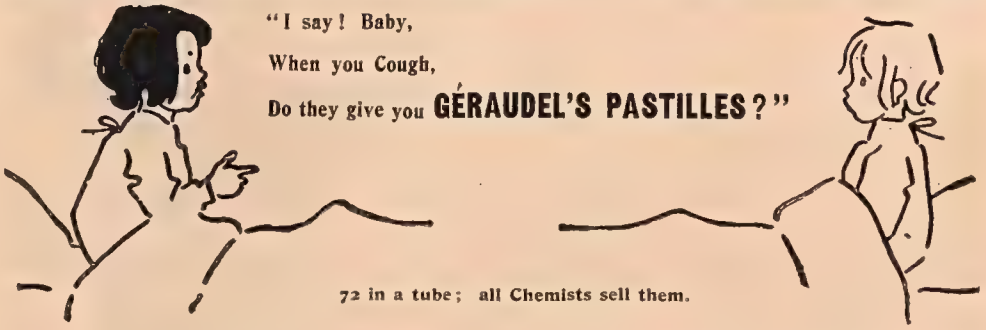

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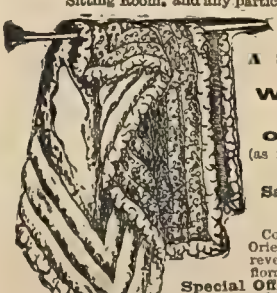

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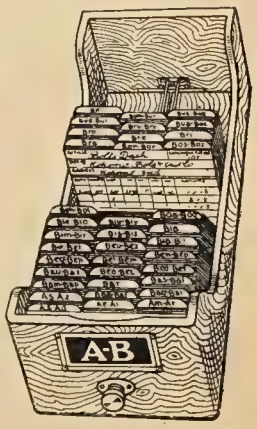

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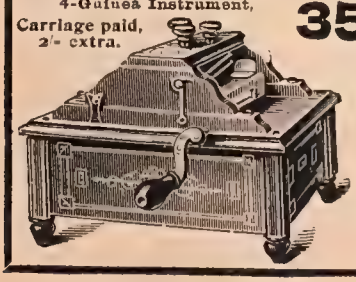

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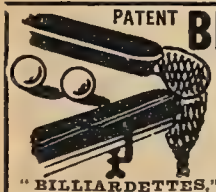

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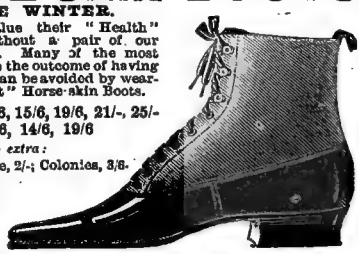

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PUBLISHED MONTHLY.

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The Editor will always be ready to consider contributions, whether literary or pictorial, and, where stamps are enclosed, will make every endeavour to ensure their safe return in the event of their proving unsuitable, although he cannot hold himself responsible for any MSS. or drawings or photographs sent on approval.

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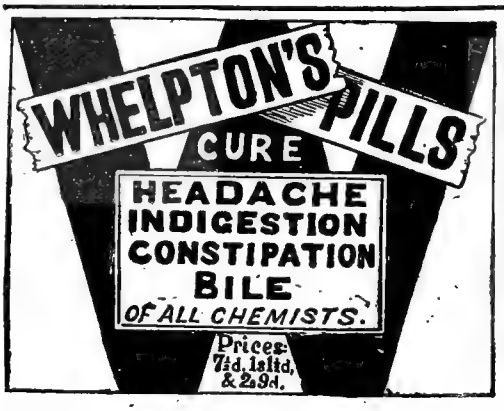

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From a Painting by C. J. Blenner.

"SURE, ALL THE FAIREST THINGS IN HEAVEN AND EARTH
HAVE MET TOGETHER IN MY LADY'S FACE."

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CUPID ON THE STAGE

BEN WEBSTER and LETTY FAIRFAX.

I have it on the best authority: to make love properly is as delicate a business on the stage as off; do it well and you are a fine player, do it badly and you had better turn to some other profession. Mr. Ben Webster, the well-known young actor, told me a few interesting little facts about stage love-making. "It is far more difficult to-day," he said, "than, say, fifty years ago. In those days the real lover and the stage lover were two distinct personalities; the former was the same as he has been in all ages, the latter was what we should call to-day a buffoon. He knelt on one knee at the feet of his beloved, he clasped his hand over his heart, he kissed the hem of her garment, and all this tomfoolery was swallowed by the audience. Imagine the modern actor trying this on! He would be hissed off the boards. To-day we require the real article, and the lover on the stage must conduct himself in the same manner as the lover off."

Photos, W. & D. Downey.

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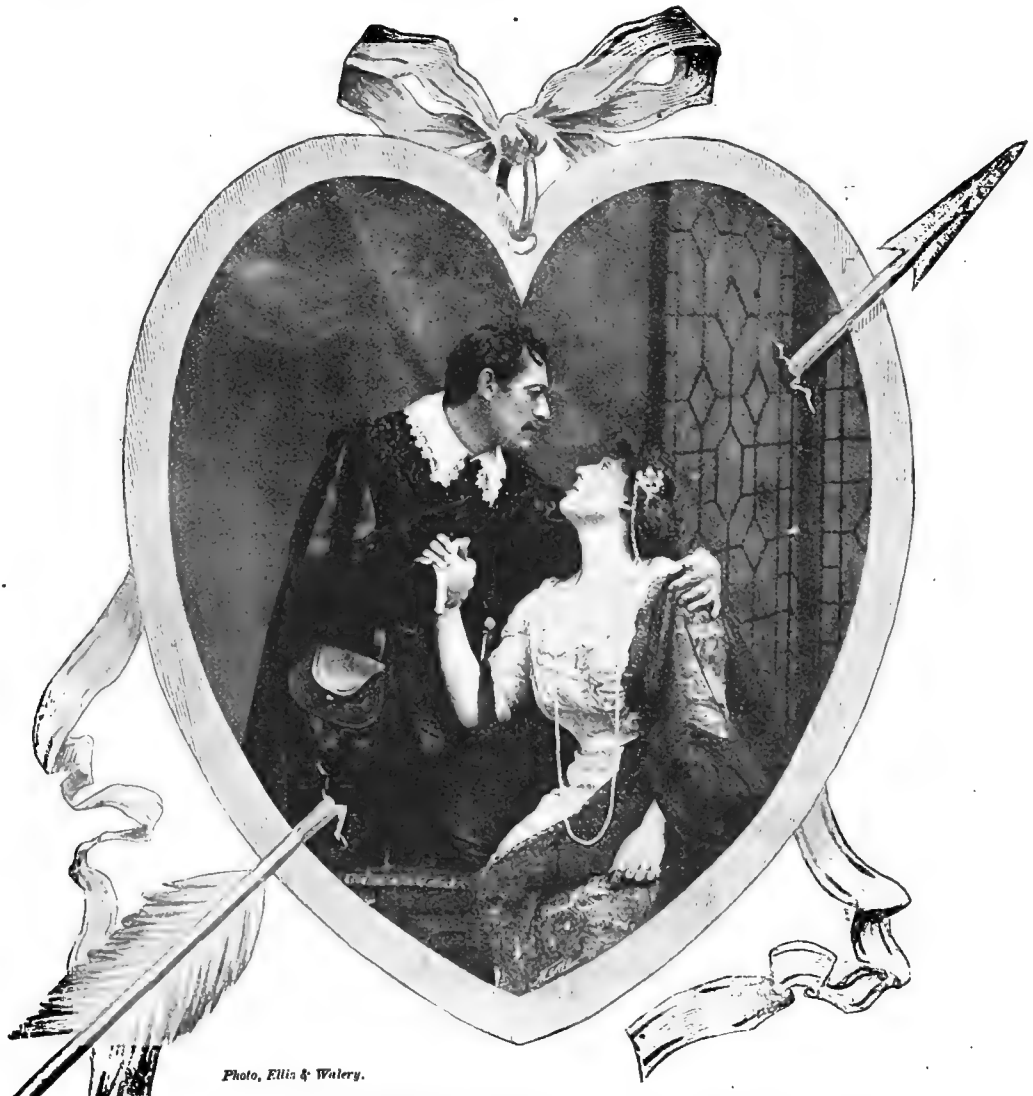

Photo, Ellis & Walery.

LEWIS WALLER and LILY HANBURY.

"A good stage-lover ought to be able to woo a milliner's dummy with passion and intensity," says Mr. Waller. But what makes the good stage-lover? "Ah, nothing!" replies the popular actor, "he is born, not made—a man passionate and tender by nature, dashing and strong."

"But the woman-hater? For some actors are women-haters, I suppose?" "He," retorted Mr. Waller, "ought to play the lover better than most, for the very fact of his being a woman-hater proves him to be of a passionate temperament. He was not born a woman-hater, but made into one through loving not wisely but too well!" I wonder whether Mr. Waller is a woman-hater. A more tempestuous lover never trod the boards. If so, his hatred is by no means reciprocated, for no actor (always excepting Mr. George Alexander) finds such favour in the eyes of women, whether for his voice or his face or his love-making it is hard to say.

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Photo, Barraud.

CHARLES WYNDHAM and MARY MOORE.

If George Alexander is the favourite actor of women, Charles Wyndham appeals more than any other to men. His hearty voice and breezy manner, his exquisite naturalness and genial sense of humour have never been approached on the English boards. And as a stage lover he is perfect within limitations. Tragic and passionate love scenes he never shines in; but where the wooing is half serious, light and delicate, he is supreme. He makes love best to women who are full of moods and fancies—the parts which Miss Mary Moore acts to perfection. His playful and humorous treatment of them is a wonderful thing to see. He makes a practice of patting their hands, laughing at them when they show temper, treating them to long, genial stares and delightfully spoken little confidences. He can be very tender when the mood takes him, and his kiss is a masterpiece.

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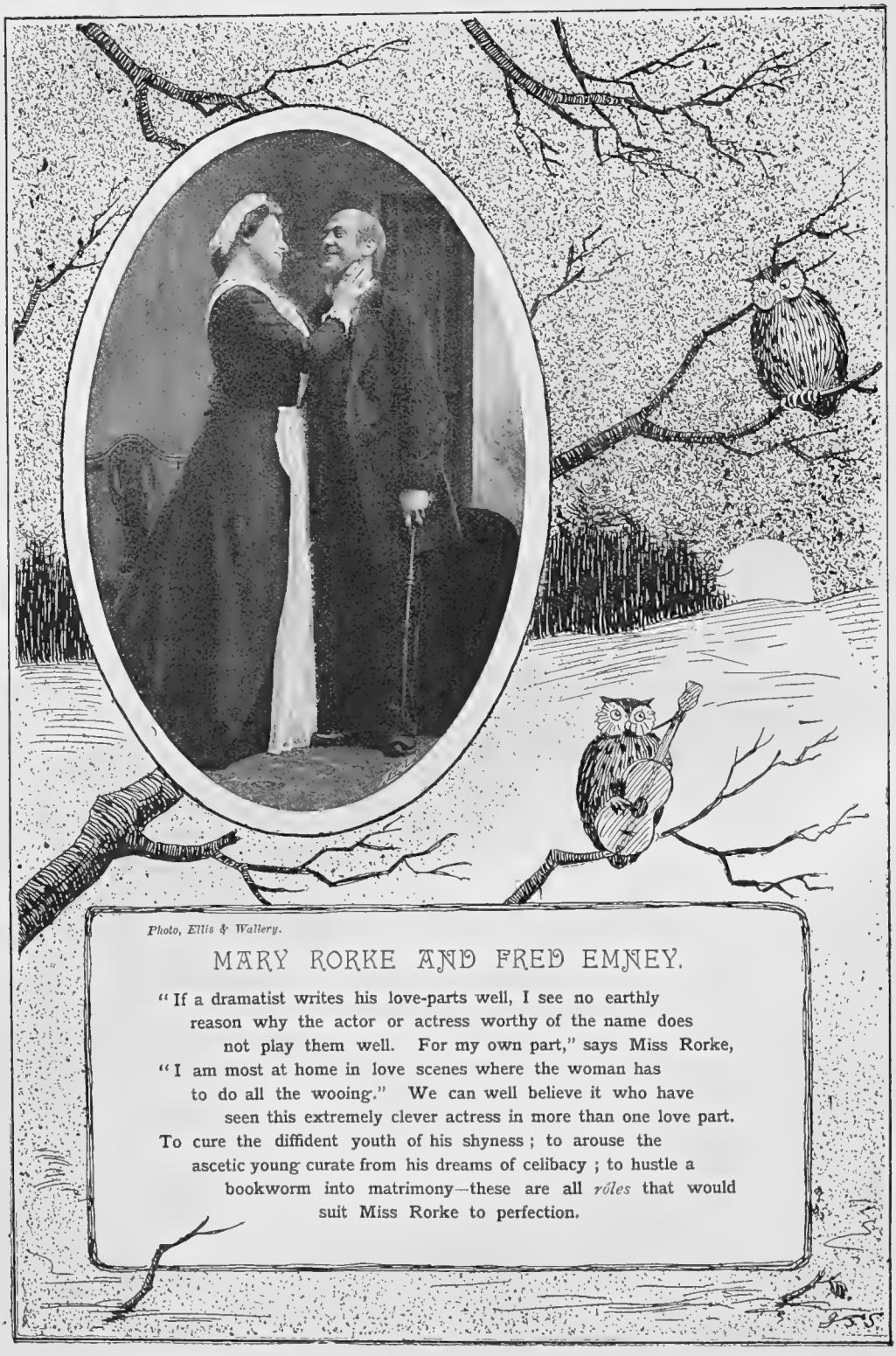

Photo, Ellis & Wallery.

MARY RORKE AND FRED EMNEY.

"If a dramatist writes his love-parts well, I see no earthly reason why the actor or actress worthy of the name does not play them well. For my own part," says Miss Rorke, "I am most at home in love scenes where the woman has to do all the wooing." We can well believe it who have seen this extremely clever actress in more than one love part. To cure the diffident youth of his shyness; to arouse the ascetic young curate from his dreams of celibacy; to hustle a bookworm into matrimony—these are all *rôles* that would suit Miss Rorke to perfection.

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Photo, Ellis & Walery.

GEORGE ALEXANDER and FAY DAVIS.

"Who is your favourite actor?" "Oh," replies the average girl, "George Alexander, of course." "Why?" "He makes love so beautifully!" Well, considering that all male love-making has for its *raison d'être* the appreciation of women, this verdict should be final.

And yet Mr. Alexander's popularity comes as a surprise to many. For his wooing is suave, tender, gentlemanly, what you will—but never passionate. He strolls stiffly about the stage, leans negligently on the edges of tables, and declares his heart with a superb air of serious assurance. Sometimes, as in the picture, he bends forward and regards the beloved one with intense fixity, his head as a rule slightly inclined to one side. His voice falls to a thrilling softness. And Miss Fay Davis, if not a great actress, makes a charming listener.

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Photo, Ellis & Walery.

SEYMOUR HICKS and ELLALINE TERRISS.

If George Alexander is the champion stage-lover, Miss Ellaline Terriss is the champion stage-beloved. There are many actresses infinitely more powerful and passionate, none quite so exquisitely charming and tender, so refined, so convincing. "I have always been associated in love parts with but one man," said Miss Terriss, "and he is my husband." I wonder if this accounts for the naturalness of her acting. Why not? So much of the stiffness and unreality of stage wooing must be obviated when the necessity for bogus embraces and sham kisses is removed.

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KAWAKAMI and SADA YACCO.

Another husband and wife who have all the love-making to themselves, Kawakami and his peerless Sada Yacco. Now love is, I suppose, the same all over the world, but its outward manifestations seem to differ very considerably. Examine these photographs. They might be called "The Accepted Lover" and "The Rejected Lover." In the first the happy swain is in his seventh heaven: he lies across the knees of his beloved while she combs his hair for him. Just imagine our English stage-lovers demonstrating their affection in such a manner! And yet when one calls to memory all the silly, stiff, theatrical love-making beyond the footlight, such a pose, quaint though it is, is a very refreshing change, and done as these Japanese, actors do it, perfectly easy and natural. In the second picture the beloved one is cold and disdainful, but the lover still persists in pleading his cause. The pose of both figures is wonderfully eloquent, especially Sada Yacco's. Yes, they are a wonderful pair of stage lovers, these two; but their art is materially assisted by their being lovers off the stage as well as on.

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THE KAISER INCOGNITO

By Huan Mee.

It was towards the end of October Anno Domini 1900, that Monsieur Lépine, the Prefect of the Paris Police, sat alone in his office in a contemplative mood.

The days of the Exhibition, which had arisen like a dream of fairyland on the banks of the Seine were numbered. Things had not gone so well as had been anticipated, for the visits of crowned heads, or princes of the blood, so ardently desired, so hopefully awaited by Republican France, had not taken place, or if they had, it had been in the strictest *incognito*, and hence the pomp and magnificence which were to have heralded the advent of the Royal guests and to have made the gay city gayer still, could not be displayed for the gratification of the effervescent Gaul; but what to him was infinitely worse, his coffers had suffered in consequence.

The gorgeous *Salle des Fêtes* had retained, almost undisturbed, its chill grandeur of solitude; there had been none of the tremendous receptions which were to have thronged its vast circumference with power and beauty, and the mighty salvos of applause which were to have made the glass of the rainbow-hued dome shiver, had not been heard—the *fêtes* had been first postponed, and then, alas! cancelled.

Monsieur Lépine gazed from the window of his private office across the courtyard where the russet and brown leaves of the plane trees, that the gusts of wind had blown down, rustled and gambolled along the ground in what seemed some mad pleasure chase, and the reddish rays of the late autumn sun penetrated into the room and fell in a beam of light athwart the masses of books and papers littering the writing-table of the chief.

Presently a door opened and a tall, middle-aged man, with sharp features and an iron grey beard and moustache, entered the room and stood silently awaiting recognition.

"Well, Carton, what is it?"

"Monsieur Razelles," the Secretary answered, "he wishes to see you at once. It is imperative business."

"Very well, admit him."

The man passed out of the apartment and a few seconds later another visitor entered, the greatest detective of France, and one whom the scoundrels of Paris feared even more than his illustrious predecessors. If he started a man-hunt, he never left it until he had gained his ends, and the one who was his quarry, knew from the first that he was doomed.

"What's the meaning of this, Razelles?" the Prefect exclaimed with a decided sting of annoyance in his tones. "By now you should be on your way to Calais. How is it that you are still in Paris?"

The man moved across the room and stooped over his chief until his lips almost touched the Prefect's ear.

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"My men in London can wait," he whispered. "I can give them a week's start and then easily track them down. I have more important news for you."

"Well?"

"His Imperial Majesty the Kaiser is in Paris!"

The chief started bold upright in his chair and gazed in bewildered astonishment into the face of the detective.

"It is impossible," he cried, "impossible!"

"It is the truth. He is here *incognito*. I recognised him instantly, and knowing the responsibility that rests upon us while he is here, I thought I should only be doing what was right to see you at once and warn you."

"You're absolutely sure?" Monsieur Lépine queried with nervous anxiety betraying itself in the tones of his voice—"absolutely sure?"

"As certain as I stand here in your room. For years, as you know, I lived in Berlin and had frequent opportunities of seeing him. I am positively certain that the man I saw half an hour ago enter the Exhibition by the Trocadero, arm in arm with another German, is none other than His Imperial Majesty William II.—*incognito*."

For a few moments the Prefect sat with his chin in the hollow of his hand, his eyes absorbed in contemplation of the dry leaves whirling about the courtyard.

He hoped that Razelles had been mistaken, but he feared that he had not been, for this secret visit to the Exhibition was just such a hazardous enterprise as would be indulged in by the excitement-loving Emperor.

"What have you done?" he impatiently blurted. "Is he being followed?"

"Yes, by Dacheaux."

"You must set a dozen men to shadow him constantly. He must never be lost sight of, night or day. *Mon Dieu!* if anything should happen.

"Heaven! If some infatuated fool in the scum that has drifted here should recognise him, some hot-headed anarchist, chafing under a fancied wrong, aching to avenge some imaginary grievance, should discover that he is in Paris and attempt his life. If anything happened to him, if he were attacked—assassinated, where would it lead us to?"

"His Majesty's visit is indiscreet."

"It is madness. But while he is our guest we must protect him with all the skill that we possess without allowing him to know that his identity has been discovered. I give you *carte blanche* in this matter. Report to me every hour, arrest anyone upon the slightest suspicion, employ only our most trusted men, and remember that the life of the Kaiser and the honour of France is in your hands. Perform your work well and I shall remember it. Do not waste time now, go at once, but stay, I will come with you."

With an anxious frown still upon his face, the chief left the building with Monsieur Razalles, to enter, a little later, the grounds of the Exhibition at the Champs Elysées' entrance by the Alexander Bridge.

There was an instant's whispered conversation with a secret service agent at the gate, and then they followed the broad avenue to the Palais des Beaux Arts.

Lounging in the doorway was Dacheaux, one of the highly placed confidential officials of the Prefecture, and with an almost imperceptible motion of the hand he indicated a couple of Germans, who a short distance off were examining some of the monumental sculpture that graced the building.

One of the men was the ordinary type of

"His Imperial Majesty the Kaiser is in Paris!"

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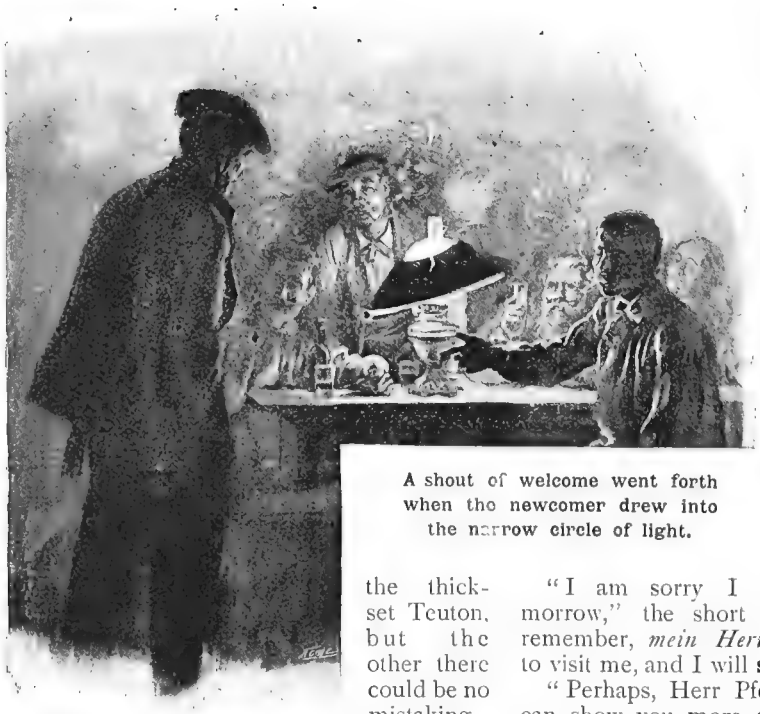

A shout of welcome went forth when the newcomer drew into the narrow circle of light.

the thick-set Teuton, but the other there could be no mistaking.

"It is he," the Prefect gasped, "it is he, sure enough. *Mon Dieu!* how indiscreet."

The second man was garbed in a tweed suit and soft hat which could not conceal his military bearing, and the only change he had troubled to make in his appearance was to wax down the ends of his moustache which usually curled so fiercely upwards. In one hand he carried a light stick, the other was always still.

"*Sacré bleu*," the Prefect murmured fiercely, "why did not Herr Richter warn us?"

"Doubtless Herr Richter believes that His Majesty is at his shooting-box," the detective answered. "The Kaiser has a reputation for impulsiveness. I doubt if any people in Europe other than ourselves are aware of our visitor's identity."

"Possibly; who is that German?"

"I do not know, monsieur, but from a few words I caught of their conversation, undoubtedly only a chance acquaintance."

"So! Well, the Emperor must have no chance acquaintances during his sojourn in Paris. When they separate to-night, arrest him. Let there be a street brawl. You understand."

"Perfectly, Monsieur le Préfet."

"Keep him imprisoned till the danger is past, and serve every man the same, whatever his nationality may be, who scrapes an acquaintance or even appears to recognise him. You understand?"

"Yes, Monsieur le Préfet."

"Then see you do not fail."

All through that day the two Germans were always under the watchful eyes of the police, and even as they parted at night there was a man standing holding out the placard of *La Patrie*, who drank in every word that was uttered.

"I am sorry I return to Berlin to-morrow," the short German said, "but remember, *mein Herr*, you have promised to visit me, and I will show you the sights."

"Perhaps, Herr Pfeiffer, you will find I can show you more of the sights of Berlin than you can me," the other answered with an enigmatical smile, and then they parted.

Five minutes later two men rolled up against Herr Pfeiffer, there was a scuffle, a torrent of guttural curses, and the little German, in spite of his expostulations, found himself in the grip of the Paris police.

Out in the slums beyond Montmartre, another act of the drama was being played, and one which Monsieur Lépine would have given ten years of his life to have overheard.

A dozen men were seated around a table in a smoke and dirt-begrimed room, whispering earnestly to one another, and their talk was that in which they lauded those who had smitten princes and rulers to death, and their toast was always to that assassin who still lived, though he had chilled Europe with horror.

They raised their heads simultaneously and glanced anxiously towards the door as it opened, but a shout of welcome went forth when the newcomer drew into the narrow circle of light.

"You, Gautrage, what news, *mon ami?*"

The man addressed came towards the table and, sitting upon the edge of it, poured himself out a tumbler of raw spirit and swallowed it at a gulp.

He was a man who looked as if he had

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risen from the dead to meet them, one upon whose face was stamped the signs of a disease that had nearly run its course.

"What news, *mes amis*," he cried, "oh, great and glorious news. The chance of another blow that shall make the whole world shiver. *Sacré diable!* what a chance. How the devil looks after his children, *mes enfants!*"

He clenched his hands and tore at his ragged coat in his excitement, and then a paroxysm of coughing seized him and nearly crushed the flickering life out of his wretched carcase.

"Mark you, comrades, this is my affair. It is I who have discovered him. I cannot, like all of you, look forward to a long life. It is I who have discovered him, and it is I who will kill him. You promise?"

"Yes, yes. Who is he?"

"The Emperor of Germany. He is in Paris. The police have recognised him, and they're watching him every hour, but we'll fool them as we've done before. We'll lure him beyond Paris, here, and then I'll kill him. He's curious. He'd like to see life out here in Montmartre. He'd like to play me a game of billiards, eh?"

"*Sacré bleu!* But you, Gautrage?"

"Me, comrades, what of me? I shall leave Paris suddenly in company with the Kaiser instead of waiting awhile and going alone. But it will be difficult to lure him away. That cursed Razelles is watching him—"

"Leave him to me," a man growled. "It is for him that I keep my knife sharp."

"Good! Then 'God save the Emperor!' That, comrades, is the toast—drink!"

Nearly a week had elapsed since Razelles penetrated the disguise of the illustrious stranger who sojourned in their midst. A week of anxiety to Monsieur Lépine and of constant care to his subordinates, and in that period many queer things had happened, and more than once a Parisian who had gazed with too curious an eye upon the upright, soldier-like figure, either in the Exhibition or on the Boulevards, had found himself, but a few moments later, touched upon the shoulder and, in fulfilment of the Chief's policy of caution and suppression, subsequently "detained" at the Prefecture.

While Monsieur Lépine realised that the best thing that he could do was to maintain complete silence upon the matter, yet he felt it was only right that he should communicate to Berlin the fact that the Kaiser's *incognito* had been penetrated, and further assure the State authorities there that all possible precautions would be taken to insure His Imperial Majesty's safety, and to prevent the occurrence of any disaster, while due notice would be given of the Kaiser's date of leaving Paris and where he would cross the frontier.

"The responsibility," said Monsieur Lépine in the letter which he wrote with his own hand, and which was dispatched by courier to the German capital, "is too great not to demand my utmost efforts. At the same time I know that I ought to respect His Imperial Majesty's freedom of movement.

"There will have to be a slight compromise as between a State visit and a strict *incognito*.

"As long as His Imperial Majesty remains in Paris, at least, I cannot but be accountable for his safety. I cannot but tremble at the thought of an indiscreet disclosure of his presence here which might have the most far-reaching consequences. I will promise, nevertheless, that only very few of my most trusted functionaries shall become cognisant of the secret. It shall be their privilege to protect His Imperial Majesty." And with diplomatic courtesies the missive ended.

It was with a sense of supreme relief that at last the evening arrived when Monsieur Lépine learnt from Razelles that on the morrow the embarrassing and uninvited guest would take his departure, and that same evening the shadowed visitor on leaving his hotel immediately after dinner, took a cab to the Boulevard de Clichy and alighted where the sails of the Moulin Rouge revolve and where Paris of the night throbs and vibrates long into the small hours of the morning.

The strange, weird fronts of the cabarets were a blaze of electric light and fantastic decoration. No reverence or respect seems to exist in the minds of those who take their pleasures in this wild Bohemia.

The Cabaret of Heaven, with its blue and silver decorations, its azure lamps and its attendants garbed as angels, rubs shoulders with one that symbolises quite another place and is a blaze of crimson flame and Mephistophelian janitors. Opposite, under the sickly glare of a solitary green lantern, the funereal "Cave of Nothingness" appeals to the morbid mind, while from yet another *outré* doorway bursts the *chanson* of the *Fin du Monde*.

Behind him ever followed two watchful shadows, the two chief detectives of Paris, ever on the alert and yet growing more and more uncomfortable as their charge strayed further and further from the heart of Paris.

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Presently the German paused before a *café*, and a man with a white and livid face spoke to him as he overtook him.

"Pardon, monsieur, but you are being followed. Don't take any notice for a moment and then look round."

The stranger walked a pace or two ahead, and the German glanced over his shoulder. There were two men, he did not know that they were his guardians, slinking along in the shadows.

"Do you see them?"

"Yes, there are two."

"You are a stranger, you should not be in this part of Paris alone; it is dangerous."

"Shall I turn back?"

"No; take the first street on the left and run. I'll walk back. I know these men. I am an official."

The German turned sharply to the left, and as he did so, the man with the white face paused and whistled.

Simultaneously there sprang from the darkness two stalwart figures, who closed with the detectives, and a few seconds after the man had overtaken the German.

"There's a gang of them," he panted, "we shall both be murdered. Run. Wait! there's a cab. Into it!"

He bundled the German into the cab and got in after him.

"Drive like the fiend," he shrieked, and the horse started into a gallop.

"I have to thank you for saving my life," the German said after a few moments.

"It was a near thing," the other answered, and there was a ghastly grin on his face. "One of them gave me a nasty blow. I must have some brandy. Stop at the *café* in the Rue Becquerel," he cried, with a half groan to the driver, and presently they pulled up before a wretched drinking den standing back from the road.

"You must not come in here," he said, "it's a filthy hole, but I must have some brandy, one of the fiends nearly killed me."

He looked like a man half dead, and his companion sprang to his feet and assisted him across the pavement through the shop and into the room beyond, where a few dirty benches and a tottering billiard table were the only furniture.

In response to his order the proprietor brought a bottle of brandy, and when he had left it, he went out into the shop again and rushed into the street as fast as his legs could take him.

"I shall be better in five minutes," the man in the billiard room whispered.

Then he took a red ball from somewhere and placed it very gently upon the table.

"I expect the white balls are down there. Practise French billiards while I pull myself together," he said, and he grit his teeth as though awaiting something.

The German, picking up a cue, fired hard at the red ball, and a blinding blaze of light, followed by a deafening roar, filled the room.

Away back on the Boulevard de Clichy, Monsieur Razelles, he whom the French criminals called "the wolf," moved uneasily upon the ground, and then as the past came back to him, rose with a shriek to his feet. Another man, his comrade, lay beside him, stabbed to the heart, and his own clothes were saturated with the blood from a wound in his side.

But, worst of all, he had been false to his trust. He had failed in his duty. The Emperor had been seized and dragged away before his very eyes, and was by now perhaps dead, assassinated. Their espionage had been futile, their protection criminally impotent. The agony of his wound was forgotten in the anguish of remorse which he suffered, and then blindly he staggered onwards in the direction that they had gone, cursing himself for his folly in not taking more men that night and half frenzied with the horror of his position.

Then, suddenly, as he turned a corner, there came an awful crash and a stunning concussion which almost lifted him from the ground.

Away in the blackness he saw the light of the explosion flash into the sky.

"A bomb!" he shrieked, and staggered onwards, and those who were passing gathered up his cry in a swelling chorus and shouted, "A bomb!" as they rushed towards the scene.

The *café* in the Rue Becquerel was a tumbled wreck of ruins; a shattered cab and a dead horse lay across the roadway and a man was groaning in the centre of a terrified group.

Razelles, bursting through the excited knot of people, rushed to his side and flung himself upon the ground beside him.

"Who went into the *café*? Tell me, for Heaven's sake, tell me!—" and he shook the maimed body of the man.

"Two," he gasped, "one was a German, tall like a soldier—"

With a shriek of horror Razelles sprang up and like a madman burst through the shrieking crowd, raced back down the muddy

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streets and presently, torn, bleeding and dishevelled, with madness starting from his eyes, he flung himself into the room of the Chief of the Police and fell in a heap at Monsieur Lépine's feet.

The horror was reflected in the Chief's eyes as he caught at his desk and rose from his chair.

"*Mon Dieu*, what is it? They haven't—" his lips refused to frame the words and he sat there staring like one demented.

"For Heaven's sake, shoot me. Kill me."

"The Emperor? *mille diables!* the Emperor!"

"They've ——"

Like a flash the Prefect seized the man by the throat and dragging him up, looked into his ashen face.

"Don't tell me they've trapped him!"

"They've killed him!"

There was no sound in the apartment. The man on the floor had fainted, and the Prefect sat looking stonily before him.

"A bomb!" he shrieked, and staggered onwards.

"The courier from Berlin, Monsieur le Préfet," a voice broke the silence.

"Admit him," he answered mechanically, and the servant with a glance at the prostrate figure, withdrew.

"You are from Berlin, monsieur?"

"Yes, Monsieur le Préfet," the visitor answered, and handed a packet to him.

"Open and read it to me, monsieur," he cried, after helplessly fumbling with the seals, and then he gripped the arms of his chair and sat back. The introductory diplomatic courtesies were unheard by him, but presently there came words to which his ears harkened and which galvanised his heart to life again.

"We are at a loss to understand Monsieur le Préfet's error. His Imperial Majesty only yesterday returned from the new Wildpark Palace at Potsdam and is to-day in Berlin. If he had been in Paris we know that under the care of Monsieur le Préfet, he would have been well protected and safe from danger, and we thank Monsieur le Préfet for the zealous guardianship which he has bestowed upon one whom he has mistaken for His Imperial Majesty."

The note ended with many more diplomatic courtesies and the Prefect nodded approvingly at their graciousness.

Then, after a moment's pause, he turned to the messenger again and there was a lingering anxiety in the tones of his voice and a look of wonderment in his eyes as he put the question: "You came direct from His Majesty the Kaiser?"

The messenger answered in the affirmative.

"Did you see his Majesty yourself?" he queried with some little relief.

"Yes, Monsieur le Préfet; he asked me himself to convey his thanks to you for your solicitous care of one of his subjects who, it would seem, strangely resembles him, and who is as great as he is, because he is a German."

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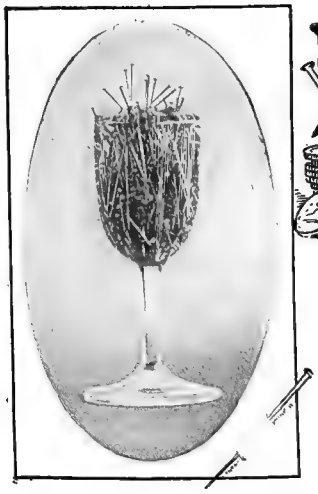

It is possible to put 380 pins into a liqueur glass already full of water.

POSSIBLE IMPOSSIBILITIES

By M. Hoey.

If any Readers know of other interesting and novel Tricks, will they communicate with the Editor, who will be pleased to give Half-a-Guinea for every Trick which he considers worthy of Publication.

You can fill a champagne glass to the brim and drop over twenty coins into it without spilling a drop of water.

A story is told of that Royal wag, Charles the Second, that on one occasion he sent the following question to the Royal Society: "How is it that if you fill a glass bowl to the brim, and then put in a gold-fish, the water does not overflow?"

Now all the learned men sat in conclave over this weighty matter, and many were the scientific books and treatises written by them explaining the causes of this phenomenon. In due course these were submitted to His Majesty, and "a great laugh laughed he," for, commanding a bowl, filled with water, and a gold fish to be brought, he showed the scientists that when he put the creature into the water it *did* overflow; at least, so goes the tale.

I am, however, prepared to show you that it is possible to put many hundred pins in a liqueur glass filled to the brim without one drop running over.

Begin by placing the glass on an absolutely level table, and then fill carefully from the centre, taking care not to wet the brim. This done, take the pins, four or five at a time, and drop them smartly into the glass, the points downward. Fill up evenly as far as possible, till the heads of the pins are visible above the water, dropping the remaining ones separately, right into the centre. Naturally, before trying this trick, you ask the onlookers to bet how many pins you will be able to put in, inviting them to give you a penny for every one that you can place above our number they specify.

Three hundred and eighty pins can be seen in our illustration, but should you try this trick with a wine-glass, it is possible to put in close on seven hundred without the water brimming over.

Another anecdote.

One day a certain Prince, travelling incog., found himself at a restaurant without any money.

When his account was delivered to him, he called the head waiter, and asked him if he had ever had his fortune told by coins in a glass of water.

The man, an Irishman, replied in the negative, and said he should like to know how it was done.

"Bring me two sovereigns and a glass brimful of water," said His Serene Highness, and when they were brought—"This is yourself," he began, cautiously putting in one coin, without the water overflowing.

He then said a few words in a foreign tongue, and made some passes.

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"Of course no more money can be placed in the glass?" he asked the waiter.

"Shure, an' it's not meself that wud be a'thryin af ut, Sir."

"Any that I put in, without a drop spilling—I shall confiscate in payment for telling your fortune," the Prince replied with a smile.

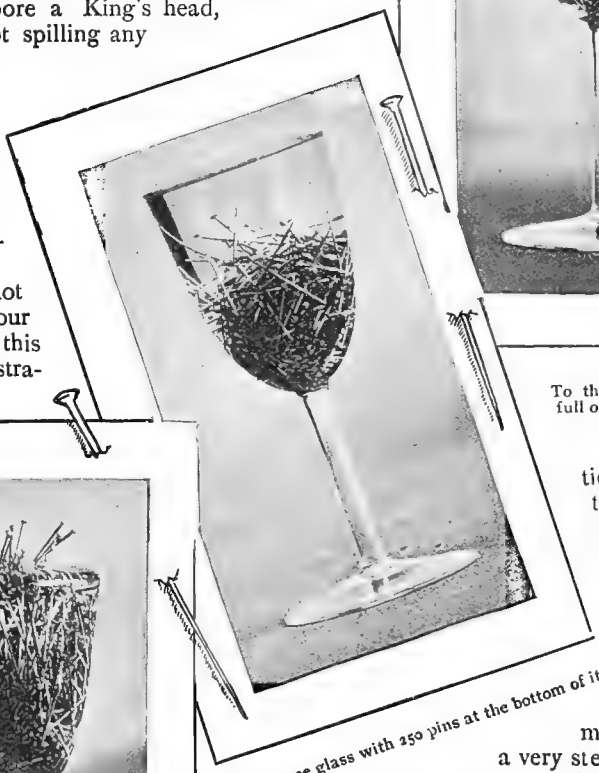
"Shure, an' yer honour shall be welcome to ut."

"If you get into deep water you will sink," went on the Prince in an impressive tone, "and a golden-headed man will get the better of you very soon," he added, as he dropped the remaining sovereign, which bore a King's head, into the glass—not spilling any water.

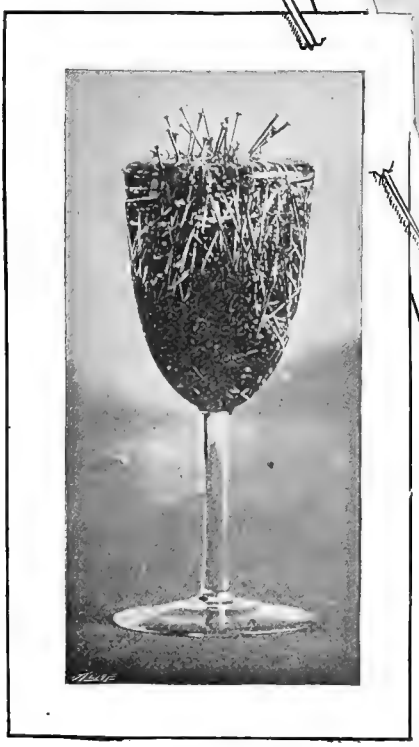
The Irishman saw the joke, and took it in excellent part, while his customer paid the account with the forfeited coin.

The Prince was not as ambitious as your humble servant in this matter—for the illustration shows no fewer than twenty coins which have been placed in a champagne glass previously filled *to the brim*. This trick is somewhat difficult of accomplishment, and requires a very steady hand.

To this wine-glass, originally full of water, has been added fifty pins.



The same glass with 250 pins at the bottom of it.



Now it contains no fewer than 680 pins, and not a drop of water has been spilt. It will be noticed that the water is banked up above the glass.

The size and substance of the money are immaterial to the trick—though not, of course, to the performer if his friends have cheerfully agreed to let him keep all he puts into that brimming cup! Forty-two *sixpences* may be put in. Gently lower each coin till it is nearly covered with water, and then let go quickly—so that it cuts the liquid in the centre of the glass.

Many people have heard that it is possible to float pins in a finger-glass, but if they make the experiment, they will discover that it is by no means as easy as it sounds.

In fact it can only be done by balancing the pin quite evenly between your finger and thumb and then dropping it with the greatest gentleness on to the water, only leaving go in time to prevent your fingers touching the surface of the liquid.

Google

"When I'm a Man"

By Geo. A. Best.

Illustrated from Photographs by F. Park.

I asked dad last night how long it'd be before I was a man, an' he said, "Well, my boy, that just depends on yourself, but I shouldn't be in a hurry if I were you."

"But I want to have a lot of pocket-money like you have," I said. "An' a season ticket so's I can walk past the collector without payin'; an' I want to sit up late every night an' enjoy myself."

Dad laughed in the same way as a parrot which has been taught to smile loud without movin' its mouth.

"Bed is the nicest place of all, Kenneth," he said, "an' if you wish to enjoy yourself you should try to remain a boy all your life."

I asked dad last night how long it'd be before I was a man.

Just because I was twenty minutes' late for lunch yesterday there was an awful fuss made.

I should like to have asked dad why *he* didn't go to bed at seven, as it was such a very nice place, instead of sittin' up till eleven an' bein' miserable. But dad won't argue on these subjects. He simply says things, an' you've either got to believe them, or else pretend to.

It seems so easy for a man to be good, 'cos he needn't tell fibs if he smashes a vase in the drawin'-room, or doesn't come into dinner at the right time. If it's his own vase he breaks, he says, "accidents will happen," an' rings for Jane to sweep up the pieces, an' there the matter ends. But if he's out visitin' an' knocks anythin' off the mantelpiece he doesn't say "accidents will happen"—the lady of the house says that, an' she smiles an' says "pray don't mention it" when dad calls himself "clumsy."

I tried to look as if my feelings were hurt."

But when I kicked my football through the dining-room window nobody said "pray don't mention it," an' when I told dad that accidents would happen he sent me to bed "for my impudence." Impudence indeed! That's all one gets for tryin' to be polite! A few days after this accident mamma's afternoon tea service was shattered by a "Boer shell" which should have burst in the opposite corner of the room.

The cat happened to be on the table at the time, an'—well, she took her beatin' like a real hero!

Just because I was twenty minutes late at lunch yesterday there was an awful fuss made. I told mamma

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I'd "met a friend that I hadn't seen for years, an' we'd been talkin' about old times," which was exactly what dad said when *he* had kept the dinner waiting for nearly an hour, one day last week.

Mamma didn't ask me any questions about *my* friend, although I'd got all dad's answers ready for her; she was angrier than ever at my explanation; an' when I tried to look as if my feelin's were hurt she said I was a wicked, sulky boy, an' sent me out of the room just as the puddin' came in. This sort of thing is what dad calls enjoyment! An' he says I oughter try to remain a boy all my life!

I suppose it's time I thought about what I'm going to be when I'm a man. Charley Brown has decided already; an' he's a year younger than me. He says he's going to be a dentist, so that he can pull out the teeth of a few people he doesn't like. "All one wants to start work with," he says, "is a pair of strong pinchers, a barber's chair, an' a glass of water; an' the more you hurt people, the more they pay." Charley tried to draw one of his uncle's teeth while the old gentleman was asleep with his mouth open.

I suppose it's time I thought about what I'm going to be when I'm a man.

He just gave one pull at the nearest tooth, an' the whole lot came out, gums and all!

I should like to be a very big policeman.

He just gave one pull at the nearest tooth with the sugar tongs, an' the whole lot came out, gums and all! Charley was so much astonished that he stood on the hearth-rug with the old gentleman's mouth in his hand, an' was caught by his big brother before he could run away. Charley's uncle left the house in a passion, without sayin' good-bye to anybody.

I should like to be a very big policeman, so's I could hold up my hand and stop the horses and carts for a mile down the street. Then, when I'd kept 'em all waitin' for an hour, or more, I'd order the first driver to go on, an' stop him again before he'd moved two yards, just to show that I wasn't to be played with! But dad says policemen don't have much money to spend, so I must think of somethin' else.

He just tells people they're dyin', an' they pay him two guineas.

I have an uncle who's a doctor in the West End. People come to him all day long, an' he just tells them they're dyin', an' they pay him two guineas an' go home to tell their friends how clever he is. It's an easy sort of life, but my uncle doesn't ride about the town half as much as the butcher or the greengrocer do.

He's what they call a specialist, an' people must either go to see

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Somebody's sure to say you're sicknin' for something.

him or else stay away. I'd rather be the other kind of doctor who drives about all day an' sees a lot of different people's bed-rooms. He only charges five shillings for lookin' at one's tongue; but he can examine at least fifty tongues a day, so it isn't a bad trade, after all. I don't know what five times fifty make, but I'm pretty certain it's over a sov'rin.

Dad says I should make a good actor because I can play the old soldier so well. By playing the "old soldier" dad means pretending you're ill, so's to stay a..y from school. It's very ..sy to really think you're not well, an' easier still to make other people believe it.

You've only got to keep your eyes half closed at breakfast time an' eat as little as you're able to, without speakin' a word. Then somebody's sure to say you're sickenin' for somethin', an' had better stay at home an' keep yourself warm so's to bring the rash out. Of course the rash doesn't come out at all, 'cos you're simply sickenin' for a holiday. You can get well gradually—*after school-time.*

You can get well gradually—*after schooltime.*

I couldn't help puttin' my hands to my ears before the bang came.

Boys have to do these mean tricks whenever they want a day at home. With men it's quite different. When dad wants a holiday he just says he's feelin' a bit "seedy," an' he gets the day off, an' his breakfast as well! He says it's a bad thing to "starve a cold," so he stays at home an' eats as much as he can "to keep his strength up." But mamma says if a boy's really ill he can't eat, so if a young fellow like me tries to keep *his* strength up somebody's sure to say he's shammin'. As I said before it's easy for a man to be good.

I should like to be an actor, 'cos they have nothin' to do all day, an' don't go to bed till next mornin', every night 'cept Sundays. An' they can let off revolvers without bein' locked up for it, an' call people names without havin' their heads punched afterwards. It must be very good sport to kill the villain every night, an' then bow to the audience when the curtain fell. I should be wipin' the blood off my sword as I bowed, an' that would be sure to please the people in the gal'ry.

Dad says I shall never be brave enough for the army, 'cos when I went to Shoeburyness to see the big guns let off I couldn't help puttin' my hands to my ears before the bang came. Dad says it would never do for an officer to order his men to "fire!" an' then clap his own hands to his ears. It *would* look a bit silly, wouldn't it? An' the common soldiers might think you were afraid! I'm very sorry about this habit, 'cos I wanted to be a com-

I'd like to see the man who'd call either me or Lord Bobs a coward.

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mander-in-chief, an' commander-in-chiefs want both their hands to manage their horses an' swords with.

Though I reckon it's no more cowardly to jump when one hears a bang than it is to faint away at the sight of a cat, as another commander-in-chief does. But I'd like to see the man who'd call either me or Lord Bobs a coward!

I wouldn't care to be an author, 'cos they're gen'rally so bad tempered an' snappish. Dad's an author. When the postman brings an author a big letter he isn't pleased like other people are. He simply puts it out of sight as quickly as he can, an' you mustn't ask him who it's from, or anythin' about it. You must pretend not to notice it.

An' the bigger the letter is the more careful you've got to be. I heard dad mutter somethin' about "small profits an' quick returns," when the postman brought him a very heavy parcel last week, an' he's looked worried ever since. The same words are printed in the window of the sweet-stuff shop down the road, so I guess dad's thinkin' about changin' his business. I wish he would.

What ever I am, I shall have a season ticket to somewhere an' back, an' lots of pocket-money. I shall keep tame rabbits an' white mice, but no children.

You must pretend not to notice it.

I didn't care much for that remark, as I showed pretty plainly by my face.

I've been wonderin' ever since whether a moral is what they feed lions on or men.

Children are all very well when they've grown up, as I have, but when they're babies they're far more trouble than rabbits, an' not half so 'musin'.

Mamma says I'm just like a man already, in one way. "Men," she says, "can't think of anythin' but eatin', an' that's just like you, Kenneth." I didn't care much for that remark, as I showed pretty plainly by my face. I put on a fierce 'spression (like dad does when he can't find his slippers), an' asked mamma what she meant.

"Well, Ken," she said, "when I told you the story of Daniel in the Lions' Den, you had real tears in your eyes at the end, an' I thought I'd got a really good an' 'telligent little boy for my eldest son." "So I *am* good 'an telligent, mamma," I said. "What made you think I wasn't?"

Mamma tried to look sad, but her eyes were laughin'.

"You spoiled it all by sayin' '*Poor Lions!*'" she said. "I'm afraid the moral of the story was quite lost on you."

An' I've been wonderin' ever since whether a moral is what they feed lions on or men; an' why I'm called stupid for pitying a hungry animal which has its jaws locked suddenly at dinner-time.

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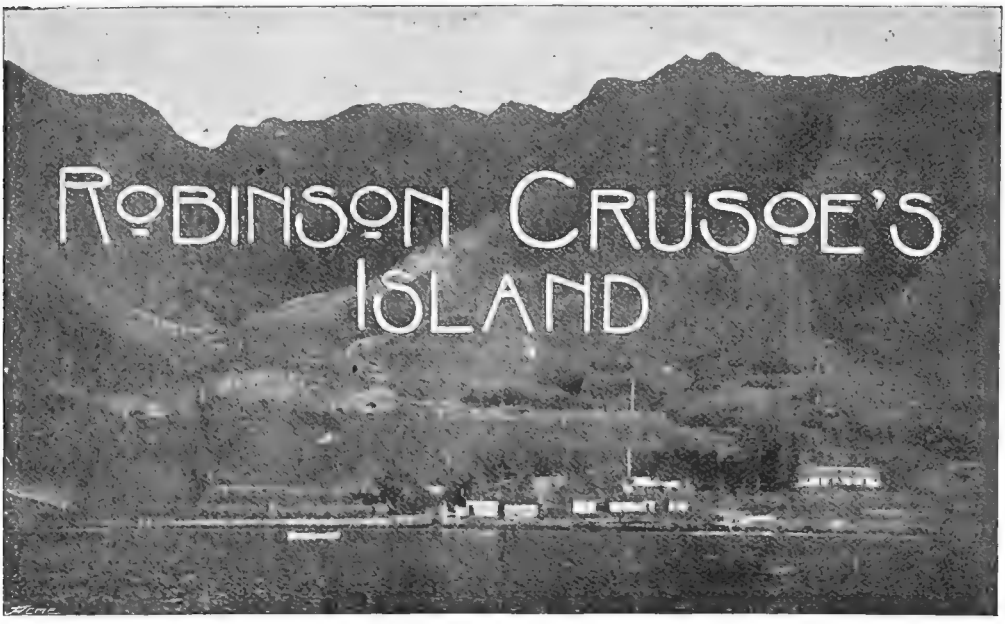
Robinson Crusoe's Island



The chief town in Juan Fernandez. It is here that Alexander Selkirk (Robinson Crusoe) is supposed to have landed.

By Herbert Vivian.

Photographs by F. B. Pickles.

According to Defoe, who certainly had some right to an opinion on the subject, Robinson Crusoe's Island lay somewhere not very far east of the West Indies, off "the Coast of Guiana or the north part of Brazil, beyond the river Amazons, towards that of the river Oroonoque, commonly called the Great River," now known to us as the Orinoco.

But I believe this was intended to put readers off the scent, and most people are now agreed that the famous story was taken almost directly from the adventures of Alexander Selkirk, a buccaneer, who was stranded at Juan Fernandez from 1704 to 1709. This island is a long way further south, on the other side of South America, five hundred miles off the coast of Chile, but apart from references to the equinox and a few other touches added by the romancer, harmonises far better with the details of Crusoe's sojourn.

Accordingly a few facts about Juan Fernandez may be counted on to interest almost everybody, more especially as it has scarcely ever been explored or described by Englishmen. If I cannot throw any fresh light on Crusoe-lore, I shall at least afford a few hints to the creators of next year's pantomimes.

The presence of sealers, for instance, suggests that Crusoe might reasonably add a sealskin coat to the already extensive wardrobe of his tradition. Again, there appear to have been wild horses as well as wild goats at Juan Fernandez, and plenty of entertainment might be afforded by setting him to tame buckjumpers or start a stud and beguile his leisure with racing. The contest for the Crusoe Cup and the attempts of Will Atkins to welsh Man Friday ought to bring down the house.

There were also wild pigs, which Robinson might have occupied himself in sticking.

Now, however, the most recent expedition reports that no wild animals are to be found on the island, and anyone rash enough to attempt a repetition of Crusoe's exploit would be likely to fare ill at the present day. It seems that all quadrupeds were exported some years ago, and no attempt has been made to replace them. Fish, on the other hand, remain abundant, and sealers contrive to make a handsome profit. When Sharpe,

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the famous pirate, landed, the seals were so thick on the shore that he had to shoot and stun hundreds before he could force his way through.

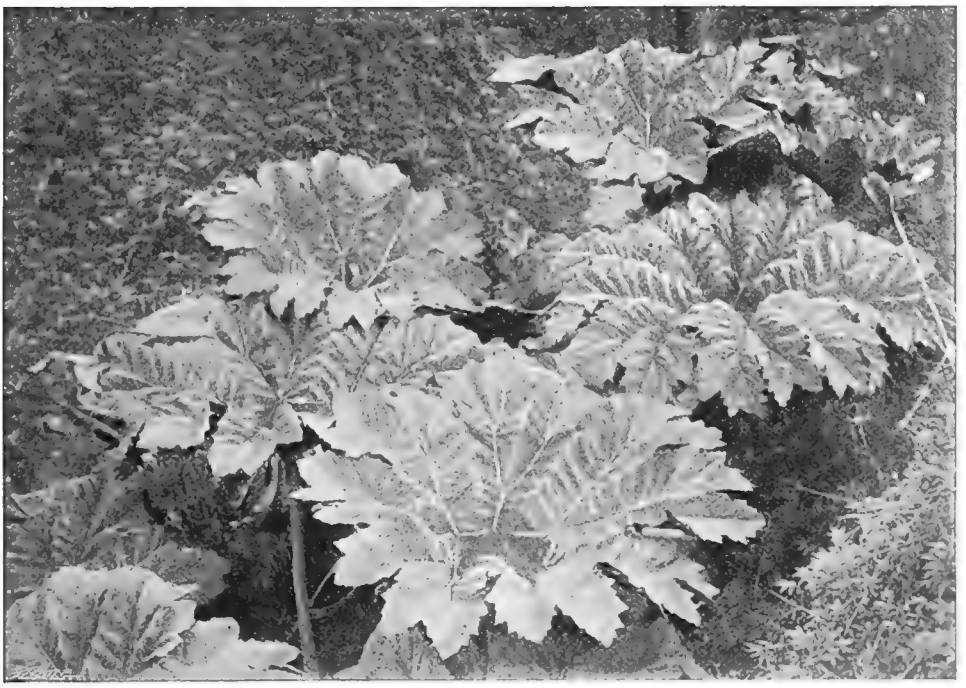
The existing vegetation is almost entirely restricted to ferns and fern trees, some of them prodigious in size, but Defoe omitted to mention that Crusoe's cave was thickly furnished with them. There are also plants with enormous leaves, some of them capable of holding as much as six gallons of water, and these would have appealed to him when he was in such great difficulties for want of a pipkin.

At the time of his exile (which Defoe has set down as 1659, or nearly half a century earlier than Selkirk's) there was abundance of sandalwood trees, so we may picture Crusoe's stockade and firelogs of that fragrant material. Now, however, a succession of commercial invasions has completely denuded the island of them.

Viewed from the sea, Juan Fernandez is not unlike Aden in appearance—a range of volcanic brown rocks coming more or less sheer down to the water. The scenery is bold and at the same time picturesque, the bare mountains rising one above the other in tiers to a height of over 3000ft. The topmost peak is known as "the Anvil," and seems almost inaccessible; at any rate, it has never yet been climbed. Once ashore, you may soon shake off the depression inspired by the barren appearance, for there are plenty of smiling valleys with flowers and vines and wild olives.

During the last half century the facilities of landing have been greatly improved. A present-day visitor may run in comfortably alongside a sort of shelf of rock, where the sealers have their cottages. But a shipwrecked mariner, unable to choose the scene of his catastrophe, would be likely to fare as ill as Crusoe did, tossed about by the surf from rock to rock until at last he was glad to clamber up the cliffs and escape with his life.

Anyone who troubles to look at some good photographs of the island and compare them with Defoe's narrative will be astonished at the accurate scenery of the shipwreck, so that, if other evidence were wanting, this



When Crusoe was in great difficulties for want of a place to keep his water he might well have used some of these gigantic leaves, which abound in the island. They can be made to hold no less than six gallons.

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would almost suffice to establish the identity of Crusoe's place of exile. On the other hand, Juan Fernandez was much too far away from the mainland for Selkirk to have been troubled by the incursions of native canoes. Defoe therefore reduced the distance from 500 to 40 miles in order to introduce his human interest with more ease.

So remote an island could not present attractions as a residence to many human beings for a long time, but it seems to have afforded hospitality to a strange variety of tenants. It was most popular with pirates and buccaneers, who made it their headquarters for storing their plunder and refitting after a foray. Indeed, it would surprise me if a careful exploration of the island would not lay bare hidden treasures at least equal to those of Captain Kidd. The pirates depended chiefly on the flocks of wild goats, which were so useful to Crusoe, and the Spanish government actually sent out greyhounds to destroy them.

For a long time the place remained a kind of no-man's island, until it was formally taken over by Spain in 1750. Then a Spanish sailor, named Juan Fernandez, obtained a grant of it from his Government, and lived there for some time in solitary grandeur. But the loneliness preyed upon him, and he was glad to be taken off by a passing ship.

The only people who ever seem to have enjoyed their visit to the island were the members of Anson's expedition in 1741. They had all been suffering terribly from scurvy, and the green food they found there afforded them welcome relief. Out of gratitude, Anson planted a number of fruit stones, which soon added to the useful vegetation.

The "Look out," where Alexander Selkirk had his flagstaff. Its remains were found three or four years ago.

The Spaniards fortified the island to a certain extent, but it made a poor show of resistance against the Chilian rebels, who incorporated it in their republic and used it as a penal settlement during some twenty years early last century.

Traces of Chilian cruelty may still be remarked there. One cliff is excavated to a distance of several hundred feet, and we may pursue a long winding passage until we come to the dark, dripping cells where Chilian convicts were confined. Beneath these were other cells, some only five feet high and six feet long, living graves where the light never penetrated.

In 1877 the island was let to an eccentric

Tablet erected to the memory of Alexander Selkirk in Juan Fernandez.

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Swiss, who wished to taste the delights of seclusion. He took with him a small band of colonists, who might have been styled the Swiss Family Robinson, but they soon tired of the experience and came away.

Three or four years ago, the Chilian Government sent a surveying party, which included the President of the Republic, to see whether Juan Fernandez was suitable for a modern convict settlement. It might have been imagined that the fact of its having already served in that capacity would have sufficed, but the ways of South American republics are unfathomable, and, after a pleasant yachting trip, the party returned to pronounce against the scheme.

Almost the only result of their expedition was to discover, imbedded in one of the topmost peaks of the island, the remains of Alexander Selkirk's flagstaff, from which he had signalled in the hope of attracting a passing ship. Somewhat lower down this mound, a tablet has been erected to the memory of Selkirk.

The only other object of interest was the cave occupied by Selkirk during the whole of his stay. It bears no traces of the elaborate arrangement of kitchens and passages and doorways which Crusoe is recorded as having contrived. What strikes one most about it is its extreme insecurity. Apart from the great size of the opening, which would invite intruders, it looks as though the least breath would cause it to fall in.

Earthquakes are frequent in these regions, as Crusoe learned to his cost, and Selkirk must have been very fortunate to escape being buried alive literally as well as metaphorically. It is true that a number of stones have been heaped up as a support in the centre of the entrance, but the masonry is rude enough to have been the work of one inexperienced man and cannot have afforded any very secure protection.

It is doubtful whether Selkirk would ever have been remembered but for his involuntary association with Robinson Crusoe. He appears to have quarrelled with his captain and asked to be put ashore, but when there he thought better of it and intreated to be taken back.

The captain, however, was only too glad to be rid of a pestilent fellow, and sailed away with all speed. No doubt Selkirk had many striking adventures, but they owe all their interest as well as their immortality to the genius of Defoe, who restored the dry bones to life in the person of Robinson Crusoe.

Robinson Crusoe's cave.

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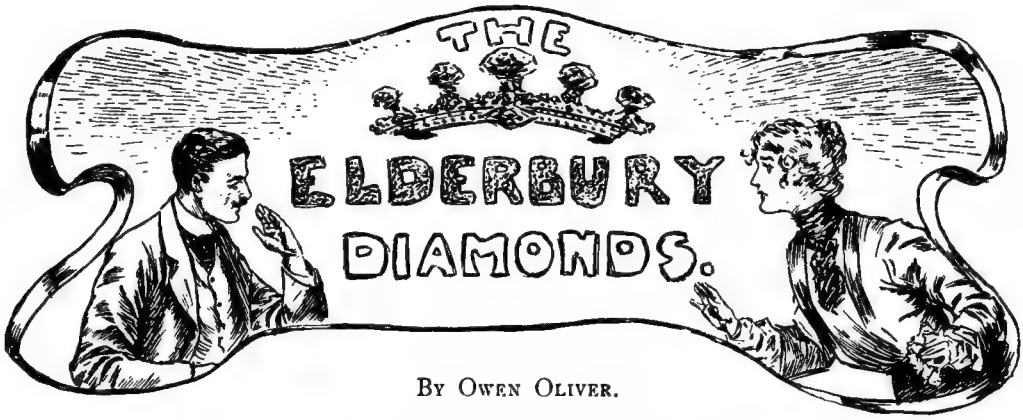

By Owen Oliver.

I was roused from the pleasantest of all sleeps—the second sleep in the morning, when one ought to be up—by my landlady knocking at the bed-room door.

"Gentleman wants to see you, sir,"

"Tell him to call again," I grumbled drowsily.

"It's very pertickler, he says. Name of Thorn, and——"

"Thorn!" I stretched myself and jumped out of bed. "I'll be down in a few minutes."

I am a detective. Messrs Hutchins and Thorn, the well-known jewellers, were clients of mine.

When I arrived downstairs I found Thorn pacing my sitting-room. He is a big, bluff, ruddy man of fifty. His business acquaintances describe him as keen and straightforward. His friends call him a good fellow. His detractors—who are not numerous—charge him with nothing worse than a critical taste in strong waters.

"What is wrong, Mr. Thorn?" I asked. "Won't you sit down?" He dropped into the arm-chair with a groan. His bloodshot eyes and dishevelled dress contrasted markedly with his usual good-humoured, well-groomed appearance.

"Lady Elderbury's diamonds," he said. "Stolen last night. Worth £25,000." His big hand shook as he wiped his forehead.

"You are upset," I suggested. "Take a nip of this." I poured out a glass of brandy and soda, and he gulped it down. "Now tell me exactly how it happened." I took a chair opposite to him.

"Couple of clasps broken," he told me in his jerky way. "Sent for repairs. Done last night. Thought I'd get 'em off our hands. Went 9.15 from Paddington. She's at Tenby. Took 'em in one of our cases. You know 'em?"

"Yes." They are leather bags made purposely to look unlike jewel cases.

"Put it in window corner. Sat up against it. Opened it at Glo'ster. Diamonds gone! Someone in the carriage must have——" I held up my hand to stop him. It never does to let clients draw conclusions. If they're wrong they mislead you. If they're right they mislead themselves (into thinking they can do without you)!

"Excuse me, I should like to ask a few questions before you go any further. Have you a description of the diamonds?"

He produced a photograph and a written memorandum. Without entering into the minute details, there were four pieces; a necklace with a pendant, an ornament for the hair, and two earrings—containing some 107 stones of various sizes, all brilliants of the first water.

"Now, as to the loss. What kind of carriage were you in?"

"First-class lavatory compartment."

"Was the lavatory common to other compartments?"

"No."

"Your fellow travellers?"

"Old gentleman. Parson. Got out Reading. Horsey man, got out Swindon. Couldn't have touched the case, either of them."

"Why not?"

"Other end of carriage."

"Are you sure it could not have been changed?"

"Had my arm on it all the time."

"The other passengers?"

"Only one. Young fellow in tweed suit."

"Where did *he* get out?"

"He didn't. Between Stroud and Glo'ster——" He hesitated and mopped his forehead again. "I went to sleep—like a fool."

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"Umph!" He had probably had several whiskies. "And then?"

"I woke about five minutes before we came to Glo'ster. He was shamming sleep."

"Shamming? How did you know that?"

"I didn't. Thought he was right off. Took the chance to have a look at the diamonds. They were gone!" He held up his hands and shook his head.

"What did you do?"

"Had the guards and porters in at Glo'ster. Awful row. Looked everywhere. Not a trace of 'em."

"You searched his things, of course?" He nodded.

"Him too. He asked us to." Thorn got up and paced the room.

"Had the train stopped anywhere? Or slowed up?"

"No. Half a minute before time. What do you make of it?" I shrugged my shoulders.

"I can only guess at present. He may have thrown them out of the window, intending to go back for them."

"He went on to New Milford. Wire from the guard this morning."

"Possibly he had a confederate to pick them up; though I don't see how he could tell where you would doze. I suppose he hadn't a hiding-place in the carriage?"

"They've sealed it up. Coming back to London this morning."

"Good!" I said approvingly. "You seem to have thought the matter out."

"Thought! Done nothing else ever since! It's ruin, man! Ruin!" He struck the table with his fist. "We can't pay half. We've not been doing particularly well lately. The confounded war——"

"Yes, yes," I agreed. "Still, I suppose you could give a reward?"

"A thousand pounds," he stated promptly.

"And no questions asked?"

"No questions asked," he assented. "But, of course, if you can get them back without a reward——"

"I will do my best; but thieves aren't often tracked directly except in fiction."

He nodded. "The practical plan is to watch the receivers. I know most of them."

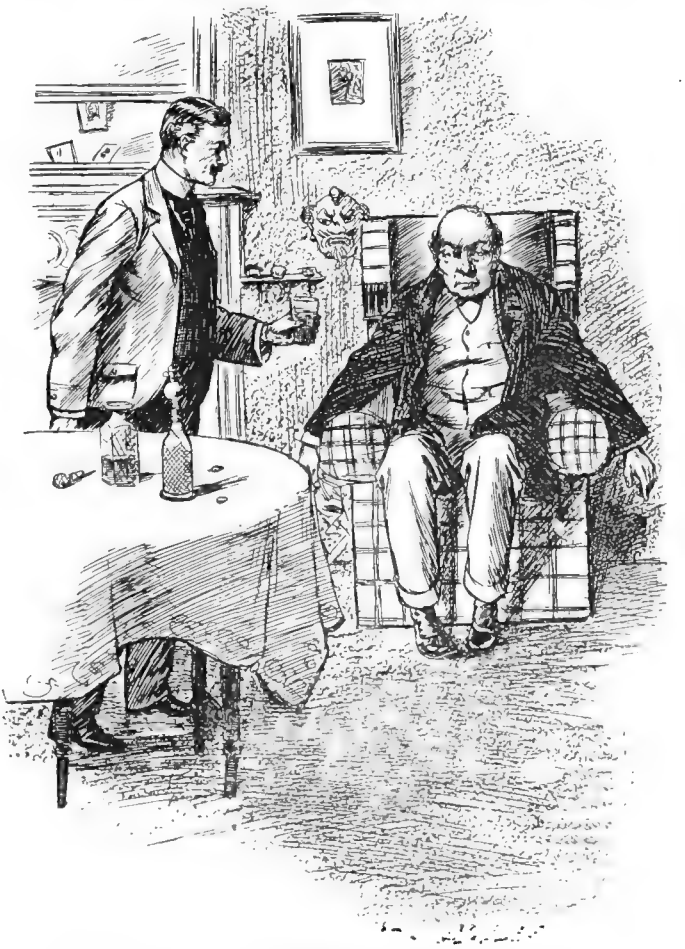
"So do I," he said. "In our trade we get to hear of them." A momentary suspicion crossed my mind.

"You are sure the jewels were in the case when you started?" He stopped walking up and down, and his red face went redder.

"Do you mean—"

"No, no! Certainly not. But such strange mistakes happen."

"Hutchins put them in the case before my eyes. We went to the station together, and he saw me off." He looked at me keenly. "My bags and I were searched at Glo'ster. I suggested it myself."



"You are upset," I suggested, "take a nip of this."

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"Nothing could be more satisfactory," I declared. "I assure you that—" He cut me short with a wave of the hand.

"Any more questions?"

"What name and address did the suspect give?"

"Ernest Tyson, 4, Newbold Chambers Bloomsbury."

"Did you have him shadowed at Milford?"

"No-o. I couldn't prove anything; and if he *was* innocent—"

"You could have done it quietly. Now it's too late."

"Ho," he said eagerly. "He was going to Ireland, he said. Boat doesn't go till to-morrow morning."

"We will telegraph." He nodded. "He got into conversation with you?"

"Yes. Seemed a good sort. Gave me a cigar, and—"

"A cigar? When?"

"Just before Stroud. I was smoking it when—"

"Man alive!" I cried. "It was drugged. If you had kept the end—" He gripped my arm.

"It must be in the carriage. They transferred him to another at Glo'ster, and locked it up. Come on. There's no time to lose." He started for the door, but I insisted on breakfasting, and persuaded him to join me, though he made a very poor attempt at a meal.

The carriage was at Paddington when we arrived there. After a minute inspection, and probing cushions, etc., with long pins, we found no trace of any secret receptacle. I collected a number of cigar ends from the floor. Thorn could not identify that given him by the stranger; but upon chemical examination one of them proved to be impregnated with an almost flavourless narcotic of a mild type—so mild indeed that I could only account for its taking effect so quickly by the supposition that Thorn was a little fuddled and inclined to sleep.

As we were about to leave the station a reply came from the police at Milford to our telegram.

Tyson disappeared.

"He is going back to Gloucester," I decided, "to recover the diamonds. Let us go and search the line."

We went to Gloucester by the next train, and walked back along the line. We had arranged for some porters to search from Stroud towards Gloucester. After walking for two or three miles, Thorn grasped my arm excitedly, and pointed along the slope of the embankment.

"What is that?" he cried.

I could see nothing till he had hurried me along for some fifty yards. Then I distinguished an object like a stout walking-stick on the grassy slope. Upon inspection it proved to be a draw-out fishing-rod; and Thorn, who is a fisherman, gave me various particulars as to its use. He had had one like it years ago, he said. "However," he concluded, "it doesn't help us."

"Do you think not?" I cried. "I should say that he had a confederate in a neighbouring compartment and used this to pass the jewels along." Thorn's face fell.

"Then we shan't find them here," he remarked ruefully.

"I fear not," I confessed; and finding nothing after walking for another half-an-hour we gave up the search.

We made inquiries of the guard of the train, and of porters at several stations, and arranged to trace, if possible, certain persons who had travelled by the 9.15. By the time we had concluded our arrangements it was eight in the evening. Thorn went home to have a sleep—not having closed his eyes since the foolish doze in the train—and I went on to Tyson's lodgings. The landlady disclaimed all knowledge of his movements, but suggested that I should see his sister, who lived with him. So I saw her.

Miss Tyson was a pretty, smiling girl of about twenty. I do not know if it was her brown hair, or her big dark eyes, or the coquettish turn of her mouth, or some charm unnameable; but she fascinated me and I was aware of it. I warned myself to be careful directly I saw her. I repeated the warning as soon as she spoke; and every time that she changed her attitude. Such warnings are invariably useless! The only escape from a woman like that is to run away—and then you are liable to run back again!

Pleasant as Miss Tyson was, she had all her wits about her. She declined smilingly to give any information of her brother till she knew my object. When I told her she changed from smiles to fury, and stamped her little foot at me.

"How dare you!" she demanded. "He is the best and most honest man on earth. You must be mad to suspect him!"

"We have proofs," I told her.

"I do not care for all the proofs in the world. He is innocent. If you knew him as *I* do——" There was a sudden catch

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in her voice, and she turned her head away.

"I am very, very sorry for you, Miss Tyson," I said gently. "Believe me, I am." She stole a glance at me round her handkerchief, as she wiped her eyes; and I warned myself again.

"It is not your fault, of course," she admitted, "but I don't believe it."

"The proofs are very clear, unfortunately."

"Tell me?"

"If I satisfy you that we have reasonable grounds for suspicion, will you tell me your brother's address?"

"No!" she said decidedly.

"But, if you believe him innocent—"

"I shall write and tell him. He will come by the next train." I shook my head. "Tell me your 'proofs.'" She put a vast amount of scorn into the last word.

I considered for a moment. She would tell him of course; and he would try to invent means of clearing himself. Such attempts invariably land the guilty person further in the mire. It would do no harm, therefore, to tell her.

She listened quietly till I had finished. Then she looked up at me with sparkling eyes. Her eyes were really wonderful!

"When the jewels disappeared, there were only Mr. Thorn and my brother in the carriage. Therefore you argue that my brother made away with them?"

"Exactly."

"*I* argue that Mr. Thorn made away with them." I was taken by surprise for a moment. Then I smiled and shook my head.

"The drugged cigar?"

"Mr. Thorn gave it to my brother."

"The fishing-rod?"

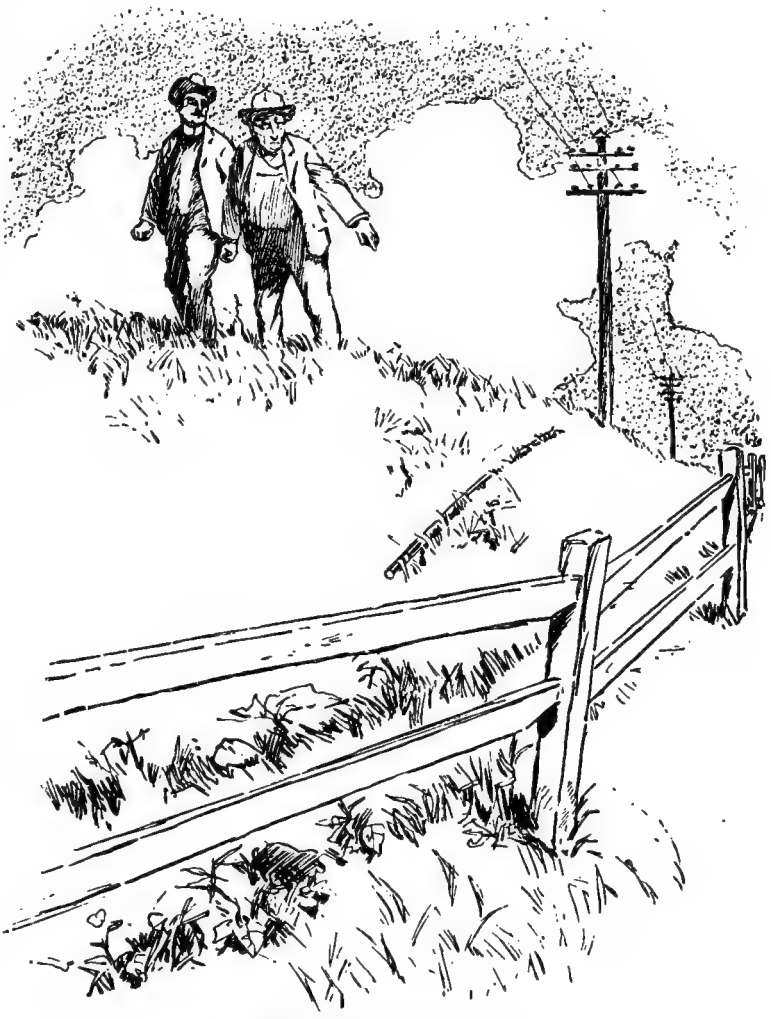
"Mr. Thorn threw it out of the window." She laughed. "Did he find it for you?" I suddenly remembered his seeing it so far off. She noticed my hesitation. "He did, then?" She laughed again. It was such a musical laugh that I decided desperately—to run away from her.

"Mr. Thorn is my client," I said stiffly. "I cannot listen to any insinuation—" She clasped her hands.

"If you would trust me—" she began.

"I should like to," I said, "but how do I know—" She drew herself up stiffly. It was simply impossible to mistrust the dainty, proud little figure, who stood before me. She saw the admiration in my eyes, and hers dropped.

"I *am* honest," she said in a low voice. Call it weakness, folly, what you will—I believed her.



"What is that?" he cried.

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"I will trust you, Miss Tyson," I said. She smiled.

"You will clear my brother?"

"I shall do my best to find the thief," I said. "I shall be very glad if it proves to be anyone else."

"It is Mr. Thorn," she said decidedly. I shook my head.

"I do not think so." A skilful detective is, before everything, a judge of character. I judged Thorn to be a somewhat reckless and dissipated, but absolutely upright man.

She looked thoughtfully at me with her chin on her hand.

"You are right, according to your lights, to suspect my brother," she said. "*I* am right to suspect your client."

"Quite so," I agreed. "If you choose to make any inquiries—"

"I am not clever enough," she said. "Of course I might employ some one; but—I—I am not rich." She looked at me appealingly. "Won't you pursue the clues that implicate—both?" I pulled my moustache thoughtfully. A layman may think that I should have felt some qualms of conscience in pursuing investigations likely to incriminate my client; but any detective would tell you this is commonly done; and *must* be done if one is to arrive at the truth.

"If I do, will you trust me?" I asked.

"I do."

"I don't know that you have any reason to," I said, a little suspiciously. She laughed.

"As if a woman trusted by reason!"

"Then," I said, "I must suspect your brother; but I promise you that he shall not be the only suspect." She rose and brought a paper from behind the clock.

"Here are my brother's addresses," she said quietly. "You will not have him arrested—only watched."

"Only watched," I promised. I noticed that the first address was in Ireland—where he had not gone; but I did not remark upon this, being a detective as well as a man. Being a man as well as a detective, I said nothing about Miss Tyson to Thorn, though I felt unable to resist my conviction of his honesty.

Nevertheless, I made inquiries about him; and discovered several suspicious circumstances. He was certainly in money difficulties. In particular, he was being pressed by a shady loan office. Also there were reasons for connecting him with the fishing-rod. The outer portion was new; but the inner slides appeared, upon careful inspection, to be considerably older. The rod was of a peculiar kind sold by few shops in London. The manager of the second at which I inquired had put a new handle to such a rod recently. His description of the elderly gentleman who fetched it tallied far more nearly with Thorn than with Tyson. He mentioned that the gentleman carried a queer-shaped bag, like their jewel-cases. Finally, when I was waiting for Thorn in his sitting-room one day, I noticed two or three cigars loose on the sideboard. Their appearance reminded me of the medicated cigars. I pocketed one. It proved to be drugged also.

I called to tell Miss Tyson of my discoveries. I had got into a habit of calling. She did not seem to mind. She showed me a letter from her brother, telling her frankly, though with evident annoyance, of the incident in the train, and explaining his change of plan. He had gone over to Pembroke Dock, while waiting for the boat. There he had met an old school-fellow, and they had gone off to Tenby together.

"I have not told him about your suspicions," she said, "because you are going to clear him. It *must* be your Mr. Thorn."

"Yes," I agreed musingly. "I wonder if he had the jewels in his apartments." She clasped her hands.

"If we could find them there! Do they want a housemaid?"

"I couldn't hear of such a thing!" I cried in horror.

"I beg your pardon. I forgot he was your client."

"I wasn't thinking of that. It was the idea of your soiling your pret—your fingers." She blushed and looked down.

"I would give my fingers," she said, "for anyone I—loved."

She held them up in front of me. With an uncontrollable impulse I seized them and pressed them to my lips. She drew them away and trembled so, that I was frightened at my own presumption. "It was merely a token of respect," I explained; but she did not seem satisfied with the explanation. Next morning I called to offer a different one; and found that she had gone. She would not be back for some time, the landlady said, and she had left no address. Apparently she was indifferent to me, but feared to offend me on account of her brother. She need not have been afraid that I would turn on him, I thought bitterly, I would show my disinterestedness by clearing him; but the next few days brought little return for my labours.

I was growing very depressed, when she

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called at my office one afternoon. She was flushed and excited, which made her look prettier than ever.

"I—I thought I had offended you," I stammered.

"Why?" she asked in surprise; but when I began to explain she interrupted immediately. "Do you know where I have been?" I shook my head. "To 8, Park Square." It was where Thorn lodged. "Our apartments are in the same corridor." She looked at me defiantly. "I went in his rooms when he was out. I—I don't know what you must think of me?"

"Let me tell you," I began eagerly.

"You haven't heard my story," she said hastily. "I—I am sure they are there; but I could not find them. But I found this." She untied a long parcel and produced the outer slide of the fishing-rod. It was broken in places. Thorn had evidently retained the inner slides and had a new handle made for them!

"This completes the case," I said. "I am to meet Thorn and his partner at Park Square this evening. I will take the man who repaired this with me, and charge him. I—I cannot tell you how glad I am it has turned out like this."

"I can never repay you," she began.

"You can," I said. "Miss Tyson—Lucy ——" I stepped towards her; but at that moment my clerk came in.

"A railway man wants to see you at once." She moved to the door, with a saucy flash of her big eyes.

"Don't go," I begged.

"I must," she said with a queer little laugh.

"I shall come round to see you directly," I called after her.

I did not go. After a long talk with the railway man I went up to see the guard of the 9.15. Then I went to the fishing-tackle shop. Then I went to a police station. Then I went to the establishment of Hutchins & Thorn—both of whom were out. When I went to Park Square in the evening three men accompanied me. I arranged with the housekeeper that they should wait in an ante-room.

When I entered Thorn's apartments he was talking excitedly to his partner in front of the fire. They turned and greeted me with one voice.

"We have found them," they cried. "The jewels!" They held up a case before my eyes, opened it, and displayed the ornaments.

"I—I don't understand," I said. Hutchins smiled.

"You have been on a wrong scent," he said. "Before we explain, there is a friend of yours who should be present—Miss Tyson, the sister and accomplice of the thief. She is staying in this house." I wiped my forehead and bowed. They sent a message to her and she came promptly. I placed a chair for her, and she gave me a bewitching smile. For the others she had only a toss of the head.

"You are aware," said Hutchins, addressing her in his oily way, "that some diamonds in my partner's charge—let us say—'disappeared' in the train."

"I am well aware of it."

"Your brother was the only other passenger in the compartment at the time of their disappearance—apparently the only person who could have taken them."

"Except Mr. Thorn himself!" Thorn started from his chair.

"You accuse me," he thundered. "You—you——"

"Remember that you are speaking to a lady," I said quietly. Hutchins laughed. Her face flushed.

"I am prepared to support my accusation," she said, looking at me. I tried to motion her to silence, but she turned to them again, and detailed the discoveries which we had made.

"I should not be surprised," she concluded, "to know that the diamonds are in your rooms now." Thorn's face went nearly purple, and he made inarticulate sounds when he tried to speak. Hutchins motioned to him to hold his tongue and held out the case.

"You would not be surprised," he said smoothly, "to learn that the thief had become alarmed, and had restored the jewels—through his sister and accomplice."

"No!" she cried. Her face went white.

"You were seen to enter these rooms this morning. This afternoon the jewels were found here."

"By Mr. Thorn?" she asked quickly. I could not help admiring her readiness.

"No, madam. By me."

There was silence for a few moments. Miss Tyson looked from one to the other, with lips quivering. Then she turned to me.

"You do not believe it?" she asked piteously.

"No," I replied, "I do not."

Hutchins laughed sarcastically; but Thorn put his big hand gently on my shoulder.

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"I'm sorry for you, Newman," he said. "Very sorry. Saw how things were going. Had her watched. You don't suspect me, do you?"

"No," I said, "I do not." Miss Tyson looked at me, and then the colour died slowly out of her face.

Then I turned fiercely upon Hutchins.

"George Hutchins," I said sternly, "I charge you with the theft of Lady Elderbury's diamonds!" He made a step forward as though he would spring at me.

"The woman has turned your head," he snarled. "You are in love with her, and——"

"Yes," I said firmly, "I am in love with her. I rang the bell. "Ask the men who came with me to step up here," I told the maid. Three men filed in.

"Mr. Roberts," I said, indicating a grey-haired man, "has for some years been the guard of the New Milford portion of the 9.15 train from Paddington." I turned to him. "You know this person?" I pointed to Hutchins.

"By sight," replied the old man. "He came to see this gentleman off on Thursday week." He indicated Thorn.

"He had another case like Mr. Thorn's jewel case."

"Exactly like." I turned to Thorn.

"Was that so?"

"Yes," said Thorn slowly. "It was an empty one that he—"

"Can you swear that he did not change it?"

"I don't believe—" I held up my hand.

"We shall see. When did you see Mr. Hutchins, afterwards?"

"On Friday afternoon. He came up from Gloucester by the 2.18 train."

Hutchins clenched his hands.

"You went down in the morning, when you knew where we should search," I told him.

"I deny it," he hissed.

"I can swear to you," said the guard firmly. I turned to the second man.

"This is Mr. Abbott, of Moss and Co., in Cheapside," I said. "Do you recognise Mr. Hutchins?"

"Yes," he said. About three weeks ago he brought me a sliding fishing rod—or rather the interior of one—to have a new outer slide fitted."

"Do you know anything of this rod?" I asked Thorn.

"It is three years ago," he said. We were fishing together one Whitsuntide. I broke the outer slide and gave him the rest for his nephew. I had forgotten all about it."

"It is a lie," Hutchins snarled.

I turned to the third man. "Tell us what you told me," I said. He fumbled with his cap.

"Las' Friday week," he said, in a hoarse voice, "I were workin' 'long the line this side of Glo'ster; an' I see a walkin' stick, I thought it were, come out of a carriage winder, jest beyond the big stone 'eap afore the distance signal. Thinks I, I'll 'ave it, 'an gits orf. Wen I seed it were only a fishin' stick I chucks it darn agin, an' didn't think no more of it till I 'eard talk of this 'ere robbery. Then I sees Mr. Roberts. An' 'e sez there's a gentleman in London wot I'd better see. The 1.55 train it were, an'—"

"That will do," I said. "I will see you all to-morrow morning as arranged." They filed out and I turned to Hutchins.

"Have you anything to say?" I inquired. He faced me with sneering bravado.

"Only that I should like to have the ingenuity that you credit me with," he said coolly.

"You have not heard it all," I said sternly. "I propose to prove that you purchased a certain drug, and certain cigars. I presume he gave them to you, Mr. Thorn, and that you smoked one of them in the train?"

"Yes," said Thorn, in a low choked voice, "but I can't believe—" He turned appealingly to his partner, who rose unsteadily.

"I defy you," he said. "Your proofs are mere moonshine; and as for theft—why the stones are here!" I looked at him steadily.

"The stones," I said, "are now at King's Road Police Station. Their settings contain paste. I went to your office this evening. The man who helped you change them betrayed himself in his fright. He has confessed."

Hutchins' face twitched. He clutched helplessly at the table cover, and fell in a faint upon the floor.

The streets were provokingly full and well-lit when I took Miss Tyson home to her own apartments; but she accepted my arm, and I managed to imprison her fingers in mine.

"Lucy," I whispered, "Do you love me?" She smiled at me, for the fraction of a second, then looked down.

"Can't you find out," she asked mischievously, "Mr. Detective?"

So, when we came to a quiet place I put my arm round her waist—and obtained a clue!

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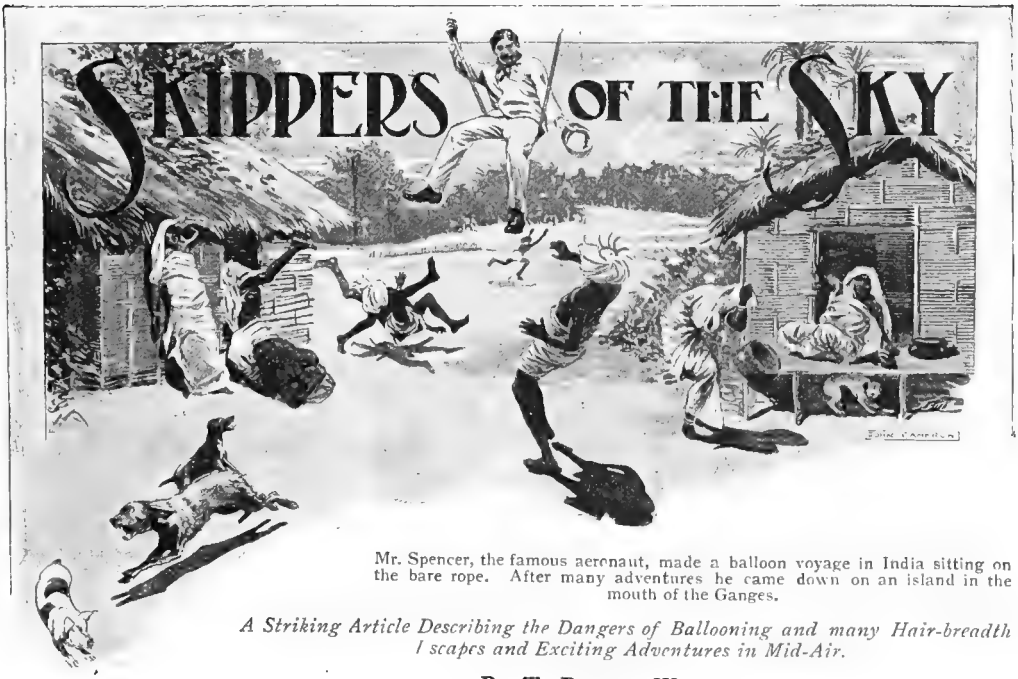

Mr. Spencer, the famous aeronaut, made a balloon voyage in India sitting on the bare rope. After many adventures he came down on an island in the mouth of the Ganges.

A Striking Article Describing the Dangers of Ballooning and many Hair-breadth Escapes and Exciting Adventures in Mid-Air.

By T. Parker Wilson.

When men intrust themselves to the atmosphere with nought but a frail wicker basket between them and eternity it is well that they should know what they are about. And yet when all is said there is probably no branch of adventurous enterprise in which knowledge and experience is more often set at defiance than in ballooning. Here it is pre-eminently the unexpected that happens.

In the very nature of things it is obvious that this must be so. A balloon is lighter than air—therefore, the air is its master, and the wind sends it wheresoever it listeth.

The day of navigable balloons is not yet. The aeronaut can pull the valve-rope and by parting with a portion of gas descend, or he can pitch a certain amount of ballast overboard, and ascend. But he cannot steer his aerial ship in any given direction. It is part of the air.

Santos-Dumont fell a sheer 2000 feet to the roof of a Paris hotel escaping with his life as by a miracle, because the envelope of his aerial ship being filled with gas lighter than air, collapsed through being forced by the propellers against the wind in the vain attempt to solve the problems of aerial navigation. Yet, until this problem is solved, ballooning will always be the most risky of undertakings.

Let us take a case. Two adventurous spirits, a journalist and an old and tried balloonist, determined on a trip across Channel, making the Crystal Palace their starting place.

Everything was in readiness, the word to let go was given, and with a bound the vast ball flew upwards. It sailed away with a favourable wind, and had just passed the limits of the Palace ground, when without a moment's warning something terrible and unforeseen happened.

The balloon suddenly fell earthwards like a stone. Almost before either of the occupants could realise their position, still less do anything to meet it, crash came the car on the top of a row of elms.

They held on like grim death; it was a thousand wonders both were not precipitated to the ground sixty feet below. The grappling iron caught the aeronaut a heavy blow in the back, knocking him almost insensible, though he just managed to gasp out instructions for ballast to be let go. This done, up they bounded 4000 feet, to temporary safety.

What was the cause of this nearly fatal contretemps? Merely that the balloon had passed into what is technically and most fittingly termed "a hole in the atmosphere."

As a general rule currents are met with, varying often at different altitudes, but it sometimes happens that the balloon will

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suddenly enter a region of absolute calm, and down she goes as described.

A balloon is the most volatile thing in the world; beside it water is a feeble image of instability. Aeronauts who are up to their work, and who study to husband their resources know that the throwing out of a few grains of sand will send them up hundreds of feet; no need to throw out whole bagfulls.

We left the aeronaut and his journalistic companion 4000 feet in the air. When passing over Canterbury a peculiar thing was noticed by the journalist. The smoke of the chimneys was, strange to say, blowing at right angles to the course of the balloon. This meant that there was a north-easterly current below them, which would presently carry them out to the dreaded North Sea, with no land nearer than the Arctic Regions. Of course, they would be drowned to a certainty.

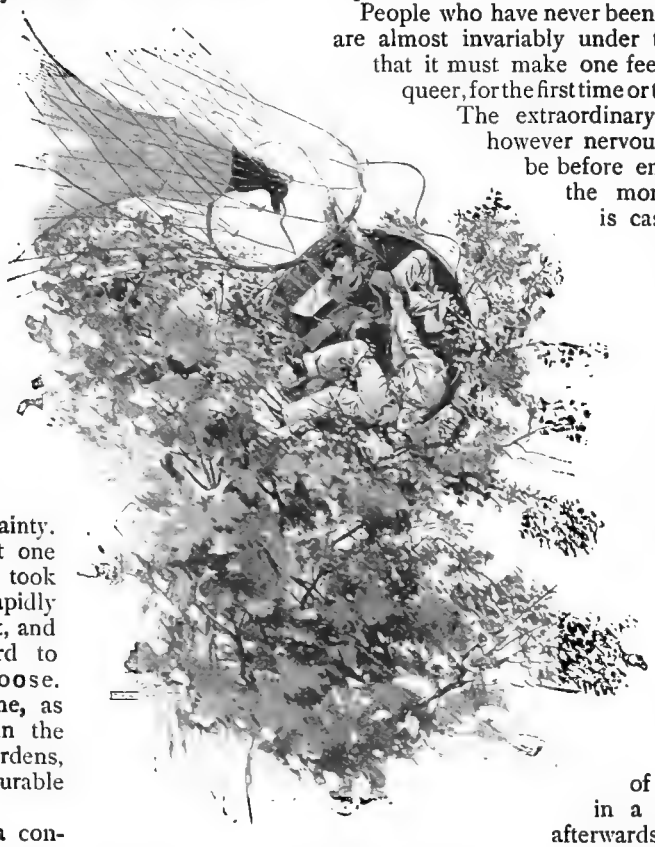
There was but one course, and they took it. They were rapidly nearing the coast, and could not afford to pick and choose. Down they came, as it turned out in the midst of hop gardens, not the most favourable situation.

There being a considerable wind they found it no easy matter to escape damage from innumerable hop poles and wire fences. The grappling iron was out, but encountered nothing substantial, and they were bruised black and blue with the bumping caused by the drag rope continually catching the hop-poles.

Despite their frantic efforts to pull up, the balloon broke away into clear space, and notwithstanding that they hung on to the valve-rope with all their might, such was the unspent energy of the balloon that it utterly wrecked the telegraph wires, temporarily suspending communication between London and Paris.

Again they struck the earth with a terrific thump, and when just about to hit a house on the rebound the grapnel caught on to a wire fence, and they were saved. Their luck was in the ascendant, and beyond extensive bruising they were none the worse for the escapade, and were glad enough to take next train to town postponing their Channel trip to a more convenient season.

People who have never been up in a balloon are almost invariably under the impression that it must make one feel very sick and queer, for the first time or two at all events. The extraordinary truth is that however nervous a person may be before entering the car, the moment the rope is cast off all sense of fear vanishes. The occupants seem to rise into the air by the mere buoyancy of their own spirits.



Two aeronauts encountered what is known as "a hole in the atmosphere," a space of absolute calm, and down they dropped on some elms hundreds of feet below. In the nick of time some ballast was thrown overboard, and they rose once again.

A friend of mine, a young journalist, who combined with a nervous temperament a desire to rise in his profession, had the opportunity afforded him of making a trip in a balloon. He afterwards confessed that just preparatory to the ascent he was in a blue funk, and felt more dead than alive. This feeling vanished immediately the ropes were cast off and the balloon sprang upwards.

In a captive balloon it is far different. Here you seem to realise your danger alarmingly. A gentleman who has made many trips, and who has had many exciting adventures, and hairbreadth escapes told me that he never felt so uncomfortable as when

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sitting in a captive balloon at the Crystal Palace.

Probably the explanation is that with the sense of motion there comes the sense of danger. The captive balloon strains at its cable, and you know that your whole existence hangs upon its weakest link. If it should give way up you go, without ballast, or anchor or any of the usual means of control. That is the sensation in a captive balloon.

But a free balloon may be travelling faster than the fastest express train, but, so far as sensation goes, no one in the car would know that it was moving. Why? Because you are not travelling through the air but with it.

That aeronauts are a brave class of men no one will for a moment doubt, but their seemingly superhuman intrepidity may not unreasonably be accounted for by this fact.

It is extraordinary what risks some aeronauts will take, and how narrowly they escape the consequences of their temerity.

Fancy deciding on the spur of the moment to cross the Channel in a balloon originally intended for a short cruise above the Home Counties.

Mr. Percival Spencer and Mr. Charles Pollock had arranged this short trip when they suddenly took it into their heads to cross the Channel, though the balloon had barely sufficient capacity to insure its holding out until the French shore could be reached.

However, they meant risking it. Starting from the Crystal Palace, in two hours they had passed the cliffs of Hastings and were well out to seaward.

It was a perfect day. Like a ball of fiery gold the balloon soared in the blue vault 12,000 feet above the waters. They had still many miles to go before they could descend on the soil of France, that is if the wind should hold favourable.

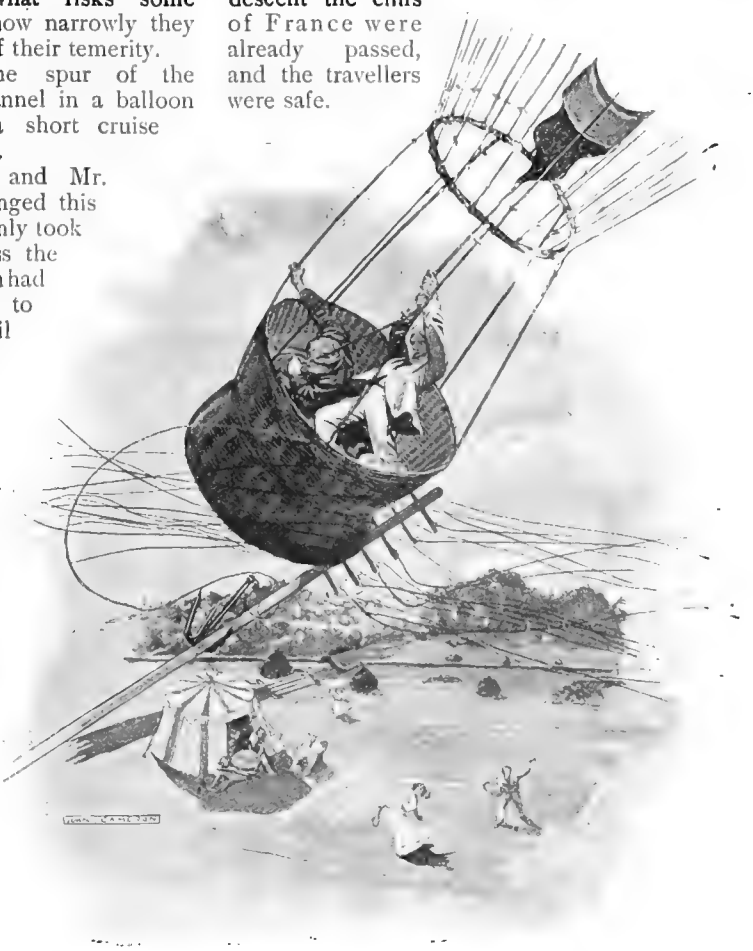
Soon the travellers began to realise what a close shave it would be. Would their gas hold out long enough? Or must they drop into the sea and perish as others had done before them.

They were still twenty miles from their goal, when the balloon began to descend for the last time. All the sand had long ago been parted with; even the sand bags had been thrown out. Death stared them in the face.

The balloon rapidly fell towards the sun tipped waves. Now 10,000 feet—8000 feet—6000 feet: What was to be done? Desperate situations require desperate measures.

Looking round Mr. Spencer caught sight of the great iron anchor. It must go. Away it whirls, burying itself in the water thousands of feet below.

Like a shot from a cannon the balloon bounded to its maximum altitude. On its next descent the cliffs of France were already passed, and the travellers were safe.



After many exciting adventures two aeronauts attempted to descend. Having damaged some hopfields and shattered a telegraph post, they succeeded.

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It is when journeying over the sea that the aeronaut feels most in danger. Few balloons can maintain themselves beyond a few hours. In this little island it is easy to be carried to the coast before you realise the rate you have been going.

The balloon was drifting out to sea and nothing could stop her, so one of the aeronauts leaped out of it into a pond; the other was lost at sea.

It was in this way that an aeronaut, Powell, lost his life. When too late he made the descent. His companion, preferring the chance of broken bones to drowning, jumped out, and happily arrived in a pond. The balloon, relieved from his weight, went sky high and out to sea, bearing with it its unfortunate occupant, the exact details of whose fate will never be known.

It is not often that a balloon suddenly collapses, but cases when this has happened are on record, the occupants being placed in a position of frightful danger. Not very long since what might well have proved a fatal catastrophe occurred at the Crystal Palace, through the aeronaut omitting to notice that the mouth at the neck of the balloon was closed. This should always be left open in order that expansion of gas may be relieved by overflow.

The gas expands in rarefied air, and at 2000 feet the pressure became enormous. Still the aeronauts were unconscious of their peril, which could at any moment have been averted by pulling a string. At last the pressure became so great that the balloon could stand it no longer. It burst like a bomb, and the car immediately fell like a thunderbolt towards destruction.

But fortunately only the lower portion of the balloon had been injured, and enough of the net remained to hold the upper part, so as to make a more or less perfect parachute. Thus the headlong descent was checked and the balloon floated to earth on Gipsy Hill at a speed which fortunately permitted the balloonists to escape personal injury. When the reporters arrived, notebooks in hand, for the purpose of obtaining particulars of the accident for their respective journals, all that they saw was a little group cheerfully discussing their late adventure, and puffing away at pipes.

The up-to-date parachute owes its safety to the simplicity of its construction. It consists merely of loose canvas, somewhat in the form of a huge sack, open at one end, to which are attached ropes terminating in a sling, to which the parachutist is secured When a sufficient height has been reached, generally about 7000 feet, the word to let

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go is given, and the parachutist drops sheer several hundreds of feet. The sensation may be likened to that of falling over a precipice. Then comes a pleasant tug, and the man knows he is safe. The parachute fills with air, and easily sustains his weight till the earth is reached.

The danger of parachuting to-day exists not in any defects of the parachute, but in the liability to accident at the ascent through insufficient lifting power of the balloon, from which may arise collisions with surrounding objects, causing the parachutist to be jerked from his position and dashed to earth.

In this way a lady parachutist lost her life at Peterborough some few years since. The balloon, unable to rise properly, drifted into a collision with telegraph wires, and the unfortunate lady was wrenched from her hold, dropped into a field forty feet beneath, and instantaneously killed.

Some years ago Mr. Perceval Spencer performed a feat of which it is no hyperbole to say "that the world wondered." The scene of the exploit was in India.

It had been arranged for Mr. Spencer to ascend from Calcutta and to come down with a parachute.

Enormous crowds assembled to witness the spectacle, but owing to some hitch a postponement of several days was rendered necessary.

The delay but served to further intensify public interest, and some days later a vastly augmented crowd of not less than 200,000 persons were packed together eagerly awaiting the crucial moment.

But however prepared the vast throng may have been for a great sensation, what actually occurred must have literally beggared their wildest anticipations.

Once more the youthful aeronaut essayed his perilous task, but again something was seen to be wrong. No car was to be used for the balloon, only the gas bag, and Mr. Spencer was to let go at the proper height, and rely on his parachute.

But to his chagrin he found that the lifting power of the balloon was insufficient to bear the weight of the parachute even. What was to be done?

From Lord Lansdowne downwards, all the high officials of India were present, and natives in their tens of thousands, from Rajahs to coolies.

Mr. Spencer felt he dared not disappoint them for the second time. A few moments' thought, and he had decided upon his course. Before his intention was realised, the balloon sprang into the air, taking with it Spencer, sitting on a sling rope, without a parachute, with neither car, anchor, ballast, or valve rope, absolutely minus every appliance generally considered indispensable to the safety of the aeronaut.

The crowd simply gasped in amazement and horror as, with strained vision they watched the ball, now dwindled to a child's plaything, with what looked like a tiny insect suspended beneath it.

Away it went, till at last it melted into the blue haze, and was lost to vision.

No one expected ever to see Mr. Spencer again. He was regarded as good as dead, a victim to his own rashness, which all condemned, though could not but admire.

Three days passed, but without tidings of the unhappy balloonist. Not the slightest doubt was entertained of his death, only the probable manner of it was subject for endless conversation and newspaper paragraphs.

Then the press proceeded to decently inter him, with columns of mournful obituaries. The last swan-song was sung over the fate of the gallant and infatuated young Englishman and the matter was regarded as closed, when lo! on the third day Mr. Spencer returned to Calcutta as if from an ordinary Saturday to Monday vacation, and wanted to know what all the fuss was about.

His adventures read like a chapter out of Sinbad the Sailor. His flight from Calcutta continued for several hours during which time he covered a distance of some forty miles. Like an uncanny bird he flew over jungle and plain until literally wearing out the strength of his aerial steed (to change the metaphor) he alighted, to the dismay and astonishment of the natives, on one of the islands formed by the delta of the Ganges. Of course, he might just as easily have fallen into the Ganges itself, and become food for crocodiles.

Being without a valve, his balloon might have risen beyond the point that respiration is possible. But none of these things happened.

Mr. Spencer was naturally annoyed, however, at the inconvenience of being unable to return at once to Calcutta through the ignorance of the natives of English, and it was some time before he fell in with anything on wheels. Hence the delay and the waste of printer's ink. Mr. Spencer has made hundreds of parachute descents, but none have come up to his dare-devil Indian exploit.

One of the most exciting experiences in the history of ballooning happened to the

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A marvellous escape. The balloon collapsed; the upper portion remaining, however, intact, acted as a parachute, and the aeronauts arrived on earth unhurt.

Rev. J. M. Bacon, the celebrated aeronaut and scientist. Mr. Bacon arranged with Mr. Stanley Spencer to make an ascent with the object of observing an expected shower of Leonides. Miss Gertrude Bacon was to make one of the party. Accordingly, they started in the early morning, long before sunrise, taking with them cameras, an apparatus for collecting meteorite dust, a Davey lamp, and some sandwiches.

On attaining a considerable height they encountered a dense fog, which proved to be many hundreds of feet in depth. Mr. Bacon was resolved, at all costs, to rise above the fog in order that the object of the ascent might not be frustrated, and prevailed upon Mr. Spencer to part with more ballast than the professional aeronaut deemed advisable. This had the desired effect of raising the balloon into a clearer atmosphere, and the aeronauts were rewarded with the sight of a wondrously beautiful sky, though there were but few meteors.

To understand what followed, it must be explained that, in anticipation of a somewhat prolonged sojourn in the air, the balloon was fitted with a patent hermetically sealed ripping valve, especially devised to check the outflow of gas. This valve when once torn open could not be re-closed, and it meant almost certain death to attempt the descent by using it, unless within a very short distance from the earth.

Day broke magnificently, and as the sun increased in power the gas in the balloon expanded, and the occupants felt increasingly uneasy on finding that they still continued to rise. In this little island it is never safe for a balloon to be up many hours, especially when clouds prevent the aeronaut from gauging the course of the balloon. Already the party had been up quite as long as was safe.

Mr. Spencer could give no hope of their descending by ordinary means under five hours, and they had every cause to fear that long before that time had elapsed they would be carried out to sea. Presently they heard the hum of a big city, which

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they suspected to be a seaport, and all doubt on that score was very shortly afterwards dispelled by a shrill whistle, which they recognised as the syren of some vessel.

They then knew their situation to be desperate. At the suggestion of Mr. Bacon it was decided to write an urgent telegram. Three dozen copies of the following were quickly indited and thrown overboard: "Urgent: large balloon from Newbury above clouds. Cannot descend. Telegraph to sea-coast, to be ready to rescue.—Bacon and Spencer."

Still the balloon pursued its steady course, but at a considerably lower altitude than before owing to the air being cooler above the sea. Nothing could be done, and they simply resigned themselves to await the course of events. Half-an-hour went by when, to their intense joy, through a rift in the clouds they espied land.

Mr. Spencer then decided to rip open the valve, having carefully selected a field which seemed to offer a favourable place for the descent.

Owing, however, to the extreme hardness of the soil, and to the fact that a very high wind was blowing, it was impossible for the grappling-irons to catch hold, and the occupants of the car had an exceedingly rough time of it. The wind took them from one end of the field to the other, and during the whole time the car repeatedly struck the ground with such force that the travellers were bruised all over.

Miss Bacon was the worst sufferer, sustaining a broken arm; while her father had his clothes much torn by barbed wire. A number of farm labourers, seeing their plight, rushed forward and by their united exertions managed at length to bring the balloon to a standstill.

They found that they had alighted near Neath, only a mile and a half from the Atlantic, to which they had been heading. For nine and a half hours they had been above the clouds, during which time they had travelled eighteen miles over sea. Only one of the telegrams was found and that one was on a mountain-top in Glamorganshire.

In some respects the most sensational, as it was one of the most important, events in the history of aeronauts, took place in 1862. The committee of the British Association commissioned Messrs. Glaisher and Coxwell to take meteorological observations in a balloon, the "Mammoth," of ninety-three thousand cubic feet gas capacity. The ascent was made at three minutes past 1 p.m. on September 5th, and in thirty-seven minutes the balloon had reached an altitude of four miles.

In ten minutes more it rose another mile, the thermometer showing 34 degrees of frost. By this time, both Mr. Coxwell and Mr. Glaisher began to feel symptoms of great bodily discomfort. Mr. Coxwell found a difficulty in breathing and Mr. Glaisher in seeing.

At twenty-nine thousand feet the arms of the latter became powerless, and presently he collapsed against the side of the car. At first his companion thought that he was merely resting, and exhorted him to make an effort to pull himself together. No answer, however, was vouchsafed to his remark and it was apparent that Mr. Glaisher had completely lost consciousness.

Mr. Coxwell, feeling insensibility rapidly stealing over him, endeavoured to grasp the valve-rope to let out the gas, but he found himself utterly unable to move his arms. He just managed to seize the rope with his teeth and hung on to it like grim death. The balloon at once commenced to descend, and as it fell into a stronger atmosphere Mr. Glaisher came to, and an easy descent was made near Ludlow. The instruments showed that they had attained an altitude of thirty-seven thousand feet, or over seven miles, a record which has never been attained before or since this memorable occasion.

The worst experience that ever befell Mr. Coxwell was near Buxton. He had with him two young fellows (as passengers), the Messrs. Pearson, one of whom, unfortunately, professed a local knowledge which he did not possess. Mr. Coxwell, acting upon his suggestions, selected a spot for the descent which turned out to be literally honey-combed with walls built of loose stone, common to that part of the country. These walls offered no holding for the grappling-iron, and as there was a strong wind blowing at the time the balloon was dragged from one wall to another, the balloonists being subjected to a most fearful bumping and jolting.

One of the Messrs. Pearson had his skull fractured, while the other sustained a broken arm. Mr. Coxwell was battered so severely that, although no bones were broken, he was laid up for months.

Enough has been said to prove that ballooning is perhaps the most perilous of all professions. That men like Mr. Spencer and Mr. Bacon are still alive to tell their adventures is the most wonderful circumstance in their careers.

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THE PRESENCE OF A TRAITOR.

By W. H. Williamson.

In an obscure street in St. Petersburg a group of people sat in a room of an unpretentious house discussing desperate measures. It was a modestly furnished room, the light was dim, and the voices were low. The faces of the six people, however, lit up by the sickly gleams of the paraffin lamp, betrayed an intensity that their environment lacked.

Kuvalosky, big-headed, big-bodied, big-bearded, sat at the head of the table.

"It is time for a blow," he said.

"Yes, yes"—they all uttered the cry, and looked eager to strike the blow.

"The Tsar goes to Moscow on the 25th of next month," said Turkvitz, a young man, slim and beardless. "Can't we strike then?"

"A bomb, eh?" suggested Bogoleff.

"Whatever it is, we must have no bungling this time," said Ossinsky, who was nearly caught in the failure of the Livadia attempt.

They all joined in the discussion, speaking with a curb on their voices, but with fire in them. They made suggestions and plans and had almost outlined a scheme, when there was a knock at the door.

They all rose instinctively, their faces pale, and their eyes, with fearful looks, glanced first at the door and then at each other.

Kuvalovsky thought a moment, turned the lamp a little lower, and beckoned to the others to be silent.

"Police," murmured Turkvitz.

Kuvalovsky motioned for silence, opened a trap-door in the floor, and the five rapidly descended into a dark hole. Kuvalovsky replaced the trap, put the couch over it, turned up the lamp, and seized an English text-book.

The knock at the door was repeated. Kuvalovsky, carrying the book in his hand, opened the door.

A man almost rushed inside. "Shut the door," he said.

"Trepoff!" Kuvalovsky exclaimed, as he fastened the door again.

"Yes," replied the new comer. "Friends here?"

Kuvalovsky nodded.

Trepoff drew a paper from his pocket. "Don't call them," he said. "Read that first. It was taken from the Inspector's Bureau this morning."

Kuvalovsky read this note:

"They are meeting to-night at 8.30, at 5, Alexander Street, to decide the blow. I shall be amongst them, of course—the poor fools! You might make a descent if you think fit—let me know if you will; it will be such a nice haul.—A.Y."

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Kuvalovsky looked at Trepoff when he had read the note. "There is a traitor here," he said, with pathos and determination mingled in his voice. Trepoff nodded.

"Who?" asked Kuvalovsky.

Trepoff shrugged his shoulders.

"Kuvalovsky looked greatly disturbed. I would have trusted them all," he said. "And the police may come. They must go—no. We must find the traitor first, or we shall be undone. This is awful, Trepoff."

"Yes. You must decide quickly. Have you no suspicions?"

Kuvalovsky hesitated a moment. "It can't be Ossinsky," he said; "and . . . I would have trusted all the others."

"Get them to write," said Trepoff. "Compare the handwriting"—and he pointed to the note.

"Good!" said Kuvalovsky. He was about to raise the trap door when Trepoff whispered to him; he nodded, and Trepoff went out before the five conspirators were re-admitted to the room. The plan was a good one, and Kuvalovsky looked like a man who holds the best cards.

"Safe," he murmured to his companions.

"The police?" asked Bogoleff.

"No," said Kuvalovsky. "It was Trepoff. He wants a message from each of us for the cause. We have just to write." He found pens, ink, and paper, and all the six were provided and ready.

They all dipped their pens in the ink, and waited for the words.

Kuvalovsky dictated:

"Settle the final details at any meeting . . . and we will be amongst you. . . . Make a descent any time you think fit. . . . If possible get a nice haul."

Bogoleff seemed to hesitate before he began, and Kuvalovsky noted it. He wrote easily after the little hesitation.

When all had written, Kuvalovsky spoke. "Put your pens down," he said, speaking like a schoolmaster to his class. "Do you know why I have asked you to write?" . . . He spoke with warmth in his voice, and they felt something extraordinary had happened, for they all looked at him in anxiety.

"There is a spy among us," he said, glancing round like lightning lest the looks of any should escape him.

His words had their effect. "A spy," they muttered—and they began to look suspiciously at each other.

"A spy," said Ossinsky, and he, too, cast a terrible look at his fellow conspirators.

They were all ill at ease now.

"We have been betrayed," said Kuvalovsky, glancing from one to the other "The police have received this letter," and he showed the piece of paper Trepoff had brought. "I'll read it to you."

"Then the police will come here," said Ossinsky savagely after the note had been read.

"We'll find their agent first," said Kuvalovsky. "I want to see whose writing matches *this*"—and he shook the original letter.

Ossinsky grunted satisfactorily, and whipped out a revolver.

As Kuvalovsky compared the writing under the yellow lamp, Ossinsky played the watch dog. When the last writing had been examined Kuvalovsky looked round with a half-disappointed, half-penitent air.

"It is like none," he said.

"Perhaps it is all a mistake," said one.

"Yes," said Bogoleff. "Who is Trepoff?"

"An old campaigner," said Kuvalovsky. "He can't have been mistaken."

"This is horrible!" said Turkvitz. "I am no spy—no traitor . . . ."

But so said they all.

"Ah!" said Kuvalovsky, after a pause. "We sink or swim together." He found a portrait of the Tsar, and taking pen and ink he wrote, "Death to the Tsar.—Dimitri Kuvalovsky."

"There," he said. "Every man shall do the same."

"Good," said Ossinsky, "and date it last month—before this cursed letter was written. We will sink together, if sink we must."

Bogoleff certainly paled when he had to write; but he wrote as did all the others.

"What about the police?" said Turkvitz, after a pause again.

"The police," echoed Ossinsky. "If we go, we must hide; for this is perhaps not the only letter this blackguard has written. We must get out of the country."

"But oh! to kill him first."

Just then there was a knock at the door—it was a loud knock.

"The police," said Ossinsky, and they all felt the shadow of the scaffold or the scent of Siberia was about them.

"Can't we run," said Turkvitz.

"Hide," suggested Deuc.

"We are caught," said Kuvalovsky, shaking his great head.

Bogoleff did not move.

The knock came again. "Open at once in the name of the law," said a voice from the outside.

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The conspirators forgot the traitor in their peril; one or two rushed to hide. Bogoleff and Ossinsky sat at the table and took a paper each; Kuvalovsky seized the English text book again.

"I'm giving you a lesson in English," he said, as he went to the door.

A police officer entered and stood a yard inside the room. "It takes you a long time to make up your mind to enter," he said severely. Then he went back to the door. "Come when I call," he said. "In the meanwhile see the house is well watched, and that nobody escapes."

He then shut the door and turned to the inmates of the room. He seized Kuvalovsky's text book. "I interrupted you," he said. He also read "Mi fater ees goad. Oh! yes! you are arranging signals, I see—excellent! Stand still there," he said to Kuvalovsky. He walked to the two at the table. "More signals. This is excellent evidence. Well, you needn't try to bolt, and you needn't try any games. Your names have all been sent to the Police Bureau, and I hereby call upon"—he drew a paper from his pocket — "Dimitri Kuvalovsky, Paul Ossinsky, Alexis Turkvitz, Valerian Bogoleff, Peter Deuc, and Jacob Stefanovic to come forth. I am here to arrest you in the name of His Majesty the Tsar for conspiring together to do harm to his gracious Majesty.

Ossinsky grabbed his revolver, but the police officer was first, and priority in certain cases is all-powerful.

"No nonsense!" said the officer. "I am not likely to come unprepared to a place like this. You can't escape, and you will do yourselves no good by adding murder to your crimes. . . . Alexis Turkvitz come forth. . . ."

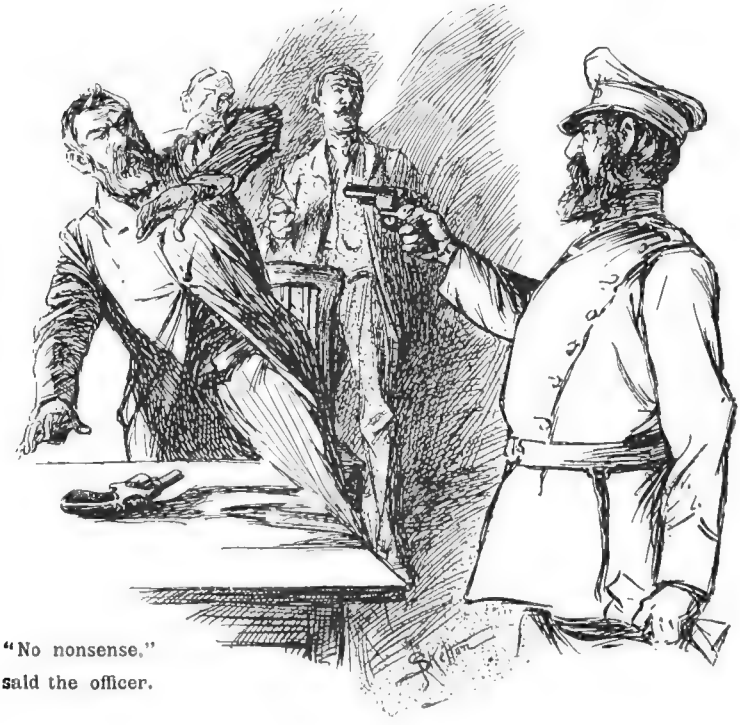
For a moment there was silence, and then Turkvitz, followed by Stefanovic and Deuc, came forward, with faces bearing the dull impress of despair.

"Answer your names," said the officer. "Dimitri Kuvalovsky." Kuvalovsky stood forward. "Paul Ossinsky"—and so he went through the list.

"You are to be tried together, not singly," said the officer. "Before, however, I call in my men, I have orders to liberate one of your number. The man who bears the commission from the Inspector stand forward—first, all turn your backs to me. . . . Good! Now please. . . ."

There was a moment of uncanny suspense . . . then Bogoleff came from the line.

Ossinsky howled and turned, but the police officer covered him with a revolver. "As you were—quick," he said. Ossinsky obeyed.



"No nonsense," said the officer.

"Are you armed?" said the officer to Bogoleff.

"Yes," said the other with a smile, drawing out a revolver. "It has been rather warm this last quarter of an hour."

"We guessed it. Your note was stolen."

"Yes, I saw it; but I was too smart for them."

"Good — you've done splendidly. Call my men from outside."

Bogoleff turned to go, but as he did so the police officer knocked the revolver out of his hand on to the floor and covered him with his

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own. "Move a limb and I fire," he said. Bogoleff was surprised—nothing more for the moment.

The others standing in a line with their backs to this man of grim authority, wondered at the speech and waited impatiently for the next word.

"There are no police outside," went on the pseudo officer in a calm voice. "They are not required just at present." While his eyes and revolver covered Bogoleff, he whipped off his beard with his left hand. "Kuvalovsky, Ossinsky," he said in the voice of one calling his friends by their names.

The plotters turned in a wild hope.

"Trepoff!" shouted Ossinsky in ecstatic surprise.

"Trepoff!" repeated the others with glorious voices. They pressed round him to shake hands and cry jubilantly at their salvation. They did not forget Bogoleff.

"Ha! Seize him!" cried Ossinsky—Bogoleff was bolting. But the huge arms of Kuvalovsky were round him in an instant, and a handkerchief gagged his mouth the next. Also he was bound.

"He must die," said Trepoff quietly.

The plotters had ugly looks just then; they played with life as many men have played with the last coin.

Bogoleff's mouth was closed, but his eyes were opened wide. He had the mute appeal in his eyes that the stricken cow has before the knife does its final work. He seemed to struggle to free himself to cry out.

"Traitor!" said Ossinsky. "Spy!" And there was much loathing in his voice.

"He would have got us all hanged," said another. "And the police may be here soon. . . ."

That hastened them.

"Yes," said Trepoff, "He may not have given our names, but he will if he goes free. We must get out of the country at once. The police will be here soon, too, so we have no time to lose."

There was no time lost.

When the police burst in the door half an hour later they found the dead body of Valerian Bogoleff with the note he had written pinned to his breast. Underneath another hand had added these words:

"We hope you will be satisfied with your haul."

AN AUTHOR'S TROUBLES.

I write inspired!—"The lovers part
With sad 'Good-byes!' heart clasped to heart,
In yearning eyes the tear-drops start"
(That gong! O what a din!)
How shall I paint the scene? How tell
The agony of that "Farewell"?
How can I speak their parting knell?
("Please, Sir, dinner's in.")

I change the scene,—A barrack floor!—
A bombshell bursts the closed door,
My hero lies all steeped in gore—
("John, dear, have you been told?")
("I'm coming, dear")—"All silent lies
The night—amid pale sufferers' cries,
My gallant hero sinks—he dies—
("Come, John, the soup is cold.")

Yes, he must grieve with sad heartache
For her he loves his heart must break—
("O, let me be, for goodness' sake!
Do go and shut that door.")
I'm getting "mixed," you will allow,
How can he die, yet live, ah, how—?
I think—I'll go to dinner now,
For I can write no more.

A. HUBI NEWCOMBE.

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THE GODSONS OF THE KING

From a painting by E. Hughes.

Prince Edward of York.

By Ignota.

Among the lighter and pleasanter duties attached to Sovereignty is that of being constantly asked to stand sponsor. In Continental kingdoms it is quite usual for Royal children scarcely out of babyhood to assume the responsible duties of godfather and godmother.

Queen Victoria and Prince Albert did not approve of this custom, and the then Prince of Wales was not only grown up, but had been married some weeks before he became sponsor for the present Lord Castlemaine; the head of the Handcock family was a valued friend of the Royal family as well as a great Irish noble, and his son has followed in his footsteps, though he is less known to fame than are many of King Edward's elder godsons.

Quite a number of His Majesty's godsons are connected with the Army, and more than one has distinguished himself conspicuously in the South African campaign.

Lord Fincastle alone, amongst the distinguished group, has had the good fortune or luck to win the much-coveted Victoria Cross. The eldest son of Lord Dunmore—himself a most remarkable man, noted as a traveller and explorer, and lately as a Christian Scientist—Lord Fincastle only celebrated this year his thirtieth birthday. He seems to have inherited his father's tastes and disposition; and from earliest boyhood he had a great love of adventure.

He joined the 16th Lancers some ten years ago, and some years later served as aide-de camp to the Viceroy of India. His first chance of seeing active service occurred during the Dongola Expedition, where he obtained the medal and clasp; but it was whilst acting as aide-de-camp to Sir Bindon Blood in the North-West Frontier campaign of 1897 that an amazing act of gallantry won him, after some discussion, the Victoria Cross.

It was pointed out by certain sticklers for military etiquette that Lord Fincastle was present on the field not as an actual soldier, but as a war correspondent; his friends, on the other hand, recalled the fact that as he had been in the Army, and was to all intents and purposes a combatant, he was certainly entitled to the precious "bit of gun-metal." Accordingly he was duly awarded the much-coveted V.C., and the late Sovereign sent a most touching letter of congratulation to his parents.

Of the future dukes who have their Sovereign for godfather the Marquis of Hamilton is as yet the only soldier, but he is, according to those in a position to know, a military host in himself, taking a keen, practical interest in his profession.

James Albert Edward, Marquis of Hamilton, is the eldest of the future Dukes to whom the King is sponsor, and at the time of his birth, which occurred in the November of 1869, his father, the present Duke of Abercorn, was one of the then Prince of Wales's Lords of the Bedchamber, and in that capacity accompanied the future Sovereign to St. Petersburg to be present at the marriage of the late Tsar.

He did not succeed to the title till 1885, when his son was already a popular Etonian, noted for his gigantic size, and for his exploits in those playing fields, immortalised by the Duke of Wellington's allusion to their connection with the Battle of Waterloo.

Before joining the 1st Life Guards, Lord Hamilton went on several long hunting expeditions, and as a result he knows a good deal about African game of every kind. But it soon became clear that the army was his true vocation, and the fact that he became known

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among his brother officers as "Dukey" shows that he soon managed to make himself popular.

Notwithstanding his comparative youth, he has long been quite an authority on what may be called the practical army-clothing question, and he was one of the first to discover the real value of khaki.

Among those godsons of His Majesty who have greatly distinguished themselves in the South African campaign is an Anglo-American scion of the Marquis of Anglesey's family, Mr. Albert Paget, lately gazetted to the 11th Hussars. Like his distinguished father General Arthur Paget, who has now seen thirty years of service in the Scots Guards, Mr. Paget is an enthusiastic soldier.

On the outbreak of hostilities this chip of the old block was only just of age, and had not yet obtained his commission; but he soon made up his mind that nothing should prevent his going to the front. Accordingly one fine day he disappeared on a mysterious journey, and the next thing his friends heard of him was that he had succeeded his uncle, Mr. Gerald Paget, as galloper and aide-de-camp to his own father!

King Edward, who, like our Queen Victoria, takes delight in real romance, is always interested in Royal love stories. His intercession has been innumerable times besought by those Royal personages whose motto might well be, "All for love, and the world well lost," and who have chosen to contract morganatic marriages, even when their doing so implied their having to give up ultimate rights to thrones and principalities.

In each such case, and there are many, the Royal lover is nearly always sure of King Edward's sympathy and interest, and so His Majesty is godfather to quite a number of young people who are only Royal on one side of the house.

Photo, Dickinson and Foster.

Viscount Fincastle.

The most noted of those who must be called, for want of a better term, Edward the Seventh's morganatic godchildren, is the brilliant and gallant soldier known as Count Gleichen, the only son of the late Prince Victor of Hohenlohe, himself the nephew and godson of the late Sovereign, and thus first cousin to King Edward.

Major Count Gleichen's mother, who has now assumed by royal favour the title of Princess Victor of Hohenlohe, was before her marriage Miss Laura Seymour, sister to the late Lord Hertford. The marriage provoked much discussion, and Prince Victor was informed that his bride could not share his name. Then and there he himself gave up his own princely title, and elected to be known during the rest of his life as "Count Gleichen."

His only son was born almost on the eve of the then Prince of Wales's marriage to Princess Alexandra of Denmark, and the youthful Count and his sisters were brought up in the closest intimacy with their cousins of Wales, the more so that Prince Victor of Hohenlohe and his charming wife occupied a suite of rooms in St. James's Palace.

Photo, Chancellor.

Lord Castlemaine.

Educated at Charterhouse, the half royal lad early made up his mind to follow a mili-

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Photo, Edwards.
Count Gleichen.

tary career; and he joined the Grenadier Guards just twenty-one years ago, from the first greatly distinguishing himself. Indeed, he was not much more than out of his teens when he first saw active service, for he fought in the battle of Abou Klea, and his volume, "With the Camel Corps up the Nile," is one of the best accounts of the Gordon Relief Expedition.

As is natural considering that his father was one of the best sculptors of the day, Count Gleichen is an excellent draughtsman, and among the most successful caricatures published by *Vanity Fair* is one of King Menelik, signed "Glick," a nickname which has stuck to the gallant soldier from school upwards.

One of the first to go out to South Africa on the outbreak of hostilities, Count Gleichen was very badly wounded at the Modder River—indeed, he was actually left for dead, and one of his brother officers observed to a comrade: "Look there, poor 'Glick's' dead!" However, to their surprise and joy the supposed corpse moved slightly, and whispered, "Indeed I'm not!" Accordingly he was taken off the field, was well nursed, and recovered in time to take part in many subsequent battles and skirmishes.

It does not often happen that even a Sovereign is in due course sponsor to a father and son, or to a mother and daughter. During Queen Victoria's long reign this occurred on several occasions, but as far as we are aware there is only one instance in which Edward VII. has played the responsible *rôle* of godfather to a father and to a son, the couple being the present Duke of Marlborough and his heir, little Lord Blandford.

Particular interest attaches to the Royal sponsorship of the latter, inasmuch as the future Duke's other godfather is an American, namely, his grandfather, Mr. William Vanderbilt.

To return, however, to the reigning Duke; Charles Richard John Spencer Churchill, has the distinction of being the only British Duke of modern times born out of the United Kingdom, for his birth occurred at Simla while his parents were travelling in India. The Duke's marriage to Miss Consuelo Vanderbilt occurred on the eve of his twenty-

Photo, Bassano.
The Duke of Marlborough.

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fourth birthday; and two years later his elder son, the young Marquis of Blandford, was born, the event arousing quite an extraordinary amount of interest in the States, the more so because it was calculated that in due course the Anglo-American descendant of England's famous fighting Duke is likely to inherit a fortune amounting to twenty-five million dollars. The christening of this most important and fortunate infant was surrounded with much more pomp and ceremony than had been that of his own father. The Chapel Royal, St. James's, where so many Royal baptisms have been celebrated, was chosen, the sacred building being charmingly decorated with white flowers and green palms, and the baptismal font encircled with a wreath of white chrysanthemums.

Both the god-fathers, that is to say, the then Prince of Wales and Mr. William Vanderbilt, were present in person; the god-mother being Lady Blandford, an old and valued friend of Edward VII., and the grandmother, as well as the sponsor, of John Albert Edward William Spencer Churchill.

The Marquis of Blandford, who is a fine-looking little lad of four years old, has a brother a year younger than himself. The two boys live most of the year at Blenheim, and have been taught literally from infancy to be quite fearless with animals, especially with the spaniels known by the name of the Duke of Marlborough's country seat. Notwithstanding his extreme youth, it is very probable that Lord Blandford will be present at the Coronation with the other elder sons of peers, for his parents are naturally anxious that he should take part in the great historic ceremony. It will be remembered that the present Lord Wemyss, when scarcely older, acted as page to a peer at the Coronation of William IV.

Photo, *Speaight.*
The Marquis of Blandford, son of the Duke of Marlborough.

Photo, *Hills and Saunders*
The Duke of St. Albans.

The present Duke of St. Albans, to whom was given the rare honour of having as sponsors both the late Sovereign and the then Prince of Wales, is one of the few among His Majesty's godsons who does not count among his names that of Edward, for he was christened Charles Victor Albert Aubrey.

To the end of her life Queen Victoria regarded Lord Burford, as the present Duke of St. Albans was then called, with great affection. This was owing to the fact that his mother,

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Photo, *Alice Hughes.*
Sir Albert Naylor-Leyland.

The young Duke, as is the case with so many latter-day wearers of the strawberry leaves, is passionately fond of travelling, and especially of exploring unbeaten tracks. Some years ago he made a long sojourn in New Zealand, and whilst there he became very popular with the Maoris, who much admired his agility and really remarkable horsemanship. Lord Burford, as he then was, made himself quite at home in the native encampments; he picked up a good deal of the Maori language, and so is quite an authority on the quaint and little known customs of the race.

At Bestwood the Duke of St. Albans, as is only natural in a descendant of Charles II., possesses some very interesting Stuart relics, including Charles II.'s wedding garments, and, of even greater historic value, the ring given to Bishop Juxon by Charles I. just before his execution,

Photo, *Speaight.*
Lord Wendover.

who died at the end of four years of happy married life, had been Miss Sybil Grey, the eldest daughter of the General Grey who was for so many years the intimate and trusted friend of the late Prince Consort, and whose children were naturally very much thrown with the young Princes and Princesses.

The Duke's mother was specially intimate with Princess Louise, now Duchess of Argyll; and in the Church at Bestwood, the Duke's charming country seat in Nottinghamshire, is a marble bas-relief inscribed "In caram memoriam Sybellæ Duchessæ de St. Albans. 1873." Louise sculpsit

Photo, *Dickinson.*
The Hon. Albert Edward Keppel.

the gift being accompanied with the much discussed word "Remember."

The Duke is Hereditary Grand Falconer of England, and as such he would in old days have played a certain *rôle* at the forthcoming Coronation; as it is he will probably be content to take his place among his brother Dukes.

Curiously enough, the whole of the estates appertaining to the dukedom are unentailed, and so could be left away from the next holder of the title; they are immensely valuable, and at the

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present moment the Duke of St. Albans is probably the wealthiest bachelor peer.

Sir Albert Edward Herbert Naylor-Leyland is only just ten years old. He belongs to the group of His Majesty's Anglo-American godsons, for his mother was before her marriage Miss Jennie Chamberlain, of Cleveland, Ohio.

Sir Albert succeeded his father, the first baronet, two years ago. He has one brother two years younger than himself, and they are both devoted to their beautiful young mother, who, since her widowhood, is rarely seen without one or other of her sons. It is probable that Sir Albert will act as page to some royal personage at the Coronation.

Lord Wendover, Lord Carrington's only son and heir, also belongs to the group of His Majesty's younger godsons, and it is very probable that he also will be given some pleasant little duty in connection with the Coronation, as at these great functions titled youths are in great request as pages.

Lord Wendover's birth followed that of five sisters, of whom the eldest, Lady Marjorie, was married last winter to the eldest son of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Wilson. Among his five names is the quaint old-fashioned one of Samuel, though his parents paid his Royal sponsor the compliment of giving their son Albert Edward as his two first names.

Lord Wendover, who is a year younger than Prince Edward of York, is one of the playfellows of King Edward's grandson, and the two lads are likely to be brought up in much the same way, the more so that Lord Wendover's grandfather, Lord Suffield, is one of His Majesty's closest and most intimate friends.

Photo, Hills and Saunders.

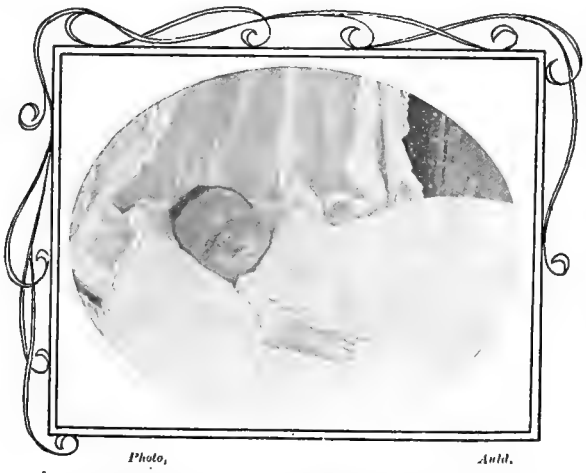
Lord Dalmeny, the Earl of Rosebery's eldest son.

Yet another of His Majesty's more youthful godsons is the fourth son of Lord and Lady Albemarle. The Keppels have always been *personæ gratæ* at Court, and one of Lord Albemarle's younger sisters, the Lady Leopoldina Keppel, who is a nun, had the King of the Belgians for sponsor.

Albert Edward Harry Meyer Archibald Primrose, Lord Dalmeny, bids fair to become in due course one of His Majesty's most noteworthy godsons and namesakes, for through his mother he is descended from the famous Meyer de Rothschild, who built up the fortunes of that famous family, and through his father he belongs to the great family of statesmen and authors the Stanhopes, through whom the blood of Pitt runs in his veins.

Since his accession, King Edward has stood sponsor to the infant of Sir James Reid, the Royal Family's trusted physician. Lady Reid, a sister of Lord Revelstoke, was, during the years immediately preceding her marriage, one of the late Sovereign's Maids of Honour.

The King's christening gift to his godchildren generally takes the form of a gold mug or bowl enriched with an inscription setting forth the name of the recipient and of the donor.



Photo, Auld.

Edward James Reid, the son of Sir James Reid, the Royal Family's physician.

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No. 367.

By Julia Truitt Bishop.

"Come to No. 367, Maple Street," Jonas had written to me. "Or, better still, wire us by what train to expect you and we will meet you at the station."

Jonas and Effie were settled at last, keeping house, instead of in lodgings, and I was due in town and was expected to look them up. I hoped that the ordeal would not be too much for me. I had been dreadfully in love with Effie myself, though Effie said it didn't count, as I had made it a point to fall in love with every girl I had ever met, and she was only one of a long procession.

I stepped down from the train with my bag in my hand, and looked around over the crowd vainly for Jonas. How like the indifference of a brother that was! Trust a brother for failing to meet you after you have wired him just when you were coming. I flung my bag into an open cab and flung myself after it.

"No. 367, Maple Street," I said sulkily to the driver, and in a moment the cab was jolting over the wretched cobblestones, which were slippery with the rain that had just begun to fall.

The rain was falling harder when the wheels finally grated against the curbstone, and the driver was adjusting his cape as he opened the door for me and announced:

"Here you are, sir—No. 367, Maple."

The light at the corner illuminated the front of the house and showed the figures painted on the door. I paid the driver and let him go, and then ran up the steps and rang the bell. While I stood there waiting I wondered which would come to the door—Jonas or Effie.

Neither came. After a while I rang the bell again and yet again, with the same result. Then it occurred to me how strange it was that there was no light in the house when they must have been expecting me, too.

Another turn at the bell. This time there was some response. A woman, evidently a servant, came down the yard at the side of the adjoining house, and said in the tone of one imparting general information:—

"They ain't nobody at home—they've gone to the h'opera—an' it's the servant's night h'out."

Then she went back and left me to my fate.

The rain was pouring. No busses traversed that street. Judging by the distance I had come, I must be miles from a hotel. The cab I had arrived in was the last one I had seen, and there was probably not another one about.

It was impossible to think of venturing out in all that rain, which was soon driving in with such force that I began to be wet even in that sheltered doorway. I must make a run for some other part of the house and try to get into a drier place.

My run brought me to a little verandah covered with honeysuckle, at the side of the house, and there was another door. While I stood looking at the door in the shadows I was

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seized with an inspiration. I took my own latch-key out of my pocket and tried it in the lock.

Joy!

I opened the door and walked in, and set my bag down with a sigh of relief. Aha! Jonas, my boy, you might have known your brother better than to try to lock him out, I said gleefully to myself, remembering the times without number when I had pillaged Jonas's store of apples and read his juvenile love letters. And then I struck a match.

After that I spent several minutes striking more matches and trying to learn the combination of a tall lamp covered with a crinkly and flounced affair which I have since discovered was a red silk lamp-shade. I finally lighted the lamp, and at the same moment set fire to the shade. I extinguished the fire by putting the shade on the floor and stepping on it repeatedly. Then I left it where it had fallen. It would teach Effie a lesson, for a great frilled affair like that on a lamp is exceedingly dangerous.

The high-pitched barking of a dog in an upper room began to annoy me very much. I now went in search of the dog, taking more matches and lighting another lamp or two on my way. I passed through the parlour and the hall—a very handsome hall—up the stairs, and into a bedroom, and there was the dog—a wretched little pug which barked with such wicked and explosive energy that it almost turned a somersault with every bark. Evidently there was nothing further to be done until that dog was fastened somehow. I have always been a man of expedients. I chased the pug into a cupboard, and after a brief but violent gymnastic exercise succeeded in turning a waste-basket over the little beast and then weighted the basket down with a large lump of coal.

There was a neat little dressing-room adjoining. I peeped into it and found several suits of Jonas's clothes hanging along the wall and some linen. For the first time I remembered that my own clothes were damp, and I hastened to do just what Jonas would have insisted on if he had been there—I put on some dry clothes. It goes without saying that the clothes in which I attired myself were the best I could find in Jonas's outfit. Ha! the rascal! He was putting on a good deal of style these days. I don't know when I ever looked better than I found myself looking as I finished my toilet before the tall mirror in the dressing-room. I decided that I would say nothing to Jonas at first about having appropriated his property, and would let him admire my new suit to the fullest extent before I told him.

After that I wandered into the dining-room, and was charmed to observe that the materials for a post-opera supper had been thoughtfully set on the table, and that there were places for three. Aha! So they were expecting me then! But, as I was ravenous, I decided to eat my share now, and not wait. Happy thought! I ate a very generous supper. After that I went back to the bedroom, lighted one of Jonas's cigars, which I found in a case on the dressing-table, stretched myself out in an easy chair with my feet to the grate, where a warm fire yet glowed, and smoked and dreamed.

I have always thought that there was where I made the mistake. If I had not been dreaming I might have heard the carriage draw up to the path at that silent hour of the night. As it was, however, I was not aroused until an agitated hand was trying to insert a key into the lock of the front door. I sat up then with a smile of satisfaction at the surprise I was going to give Jonas and Effie. Just then the hall door opened.

"Confound!" remarked a voice. "I thought we turned all the lights out before we started!"

I dropped back into the chair. The voice did not belong to Jonas! I had never heard it before!

"Why, Frank!" cried a feminine voice, filled with horror; "we were not using the hall lamp this evening at all!"

A wild panorama of things flashed before me. I saw myself wearing Frank's clothes and smoking his cigars, and eating his supper and making myself generally at home in his house. There was nothing for it but to run, and I did not stand upon the order of going. A door was just in front of me. I dashed through it and locked it behind me, and found myself in another room.

On into another room, bolting the door again; and there I was in a *cul-de-sac*. The only door of exit led into the hall. I paused and listened in an agony.

"Oh, my poor darling, little Fido!" screamed the feminine voice, as the dog was discovered. "What an awful, cruel monster he must have been!"

"Well, at least, Annie, he didn't hurt the dog," said another feminine voice, with a ripple of laughter in it. "I think he deserves a good deal of sympathy in that. The temptation must have been dreadful."

Loud outcries announced the discovery of cigar smoke, and still further thunderous roars

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from Frank told that he had found his best suit missing. I stood aghast and heard references to the police, and the jingling of an excited telephone bell, followed by calls for three or four men to be sent up from the police station.

"Good Lord" I murmured prayerfully. I was quaking audibly in Frank's clothes, which I had donned with such glee an hour before. I saw myself dragged forth in disgrace by a quartette of blue-coated ruffians, while the two women smiled on my exit, and Fido grinned with joy. In that single moment I spent a whole night at the police-station locked up with "drunks and disorderlies," and Jonas came down in the morning and called me a fool, while he was making arrangements for my release; and Effie pitied me when I went to the house. Never! That could not be pictured. I would die first. And I clutched at the collar of Frank's suit, and beat my brow with my fist and groaned.

And then I was aware that Fido was out in the hall barking at the door of the room in which I was concealed, until his bark had trailed off into a mere inane shriek. If they had the least confidence in Fido's intelligence I was lost. But no! the procession came along the hall, and Fido was taken up and borne toward the dining-room, barking at every step.

I knew what awaited them in the dining-room. I opened the door the merest crack and peeped out. The hall was clear! Now was my time.

With my best home-run gait I sped across the hall and to the back room, into which I had first broken with that infernal key of mine.

It was done! I was inside, and the door was shut behind me.

And then I fell up against the wall and gasped. I had missed the direction! There was only one other way in which I could make a confounded fool of myself that night, and now I had done that. This was not the back room, but a snowy bedroom, with a young lady standing in the middle of it looking at me.

She continued to look at me for some time. After a while she said:

"Is there anything more you would like to have? If you can think of anything please don't hesitate to ask for it; but be quick, for the police will be here soon."

She was moving disdainfully toward the door, but her stinging tones had roused me, and I stood in her way.

"I am scarcely in a position to ask for consideration," I said with spirit; "but I do beg you to believe that this is all an unfortunate mistake. Will you believe me, on my honour as a gentleman, when I tell you that I will explain it all some day, and that if you help me to escape from this painful predicament you will be glad when you know the truth?"

We heard Frank and his wife loud in discussion of the coolness of the burglar who had eaten supper in their dining-room, and Frank proposing to make of the said burglar an example that would be remembered, while Frank's wife cried hysterically:

"Where is Edith? I do wish she would stay with us! We are all going to be murdered before the police get here."

The young lady pushed past me with sudden resolution, and opened the door a little.

"Don't worry about me, Annie," she called brightly. "I don't care to see the police, so I shall shut myself in."

Then she closed and locked the door and turned to me again.

"I have almost told a lie for you," she whispered coldly. "Worse than that, I am going to help you out of my window. Once outside you will have to take your chances."

I bowed my thanks and was moving towards the window, when I remembered the bag, and all the incriminating evidence it contained to identify me with the wearer of Frank's suit. I told her about it, and she smiled and slipped out of the room by another door. Presently she came back with the bag, and there was a gleam in her eyes as I thanked her again.

"We are under many obligations to you for not having set fire to the house," she said demurely.

I was getting so much the worst of it that I could not speak, but how I longed to be on equal terms with the pretty virago, where I could have a fair field and no favour. I ground my teeth with helpless rage against the ridiculous combination of circumstances which had made me appear like a fool or a knave before a woman like this.

We heard the heavy feet of the officers at the door and their ring at the bell, and then the young lady softly raised the window and unfastened the blinds.

"When you get to the street," she counselled softly, "don't run very fast, because that would look so suspicious."

I sprang lightly to the ground. Her hand was lying on the window sill, and I leaned over and kissed it. I considered that she

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owed me that much for the sharp speeches she had made when she had me at her mercy. The blinds closed with emphasis.

I walked, valise in hand, to the pathway, and then I started up the street, not running in the least, but simply moving with celerity. At the first turning I plunged into the arms of a man who was coming out of a house, and we both reeled.

"Hang it, what are you racing about the streets like that for?" he roared, rubbing his shoulder and glaring at me; then he flung himself at me and almost shook my arm off, shouting with a grin of delight, "Bob, you young rascal! Where have you been?"

I dropped my bag and sat down upon it.

"Jonas," I said sternly, "where do you live?"

"Why, here, at No. 307," he said cheerily. "Where have you been all this time? We went to the station to meet you, but were too late, and so we came back home, and have been waiting for you ever since, and awfully uneasy. Come in, Bob. I was just starting out to make a round of the hotels and see if I could find you."

I had been feeling in my pocket for his letter, and now I spread it out before him under the light of the hall lamp.

"Jonas," I said severely, "what number is that?"

He looked at it with interest.

"Why, that's No. 307," he said with conviction. "Can't you read writing?"

"Do you call that 307?" I demanded with spirit.

"Great Scott, Bob," he replied, "there it is as plain as a pikestaff—3, 0, 7. Can anything be plainer than that?"

"And who lives at 367?" I asked in despair.

"Oh, that's Frank Warburton; particular friend of mine; splendid fellow, too, with very nice people. And, by the way, I was telling them about you this morning. They've read your stories and are anxious to meet you. But why?"

"Jonas," I said bitterly, "I wish you'd go to school and learn how to write."

* * * * *

The next time I entered the Warburton's house I went in by the front door, and Jonas and Effie were with me. I had returned Mr. Warburton's suit in an anonymous package, and had a vague hope that this was the end of it, and that perhaps the young lady would not recognise me, as the light had been dim

"When you get to the street," she counselled softly, "don't run very fast, because that would look so suspicious."

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in the room. I had betrayed no secrets to Jonas; far from it.

The Warburtons were surprised when Fido retired under the piano and barked at me so viciously that he had to be removed forcibly to another room before we could exchange the ordinary civilities of a first meeting. Mrs. Warburton said she could not understand it, for Fido was generally so friendly. Even the lovely face of Miss Edith Warburton gave no sign of recognition. This was better than I expected. A warm glow went over me as I thought of it. Perhaps they would never know after all.

But when I asked Miss Edith to sing, and followed her to the piano, my eyes fell upon a curious object hung up in a little nook at the end of the instrument. It was a half-burned red lamp shade!

She was looking at me, and her eyes were brimming with laughter.

"That is a relic," she said. "We keep it to remind us of a terrible man who invaded the house."

She was turning over the music, and I was between her and the group at the other end of the room.

"And you told the terrible man," I retorted, "to ask for anything in the house he might want, if he hadn't already taken it. Well, there is something in the house the terrible man wants, and some of these days he is coming to ask for it."

"What can it be? How I hope it is Fido," replied Miss Edith Warburton.

* * * * *

Frank and Jonas have behaved pretty well, all things considered, though when either of them breaks out into Homeric laughter, when there is nothing to laugh at, I know what he is thinking of. As for Miss Warburton, she knew as well then as she knows now that it was not Fido I was going to ask for.

Mrs. Warburton said she could not understand it, for Fido was generally so friendly.

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THE COSSACK DERBY

Cossacks arriving at the first mound. The first man who reaches the flag at the top wins the "Cossack Derby."

By Robert L. Jefferson, F.R.G.S.

The great snow-mound contest which takes place in Eastern Russia every winter is undoubtedly one of the most novel competitions ever conceived. Although its commencement is lost in the mists of antiquity, and probably its original purport has been altered as years have rolled on, there is no doubt that it represents what was once upon a time a very important function amongst the Cossacks.

The contest is really a severe test of horsemanship and climbing. It occurs coincident with a Cossack religious festival, followed by junketings and games. From all parts of the adjacent country, indeed from settlements many hundreds of versts away, Cossack men, women, and children flock to the *rendezvous* near Orenburg to take part in the rejoicings and to witness the snow race between the picked horsemen.

Snow lies deep on the ground; the atmosphere is piercingly cold; but these hardy people heed neither. For days large gangs of willing Cossack peasants have been collecting huge balls of snow and rolling them from all directions towards a common centre. Bit by bit two enormous mounds of snow are built up, each about forty feet in height and at the base some hundred feet in circumference. The mounds are cone-shaped, but from the ground to about half-way up the walls are vertical, tapering away then to a cone, whereon a flagstaff is erected and a flag bent.

To be the first to reach the top of the mound is the darling ambition of every Cossack. A prize is offered by the municipality and the military officers of the garrison, and the competitors themselves are the best horsemen selected from the various Cossack regiments in the eastern provinces. In addition to the prize, the victorious competitor bears for the ensuing year the distinction of being the best horseman and climber among the Cossacks, a distinction as precious to the Russian horseman as the winning of the King's Prize is to the English rifleman.

There are, of course, a great number of entries, and very frequently two competitions have to be held, and then a sort of final heat, so as to decide upon the really best man. In addition to this the Cossacks, who are of a rather sporting nature, decide all kinds of curious bets and differences on the result of the competition. Disagreements as to boundaries of land, the ownership of fishing grounds, and the right to fell timber in various places, are settled by virtue of beating one another, instead of their having recourse to the law courts—of which the Cossack has an unspeakable horror.

The morning is yet early.

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The first has reached the summit, the second has just arrived.

Bugles and trumpets blare; crowds of excited Cossacks wend their way to the great square, or line the route along which the competitors are to pass.

In front of the barracks the horsemen have assembled, making a brave show in their red cloaks, fur hats, and with their long-tailed, long-maned horses. They are several hundred strong, and at a signal they move out to the starting place, situated some three versts from the town. At a steady walk the troop parades before the cheering spectators, and at length it arrives at the starting point, where the men are spread out in one long line with their horses' heads facing towards the goal.

All is excitement. Trembling hands adjust girths and bits; horses jostle, and red-faced Cossacks hurl defiance and jeers at each other. Then comes the signal to mount. With a leap each horseman is in the saddle, his eager face bent low towards the mane; his right hand, balancing the knout, raised aloft; and his eyes flashing with delirious anticipation of victory.

Bang!

The starting gun is fired. A yell, simultaneous, awful, and ear-piercing, shocks the air, and the whole line of horsemen has bounded into activity. Snow is scattered in every direction, whip-thongs rise and fall with almost savage energy, the little horses stretch out their necks, and with flowing mane and tail, career over the snow with the velocity of the wind.

Those on the ends of the lines converge to the centre; all is confusion, riot, yells, laughter, curses, flying snow, neighing horses, fallen men, slipping steeds, cracking whips, and jingling accoutrements. Now one takes the lead, now he is dispossessed of it. Three men are racing neck and neck in a bunch, and behind them seethes a thundering wave of panting horses and frenzied riders. The square is entered. The snow mounds are in sight. To the main one the horsemen speed as if on wings. Up to the very base of the mound they rush, flinging themselves from their saddles and at once making the attack on the mound. The iron ends of the whips are beaten on the glittering surface, small holes are made for fingers and toes, and jostling, pushing, yelling, and half mad with excitement, the racers begin to worm their way up the perpendicular sides.

It is a curious contest. One can split one's side with laughter, not only at the ludicrous disasters which overtake the competitors, but at the demoniacal earnestness that is depicted on each face.

Frantic spectators shout themselves hoarse with cheering. Now one competitor is nearly half way up, hard pressed by another Cossack whose head is level with the first one's hips.

The latter raises himself cautiously, jabs his whip-stock higher, falters, slips, claws at the empty air, and, head over heels, hurtles to the bottom, carrying away in his descent several other earnest opponents, to fall at the bottom a confused mass of arms, legs, bodies, and snow.

The second competitor howls aloud with joy, even as the groans of the partisans of the fallen men rise on the air. But his joy is short lived. Competitor the third has just slipped, and grabs the second by the boot-heel, and down they come, sweeping away half a score others to swell the mass of confusion at the bottom.

The mound is attacked on

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every side. It is the slow, plodding, make-sure-of-his-foot-hold Cossack that generally wins. Inch by inch he worms his way up. Only one thing can cause him disaster, that is the fall of the less careful competitor above, who, in his eagerness, is bound to slip at some time or another. The careful competitor has reached the brink of the vertical wall; his way is easier now, and he works along faster, for he sees black heads bobbing about on the other side of the mound.

Who will be first? The air is resonant with cheers, counter cheers, encouragement, and laughter. The careful man makes one last effort, his nearest opponent—to his unutterable joy—has just slipped and swept down with him some half dozen dangerous men, and he grabs at the flagstaff, catches it, draws himself up, and the wild burst of cheering and the throwing up of hats assures him that he is undoubtedly the winner.

At the second mound a similar contest is in progress, but this mound has an easier gradient, and is reserved for the junior Cossacks, so that not so much excitement is manifested amongst the spectators. But at the main mound all is not over. The private bets and differences have yet to be settled, and for hours the contest rages, until the mound is so hacked about that little of its original shape remains, even if, at some critical moment, it does not collapse and crumble to pieces.

Still only two on the summit; the others have all slipped back before arriving half-way up.

The third man up at last: the others nowhere.

The contest at the smaller mound, a comparatively easy ascent.

Altogether the Cossacks' snow race and climb is a most exciting and diverting exhibition. The actual winner is every inch a hero, and is accorded such acclamation and homage as few kings receive. Besides this, it is a test of muscular vigour and a display of superb horsemanship—in which the Ural Cossacks, as no other equestrians of the world, excel.

It is a show that Englishmen, as the most sport-loving nation in the world, would be most keen to appreciate. A pity therefore that it is held in so inaccessible a place as Eastern Russia.

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Time Passes

Because you knew
My woman's heart had crowned you as its king,
While the whole world to me was blank and dumb
With dark despair, if that you did not come,
If no cleft silence held your footstep's ring—
Because you knew my weakness, know my pain,
And come to teach me happiness again.

When you were near, I was too wholly blind
To see the things a woman's wit might see,
That all was not quite true 'twixt you and me,
Because you came, and, coming, were so kind.
Why did you not confess the truth, and say
You stole my heart to while an hour away?

You came and taught me, made me understand,
How, led by love, we women can define
All that a man may mean by little sign,
By tender look or touch, by press of hand;
Yet, when you go, you leave me lonely here,
No happy word my empty days to cheer.

Because you knew!
Of reason, none my tortured brain can give,
Save that the vows you spoke, with careless smile,
Were all, alas! such empty bonds, the while—
Save that you knew your presence made me live.
O, Love, come back, and say, as oft of yore,
"Sweetheart—dear one—be good to me once more!"

Hilda C. Hammond-Spencer.

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THE GIRL WHO WAS NOT ASLEEP.

By Edward Tebbutt.

The beginning of it all was a deep-laid, insidious, and entirely successful plot on the part of the individual who, for lack of a better descriptive soubriquet, I am forced to term my hero. The victim of the said plot was a girl with blue eyes and the most charming auburn hair imaginable, whom I may describe as an accessory before the fact, for the reason that she was not really asleep, although she pretended to be.

You will doubtless perceive at this juncture, that some explanation is requisite. The only explanation I can afford is that my hero, on the afternoon in question, had experienced a sudden revulsion of feeling against honest work of any nature whatsoever, and had strolled down by the river bank to waste the precious hours of his youth in desultory angling. Under a willow tree, which dipped its branches far out into the circling water, he happened upon a small boat, its interior decked with artistic and particularly comfortable cushions. So far, the situation demands no apology on my part, but you will, of course, sympathise with my hesitation to proceed, when I add that in that Arcadian boat, was my auburn-haired heroine, daintily and gracefully sleeping.

My hero, whose christian name was Hal, peered through the foliage at the charming vision before him, to be impressed by a couple of facts which, upon the face of it, would appear to have been but the most trifling details. One was that a pair of neglected sculls had been thrown carelessly upon the bank, and the other, that the painter was tied in feminine fashion round a clump of entirely inefficient osier reeds. As he noted these circumstances, a sudden inspiration seemed to strike the intruder, for he doubled himself up in a paroxysm of subdued merriment, and with the smile still upon his lips, crept cautiously through the privet bushes to the skirt of the whispering water.

Without so much sound as the merest crackling of a twig, he unslipped the painter, and glided the boat from its harbour of security out into the current of the stream. It was not one of those obtrusive currents, which insist upon making their presence appreciated, but was a dreamy, *dolce-far-niente* sort of current, essentially in harmony with the breathless summer afternoon. And it carried the boat away from the willow tree at a speed of about half a mile an hour, heading it straight for the weir, which lay about 800 yards down the river.

Leaving the sculls as he had found them, Hal clambered up the bank and ran past the bend of the stream to a small promontory, where he had already rigged up his fishing-tackle.

Silently, he waited until the nose of the skiff was level with the promontory, when he shouted loudly and with considerable effect, to awaken the girl to a sense of her peril. She sprang up with a start, to the full realisation of her dangerous predicament, but, as she had not really slept, she was not so overwhelmed with fright as she might otherwise have been.

"Pull your left rope," directed the expert with the fishing-rod, "swing her round to the bank, as squarely as you can."

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"But there isn't a left rope," returned the girl, with something of genuine fear in her voice; "I left the rudder behind me . . . and . . . the Crawley Weir is only a short distance ahead."

This statement, the truth of which was perfectly apparent, was sufficient to nerve Hal to instant action. He doffed his flannel coat and his straw hat, lowered himself bodily into the water, and swam out strongly towards the drifting boat. And, as she watched him, Miss Doris Mackinnon (for such, I may state, was my heroine's name) felt herself amply avenged for the somewhat inconsequent joke which had been played off on her in a fashion so stealthy and mysterious.

A few rapid strokes carried Hal to the bows of the skiff, and, steadying himself by gripping the nearest rowlock, he reached over the side for his friend the painter. In this unconventional manner were Hal and Doris introduced to one another, and thus their eyes met. Doris was eighteen, so she blushed; Hal felt himself to be a peculiar mixture of knight-errant and brute, and would doubtless have returned the blush with interest, were it not a somewhat difficult feat to accomplish when one is up to one's neck in cold water.

"I am awfully obliged to you," began Doris sweetly, "but I am afraid you'll get fearfully wet, won't you?"

"Oh, that's all right, thanks," protested Hal. "I am awfully pleased, you know, to —er—"

"Please go to the side as quickly as you can," begged Doris, just sweeping his wet hand with the tips of her dainty fingers.

Hal slipped the painter over his shoulder, and swam towards the reeds, with the boat gliding in his wake. He scrambled up the bank, tied the rope to a convenient bush, and in courtly fashion, extended his hand to Doris. That young lady tripped lightly ashore, and surveyed her rescuer with a glance of the utmost concern.

"I'm not going to thank you for saving my life, just yet," she said, "because you've got to run right home now, and change your wet clothes. You live at the monastery cottage, don't you?"

"Yes; been there a week," returned Hal, who appeared more than willing to enter into an indefinite term of conversation. "I'll get your sculls, if you don't mind waiting a moment."

"Unless you're right across the meadow in two minutes," threatened Doris, "I shan't ask the rector to call on you, and then you won't ever get thanked properly, you know. Do go, there's a good—I mean, I really wish you would."

Hal gripped the little brown hand which she held out to him, and gathered up his coat and straw hat.

"I shall see you again, shan't I?" he said.

"That all depends on whether you have quite vanished in two minutes' time," Doris replied.

So, obedient to this awful threat, Hal swung his coat over his shoulder, sprinted in fine style across the wide sweep of yellow meadow, and vaulted the rail at the opposite end like the practised athlete that he was. From this point of vantage, he turned his head towards the river again.

Doris was standing just as he had left her; a little, white robed figure, silhouetted against the darkness of the trees that fringed the water-edge. As he pulled up, she waved her handkerchief to him, and he, in return, swung his flannel coat above his head. Then, he lowered his signal, and gave expression to an audible remark indicative of the most extreme chagrin.

For strolling along the erratic path in Doris' direction was a youth decked in a canvas hat and in a boating-sweater of a most revolting combination of red and yellow stripes. A wire-haired terrier trotted at his heels, and what particularly annoyed Hal was that the moment the little brute caught sight of the girl, it rushed ahead of its master, and danced round her with every demonstration of intimate friendship and deep-grained affection.

So Hal had saved Doris' life merely in order that she might keep an assignation with a bounder in a red and yellow blazer—to say nothing of having ruined a new flannel suit in the course of the operation. He smiled satirically, and with a shrug of his shoulders, retired through the trellised porch of the monastery cottage wherein he resided.

Hal Seevemore, (or, to give him his full name, Harold Lucian Seevemore) was one of those unfortunate young men whose lack of affection for honest work has resulted in their enlistment in that legion of literary parasites who are classed as "Outside Contributors."

Not that Hal himself was particularly unfortunate; a comfortable patrimony bequeathed to him by a thoughtful parent had placed him far beyond the necessity of depending upon hard-hearted editors for the means of subsistence, for which reason he had been more than passing successful, and his name had become familiar

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to readers of most of the popular magazines. From motives purely sordid, he mainly produced love stories, and his heroine was invariably the counterpart of that particular maiden who, at the particular moment of writing, was in exclusive possession of his somewhat erratic affections.

About a week previous to his romantic meeting with Doris, Hal had come into a short tenancy of the monastery cottage, at Market Hadland. While there he proposed turning out a fixed number of pot-boilers in a given time, and to devote some hours each day to the elaboration of a problem-novel, which, upon its completion, was to take the entire world by cyclonic storm. It is a well-known fact that the chief asset of the literary genius is a peculiar commodity called Temperament, and that his life's maxim is hinged on the aphorism that Rome was not built in a day.

Hal's temperament was unreliable, and was wont to frequently insist upon a slavish adherence to a lengthy period of complete idleness. Thus, it came to pass that, so far, during his sojourn in Market Hadland, he had not produced a single folio of either pot-boiler or novel; and, what was even worse, the immediate future of his labour was like to be detrimentally affected by recurrent thoughts of a certain pair of sweet blue eyes and a halo of auburn tresses. It was, indeed, well for Mr. H. Lucian Seevemore that the pot of his existence continued to boil without the necessity of any overwhelming supervision on his own part.

Having divested himself of his rapidly shrinking flannels, Hal performed intricate operations with a pair of Indian clubs, and decked himself in an immaculate suit of blue serge, with a butterfly bow.

Then he retired to his study, and sat down with grim intent to—concoct poetry. His mind being somewhat unhinged, he found considerable difficulty in hitting upon a metre to suit his fastidious taste, and deciding at length in favour of modelling his perpetration after Byron's "Don Juan," he discovered that he was, at the moment, unprovided with any inspiriting theme wherewith to excite his decidedly somnolent muse. So he gave up the idea in disgust, and sought a rather poor consolation in a heavy Yorkshire tea.

A few rapid strokes carried Hal to the bows of the skiff.

He was just in full swing with his meal when he perceived an elderly gentleman of clerical appearance crossing the small grass plot that lay between the garden gate and the rustic porchway, and a moment or two later, his housekeeper knocked at his door to announce the Rev. Cuthbert Blagdon. The Rector of Market Hadland, a jovial personage of the good old "squire-parson" type, entered the room in the breezy fashion that had made him a universal favourite from the manor hall to the crofter's cottage on the moor edge.

"Mr. Seevemore, I believe," he said heartily, as he shook hands with the famous writer. "I must ask you to forgive my somewhat abrupt visit, but, really, I've come to apologise for not having looked you up earlier. I am afraid, though, I am interrupting you in your tea, just now."

"Not at all, Mr. Blagdon," returned Hal, "delighted to see you, I'm sure. Won't you join me at tea?"—and, as the rector glanced at the well loaded table: "You would imagine from the exuberance of my housekeeper's catering, that she is under the impression that I have come down from London to qualify for the position of City alderman, wouldn't you?"

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Mr. Blagdon smiled. Being a thorough-paced Yorkshireman, he valiantly responded to the invitation. After a minute or two he turned to business.

"Well, Mr. Seevemore," he began, "the main object of my calling upon you at such an informal hour is to offer my sincerest thanks for an act of gallantry you performed earlier in the day."

Hal bowed, in a somewhat embarrassed fashion.

"I had hoped," said he, "that you would be good enough not to refer to that little episode. I assure you that there was not the faintest element of gallantry about it, though, of course, I am most delighted to have been even of such slight assistance to your—er——"

"My niece and ward," prompted the rector smiling. "I am a bachelor, Mr. Seevemore."

"I congratulate you, sir," said Hal with enthusiasm, though whether from the fact of the rector's guardianship of Doris, or because he had withstood the temptations of connubial bliss, it would be difficult to say.

"Anyway," continued Mr. Blagdon. "My sister and I are exceedingly grateful for your intervention, shall we call it, and Doris, of course, is hoping to thank you herself. By the way, we shall be pleased to see you at a tennis party in the rectory gardens to-morrow afternoon, if you have no other engagement."

"Thanks, awfully; I shall be very glad to come," said the Outside Contributor, who, truth to tell, would willingly have cut twenty previous engagements in so good a cause.

Of Hal's dreams that night I would not dare to speak.

When Hal turned up at the rectory the following afternoon, the first shock to his nervous system was occasioned by a glimpse of a scarlet and yellow blazer, and the second, by a vision of a glorified Doris. That young lady was welcoming her aunt's guests, and was acting upon behaviour of absolutely irreproachable description. In response to the rector's genial invitation, "I believe you have already met Mr. Seevemore, Doris," the girl greeted him in a manner half shy and half amused, and assured him that she had suffered no ill effects from her adventure of the previous day.

"I have been warning Doris of the impropriety of falling asleep in a river skiff," observed Mr. Blagdon, pinching his ward's rosy cheek, "especially when the skiff is not securely moored to the bank, and has lost its rudder, in addition. You know, you won't always have Mr. Seevemore to look after you, my dear."

"Don't you jump at rash conclusions," said Hal—sotto voce, of course. And aloud, "I must show you, Miss Mackinnon, how to tie a proper nautical knot, if you will allow me."

"Would that have prevented my boat drifting away yesterday?" asked Doris innocently, but with a curious little smile that Hal could not altogether fathom.

"Well, hardly, I think—because, you see, you had moored her to the reeds"—and, hastily, as Doris glanced at him in inquiring fashion—"I mean, I *suppose* you had moored her to the reeds, or—er—she wouldn't have drifted, don't you know."

"I'm not sure about that," returned the girl laughing, as she extended her hand to an emaciated curate, and nodded encouragingly to the youth in the odious blazer, who appeared to be suffering from extreme melancholia. Immediately afterwards, Hal was introduced to a girl in a horticultural hat, and was plunged into a vortex of expert lawn tennis.

At tea, he had the sublime gratification of handing the cake to Doris, and of perceiving that she chose a piece of his iced Genoa, in preference to home-made dough-nuts, tendered ingratiatingly by the Youth. As a counterblast, however, she later flirted with the Youth in the summer-house for a period of twenty-three and a half minutes, during which term of mental purgatory, Hal admired Miss Blagdon's roses, and charmed that lady by assuring her that never, even in Covent Garden, had he seen Gloire de Dijons which in any measure could compare with hers. The fact that he had never seen any at all in Covent Garden was a mere incident which in no sense affected the argument.

He bade Doris good-night in a spirit of subdued pathos, and took a five-mile walk by the gloom of the river, with his hands deep in his pockets, and a peculiarly vile pipe clenched between his teeth. Returning home, he sat for some time on an uncomfortable stile, where he conceived five short-story plots, in each of which the hero, after performing deeds of reckless gallantry, pined away and died of a broken heart.

During the weeks that followed, not even the rector could complain of the fact that Doris did not have Mr. Seevemore to look after her, for that young genius cycled with her, boated with her, and took prolonged *tête-à-tête* teas with her, in the quaint old

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rustic arbour. On the one occasion when Doris protested that she was afraid she was interfering with his work, Hal happily bethought him of a certain doctor who, in jocular mood, had advised him to refrain from exerting himself for more than three months in the year; so he retailed this excellent advice, in conjunction with an enumeration of awful mental diseases incurred by literary men who failed to temper their chronic mania for work with a reasonable amount of prudence.

The Youth, who hitherto had played an inefficient Romeo to Doris' Juliet, now adopted the more congenial rôle of a scorned lover, and the bitterness of his blighted affection broke out in a new blazer, in comparison with which, Joseph's historic coat was comparatively dowdy. And Hal, for the first time in his butterfly life, learnt that a man's heart is designed to serve some other purpose than to fritter away in incoherent flirtation.

So matters progressed until the middle of October, when it became necessary that Hal should return to his work in town.

"How dare you, Mr. Seevemore?" she cried passionately.

It was the last evening of his visit, and one of those autumn evenings when all the earth is decked in a kirtle of gold and russet. Hal and Doris were down by the river edge, and both were unusually quiet, as though silenced by the solemnity of the shadowing eventide. With the dusk, came a breath of coolness, and Doris involuntarily shivered.

"I must really go home, Hal," she said softly. They were great friends now. "You are coming in to say good-bye to auntie, aren't you?"

"Doris," whispered Hal, trying to grasp her hands, "I want to tell you something, dear."

"You've been telling me things all the evening," laughed Doris; "and when Arthur Ferrar called me 'dear,' you said he'd got a confounded cheek."

"Hang Arthur Ferrar! . . . . and look here, Doris, you might be serious, just for a moment."

"You're exceedingly rude; Arthur Ferrar's a very nice boy. Besides, I hate being serious, even for a moment."

"Well, give me a chance to be serious, then."

"You? I don't believe you could be serious if you tried. How do you look when you are serious, Mr. Seevemore?"

Hal shrugged his shoulders, and turned away half impatiently.

"I'm so sorry," said Doris penitently, "I won't tease you any more, Hal; especially on your last evening, too."

As she spoke, Hal took her suddenly in his arms, and bent down to kiss her smiling lips; but, with cheeks scarlet with anger, and a superb flash of indignation in her eyes, she slipped away from his embrace.

"How dare you, Mr. Seevemore?" she cried passionately, the hectic flush giving place to stony whiteness. "I would like to know what name you yourself give to your conduct, for I could tell you what I term it, in one very short sentence."

Hal stared at the indignant little face in sheer amazement, but before he had time to reply, the blazered Youth, this time immaculate in stupendous hunting-breeches, strolled down the slope with an exaggerated air of nonchalance, carrying the important news that Miss Blagdon expected Mr. Seevemore to call in at the rectory to supper that evening.

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"I must ask you to present my sincerest apologies to your aunt, Miss Mackinnon," said Hal, in tones of strained politeness. "I purpose driving over to Bedminster in half-an-hour, to catch the night train to town. My traps can follow in the morning."

And, lifting his hat about half-an-inch from his head, he turned on his heel and walked jauntily towards the village posting-house.

That night, and for several ensuing nights, Doris industriously cried herself to sleep, though why she should have done so, taking her own conduct into consideration, entirely passes my comprehension. Two days later, a letter was received at the rectory, through the medium of which Harold Seevemore thanked Miss Blagdon and the rector for their great kindness to him during his stay in Market Hadland, explaining that his sudden departure was occasioned by circumstances over which he had no control. Quite casually, he desired to be remembered to Miss Doris Mackinnon.

* * * * *

There were a number of London editors who were bewailing the obvious decadence, from a literary standpoint, of H. Lucian Seevemore's work, one of that noble band even going so far as to assure the young writer that cheap cynicism is by no means regarded with favour by readers of the popular magazines, but adding that if he cared to view life in his old cheery vein, he (the Editor) would be very pleased to consider further MSS.

But Hal, to whom existence had devolved into a hollow mockery, threw down his pen in sheer weariness, and accepted a billet as dramatic critic to a well-known Society weekly, in which brilliant journal he indiscriminately slated actor-managers, and tendered sarcastic advice to popular playwrights.

In private life, he was inclined towards epigrams, and the coining of satirical sayings, but, as he had also developed an aversion to any society other than his own, his friends did not suffer a great degree of boredom through his altered temperament.

Thus, for many months, Hal maintained his rôle of weary pessimist. But, as time passed on, he realised the utter futility of permitting his life to be spoilt through the mere coquetry of a girl who had cared for him well enough to encourage his marked attentions during the span of a summer, and little enough to cast him aside when he had presumed to aspire to other sentiment than that of friendship.

Once again, he mixed in the society of his fellows; resolutely, he stripped himself of the mantle of affectation and weak cynicism in which he had pretended to find consolation. His old ambitions revived, his old hopes were remodelled into existence—Harold Seevemore bade fair to emerge from his chrysalis state of amiable trifling, and to develop into the brilliant man of letters.

A year passed away, and with the second winter since his parting with Doris, came a note from Miss Blagdon, inviting him to spend a quiet Christmastide at Market Hadland. For a couple of days, the note remained unanswered, and then, at length, nerved to the point of declining, Hal sat down to present his deepest regrets, etc.

At the post office, however, a sudden impulse seized him to tear the refusal in half, and he returned to his chambers to write it a second time. But, somehow, he found himself accepting the invitation instead, so, to prevent the possibility of further reflection, he packed his portmanteau there and then, and set off for Yorkshire a day before he was expected.

Somewhat to his surprise he found the village precisely as he left it. The church still remained in its old position, and the monastery-cottage, sad and forlorn without a tenant, did not appear to have aged to any appreciable extent since the night when he departed in a fashion so sudden and abrupt.

He even met a debased-looking and plethoric pug-dog, which he distinctly remembered as having been in the possession of the doctor's wife during his former visit. From these signs he was led to the conviction that even the river itself must be in existence, and before calling at the hospitable rectory, he tramped across the meadow to assure himself upon the point.

He arrived at the willow-tree, beneath whose branches he had first encountered Doris, and walked along to the bend of the stream to where he had rescued her from a rudderless boat. He smiled to himself as he recalled that audacious burlesque, and felt himself wondering what species of midsummer madness it could have been that prompted him to practise so wild a deception upon the girl.

As his thoughts sped back to that eventful afternoon, he recalled Doris as he had first known her—the little blue-eyed maiden, charming in her witchery and her graces; to be worshipped for her beauty; to be loved for herself alone.

And, as he dwelt upon the weeks of happiness that had followed, the great despair of the ensuing year flooded back to his brain, mantling his whole future in a pall of blackness. With a wild longing in his heart, a

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wild longing and a mad, indefinite fear, he sat down on a fallen willow tree, and buried his face in his hands, battling in vain against the visions that rose from every tree and every shadow by the river-edge. Why had he returned to the gates of this love-wrecked paradise to rake up the mouldering ashes of the past? . . . What was the use of it, anyway, when he had tried so hard to forget. . . .

He heard a light footstep behind him, and a tiny hand rested upon his shoulder.

"Hal," said a voice—a voice soft and low, that once he had counted as the sweetest music on God's earth.

He sprang to his feet, to find Doris by his side again; Doris more lovely in her budding womanhood than even he had conceived that she might be. She was dressed in the sombre tartan of the Clan Mackinnon, with a little sprig of white heather nestling at her throat. Her eyes shone bright with something of pity and regret . . . and something, I doubt me not, of love.

"I saw you by the willow tree," she explained, "so I came here after you. I'm sure auntie will be delighted that you were able to—get down to Market Hadland so soon."

"Hal," said a voice—a voice soft and low, that once he had counted as the sweetest music on God's earth.

"I left London earlier than I expected," returned Hal, "and when I turned up here I wanted to—er——"

"See the river again, and the spot where you saved my life," prompted Doris saucily.

"Doris," said Hal, in cool, even tones, "do you remember, on the evening I went away, my saying that I had something to tell you?"

"Yes," replied Doris with averted eyes.

"I wanted you to know that the idea of my saving your life was all a farce. It was I who unmoored your painter, and let your boat drift out into the stream."

"But I knew that already," protested Doris, her cheek rosy with blushes.

"You knew already! . . . . But how . . . . from whom?"

"Well, you see," she replied demurely, "I—er—I—well, I wasn't really asleep, Hal . . . . I was only pretending, you know."

"Only pretending?" Hal stared at her with astonished eyes. "Doris, how utterly you must have despised me all those weeks."

"Of course, I didn't despise you; you ought not to say such things. I enjoyed the fun as much as you did. Only, I wanted you to tell me about that first, before you told me anything else . . . . that you might have to tell me."

And now, I arrive at a phase of the episode, in the relation of which Hal himself would have excelled, had it occurred in a short story, instead of actually in his own life. But all I know is that he gripped Doris' hands in his, and drew her tightly into his arms; though I am practically certain that Doris said it was time to go in to tea, without the least intention of acting upon her assertion.

I have an idea, too, that Hal told her "something else" there and then, and that his story was somewhat unhinged and incoherent, yet not the less sincere on that account. Anyway, it was some considerable time before they turned up at the rectory, and when they did arrive, they both looked so absurdly happy that they gave their secret away the moment they entered the drawing-room.

"I'm exceedingly pleased to see you, Mr. Seevemore," said Miss Blagdon heartily, "but I hope you won't find it too dull down here, after your gay life in town"

"I'm most delighted to come, I assure you," returned Hal, shooting a sidelong glance at the radiant Doris, "and—er—I fancy I shall manage to exist all right, thank you, Miss Blagdon."

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A MAN OF MANY POSES

By Lenore Van Der Veer.

Mr. Anderson as an old bluejacket——

——and as a yokel.

The difficulty of the work of an artist's model is little realised by the ordinary person who is more likely to consider it a merely mechanical occupation and one which makes no demand either for mental or physical excellence.

As a matter of fact, however, a good model must not only have sufficient physical strength to stand the strain of difficult positions, maintained for many minutes at a time, he must also have the power to enter into the spirit of the part he is playing in the picture and show it by his general attitude and expression.

Anyone who combines these qualities is certain to make a successful model; for though indifferent posers are to be obtained easily enough, one who thoroughly understands his business can always be sure of occupation.

Certainly the best known male model in London Studios and art schools to-day is Mr. Anderson, who is at home in almost any make-up that can be mentioned. We reproduce here photographs of him in some of his many disguises, and the success with which he impersonates these greatly-differing characters is entirely due to the possession of the qualities which we mentioned above as being requisite for a successful model.

In artist's parlance, he is a "first-rate clothes-prop"—the studio phrase which denotes a man who knows how to impersonate any character to advantage. Mr. Anderson has had the distinction of posing for almost all the great artists of to-day, and his features have appeared in many academy pictures which have won gold medals and the highest honours.

One picture, in which Mr. Anderson appeared as a fisherman, was purchased by Queen Victoria and presented as a gift to the Duke of Edinburgh.

It is now more than thirty years ago since Mr. Anderson sat for his first pose—to a silver engraver. The subject was a "Midsummer Night's Dream," and Mr. Anderson posed for the figure of Bottom the Weaver. In those days he was a handsome sturdy young fellow who had followed a seafaring life in the Royal Navy. His physique is still that of a powerful man, though his hair and beard are now a silver grey.

But though Mr. Anderson has left his youth far behind, he still retains his physical strength in a remarkable degree.

For instance, he can keep a most trying pose, say one in which he must throw his weight on the ball of one foot and balance himself on the toes of the other with his arms held above his head, for from twenty to thirty minutes without movement—no easy feat, certainly, but when the five minutes pause comes, he knows how to get the most rest for the overwrought tendons, and is ready to take the pose again in fresh condition.

As was stated before, no small part of Mr. Anderson's success is due to the keen interest he takes in his part and the way in which he enters into the spirit of it. Besides

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this he delights in designing his own costumes, the ideas for which he gets from old illustrations and pictures. After designing them, he buys the materials and actually makes them up himself. He made every one of the costumes in which he appears in these illustrations.

A remarkable point in connection with Mr. Anderson's posing is his power of completely changing the character of his face by a slight alteration in beard and eyebrows. How strangely different are the expressions on the faces of the man'-o'-war's man and the gentleman of the Elizabethan court, or in those of the plodding countryman and the pious monk! It is in this flexibility of feature, more than in anything else, that we see the cleverness of the model's art.

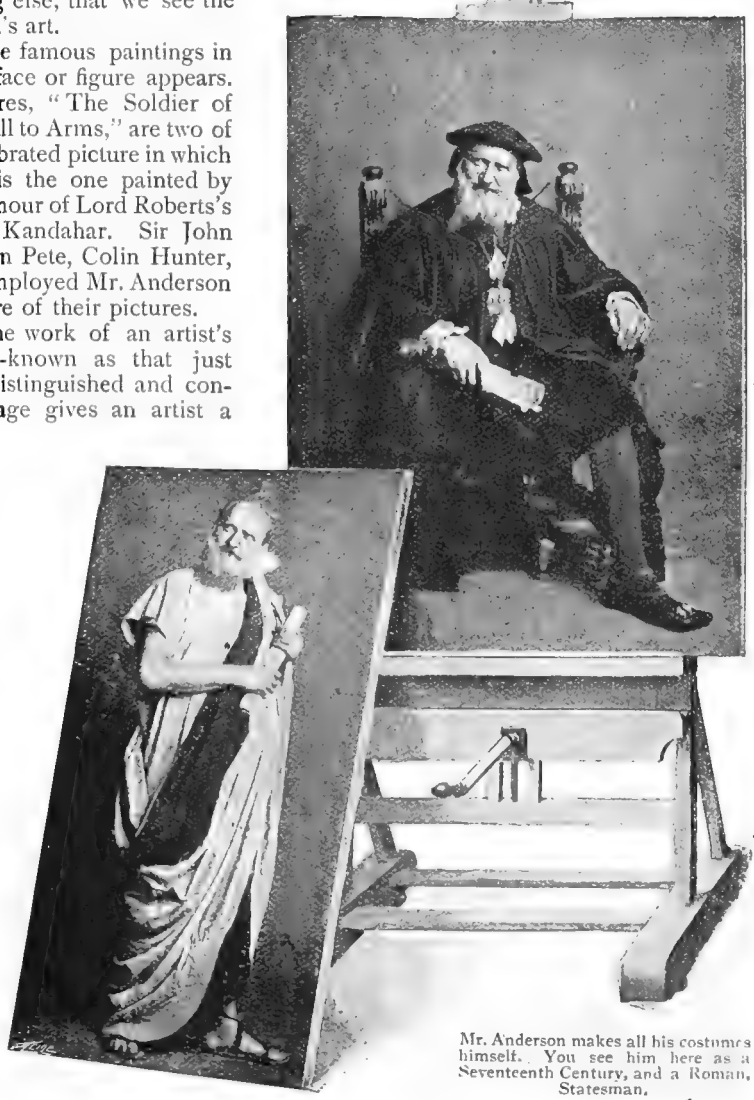
Many, indeed, are the famous paintings in which Mr. Anderson's face or figure appears. Seymour Lucas's pictures, "The Soldier of Fortune" and "The Call to Arms," are two of these; and another celebrated picture in which Mr. Anderson figures is the one painted by Caton Woodville in honour of Lord Roberts's march from Kabul to Kandahar. Sir John Millias, Vicat Cole, John Pete, Colin Hunter, Bryan Shaw, have all employed Mr. Anderson as model in one or more of their pictures.

Another phase of the work of an artist's model is not so well-known as that just described. When a distinguished and consequently busy personage gives an artist a commission to paint his portrait, he can as a rule only spare time to allow the artist to paint in the head; and consequently, the picture has to be completed from a model, impersonating the original.

Mr. Anderson enjoys the unique distinction of having twice performed this office for His Majesty, King Edward, wearing one of his uniforms when so doing. Among other distinguished people for whom Mr. Anderson has sat are the Duke of Cambridge and Mr. Gladstone.

There are many models who take a most lively interest in the success of the pictures they sit for. Nor is their sympathy entirely disinterested, for to be associated with successful pictures means credit for the models, as well as for the artist. The rate of pay where anything like continuous work is assured is enough for a decent living.

In private studios 1s. an hour is the tariff, but the figure runs to 2s. 6d. an hour for posing at schools. Really good models are always in request, and are often paid retaining fees in slack times by the more prosperous artists. Also they command a better price per hour than the rank and file.



Mr. Anderson makes all his costumes himself. You see him here as a Seventeenth Century, and a Roman, Statesman.

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Another of Mr. Anderson's self-made costumes.

No model has attained greater fame than Mr. Anderson, for there has scarcely been an exhibition for thirty years in which he has not seen himself "on the line."

One of the first essentials in a model is that he should know how to wear his clothes. Not many people in ordinary life put on their clothes to the best advantage, but the model has to assume a variety of "property costumes," and must learn to be natural in all.

The model who can put on armour one day and look a warrior, and be equally effective as Beau Brummel on the morrow, is a joy of joys to the artist who employs him.

Mr. Anderson can do this, and it is very difficult to say which personality (and he makes up for a hundred or more) is best suited to him. When one sees him as a jolly fisherman, his eyes twinkling from under the brim of a greasy sou' easter and a clay pipe between his lips, he certainly looks born to the part. But he is also to the life as an elderly gentleman of commerce, sitting bald and bland in immaculate shirt front reading his *St. James's* and sipping whisky and soda.

Some models absolutely refuse to sit for an artist whose pictures are known to be a libel on art, but for the genius they will make any sacrifice.

Probably no man has impersonated more sacred characters than Mr. Anderson, for the simple reason that he posed for a large number of pictures appearing in the largest and best-known illustrated Bible. In some of these his wife and child also figure.

Enough has been said of Mr. Anderson's art. For the rest, the photographs must speak for themselves. In each, there will be noticed some attitude or expression especially suited to the character he is representing; and there will also be noticed a marvellous difference in the face in the different photographs. This is all obtained by an extraordinary control over the facial muscles, for no "make-up" in the ordinary sense of the word is used, except in the way of dress.

It is something to have spent a lifetime in the London studios as a favourite model, and it is surprising what an encyclopædic knowledge Mr. Anderson possesses of artists and their works.

He knows the names and histories of the principal pictures which have been painted in his time; the date of their completion, when, and where they were exhibited, and the prices that they fetched, as well as the names of the purchasers.

Such is his keen interest in all matters pertaining to art, that he carefully studies the newspaper critiques of the pictures exhibited each year, as well as all the Academy Year Books. He is thus a living example of the success that usually

Mr. Anderson as an old sailor——

——And a peer of past times.

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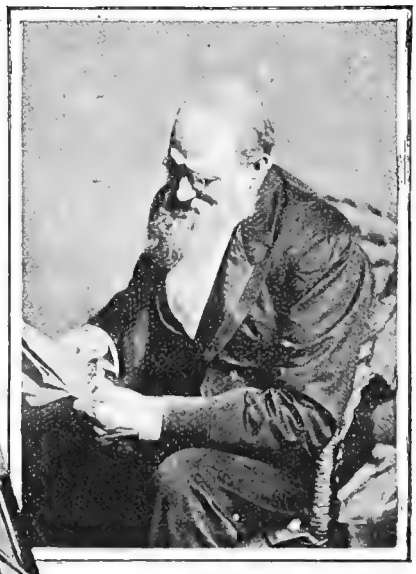
attends a man whose heart is thoroughly in his work.

But, indeed, many models take as much interest in the fate of the pictures they sit for as if they were the painters. Their sympathy is also extended to the artists themselves when the latter are making a bid for Academic honours.

On election nights at the Royal Academy a group of models is generally to be seen awaiting the appearance of the new list of members. Such zeal is, however, not entirely disinterested, it being the custom with artists to tip the model a sovereign if he brings the joyful news before its arrival by telegram.

Models frequently attend the exhibitions and find it amusing to stand near enough to some picture in which they figure conspicuously to overhear the remarks made by the visitors. Half the people who attend picture galleries have little acquaintance with art, and know nothing of what goes on behind the scenes. The artist's model enjoys their blunders.

It is one thing to pose in a private studio for a single artist, and quite another to be model for a school.



Mr. Anderson posing as a modern gentleman——

——An Elizabethan——

——And a friar.

The latter is infinitely more trying, for the reason that each of perhaps a hundred students is working from a different point of view, and the model hardly dare move a muscle lest he should disturb somebody's work. On the other hand, when posing for but one artist, there are plenty of opportunities of resting different portions of the body. There are in London alone several thousand models, the large majority of whom have taken to the calling, partly because they see in it a fairer chance of making a decent livelihood than in any other, and partly because their outward appearance and general inclinations are especially suited to the work.

Mr. Anderson was a sailor before he became a model, and I daresay that to-day he makes a far larger income than he did in the days of his youth. But many of his colleagues are men and women of standing, whom stress of circumstance have brought down in the world. As is only natural, a very large number of models are broken-down actors and actresses, who go to the studios as a last resource. They generally make the best models, their previous calling having fitted them for the impersonation of all manner of characters.

It is not only young and beautiful people who find favour in the eyes of artists. **Individuality of face and intelligence are the two main requisites of a successful model.**

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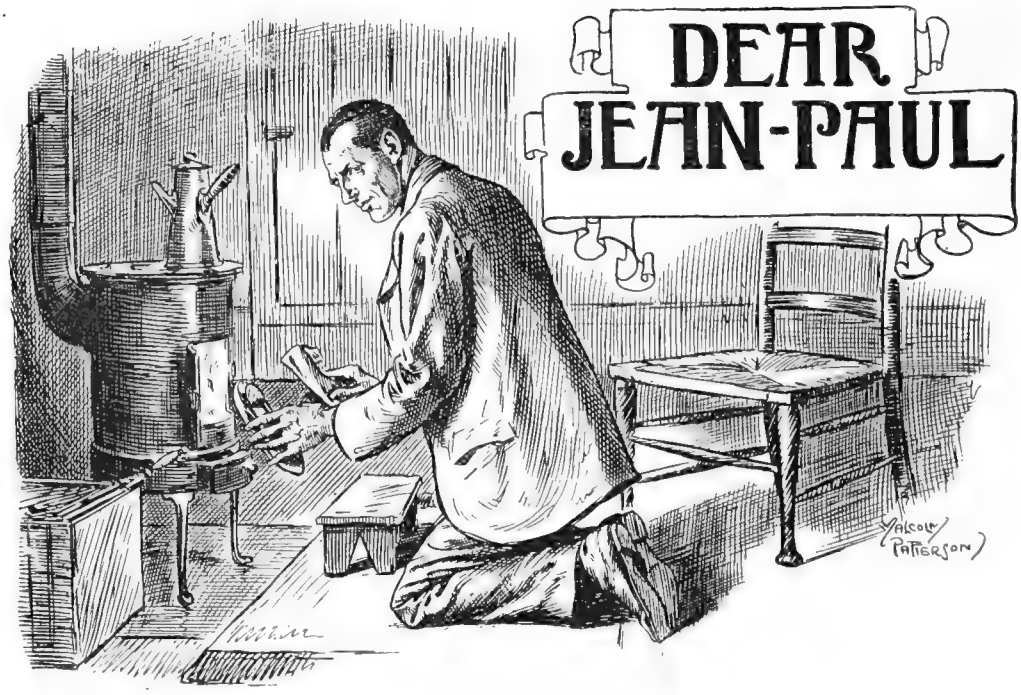

By E. Arbuthnot.

"It is not a bit of use, Jean-Paul," said Marie-Louise crossly, knitting her black brows, and twisting the frill of her apron till it looked like a ragged old bit of rope. "He is a very handsome fellow, much better looking than *some* people I know! And he is good company, too. I shall go out with him whenever I please!"

"Listen to me but one moment," said plain little Jean-Paul very patiently. "Here is now three months that we have been married, and I have not yet asked thee a favour. To please me, my good little Marie, do not go to the theatre with this soldier."

Marie-Louise shrugged her shoulders fretfully—such noble shoulders, in the simple cotton gown!

"Why may I not enjoy myself?" she demanded. "If I work hard all day, surely it is but fair that I amuse myself in the evening!"

"To please thy Jean-Paul, *p'tite femme*," said the young barber gently.

"And the play which I have never seen! Thou knowest, Jean-Paul, that above all things I desire to go!"

"Jean-Paul! Jean-Paul!" cried the cracked voice of the master-barber at this moment. And the old fellow's bald head and yellow, wrinkled face popped in at the door of the little back room. "Come at once, into the shop, lazy rascal!" he shouted furiously.

"Here are three customers waiting to be shaved, and not a soul can I find anywhere! Kindly remember, Jean-Paul, that it is now no longer a question of honey-moon!"

Jean-Paul hurried off with a last imploring glance at Marie-Louise, which, however, had not a great effect, seeing that the young woman had turned her back.

A geranium stood in the window, brightest, gayest of flowers; Marie-Louise began pulling the leaves to pieces.

"If I go," she said to herself softly, "Jean-Paul will be unhappy, and he is a dear fellow, Jean-Paul. Still, the theatre! But there! If I go against his will, I shall not enjoy it. No, I will not go. I will really be good for once!"

"Marie-Louise," said Jean-Paul at this moment, opening the door, towel in hand, "understand, *p'tite femme*, I distinctly forbid thee to go to-night with Isidor."

And before Marie could reply, the door was shut, and Jean-Paul, trembling with the excitement of one who has done a dangerous

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thing, had retreated into the safe refuge of the shop.

Well, of course, there is no need to tell anyone, who knows women the least in the world, that all those virtuous resolutions of Marie-Louise, vanished in a moment, as before a magician's wand.

"Forbids me, indeed!" cried she, crimson with indignation. "Well, then, Monsieur Jean, we shall see that! It is only a matter now of what to wear, grand Dieu!"

It must be admitted that our Marie-Louise was wilful; but there! beauties are privileged all the world over!

When Jean-Paul came to his dinner at seven o'clock he found his young wife in gala attire. Her black hair was twisted into a coquettish knot on the top of her head, a spray of flowers adorned the front of her pretty pale dress; in her hand was a little black fan. Oh! daughters of Eve, many are your wiles! Oh! little black fans, for how much mischief are you not answerable?

The effect was superb, and if somebody was aware of this fact, well, how could she help it, if you please? Her dark eyes shone, her cheeks glowed, her red lips were set with dangerous firmness.

But if he had made one mistake, the little barber had no mind to make another. He looked grave, therefore, but said nothing, and when the meal was over strolled off to smoke a pipe on the ramparts, leaving Marie-Louise entirely to her own sweet will.

It is true that she may have felt a little guilty; but when the gay young soldier arrived, with his fine, blue uniform and his delicate moustache, and his fascinating air of *joli garçon*, it was really impossible to disappoint him! And then, Marie-Louise was all dressed now—and so successfully! Women will do many things rather than look their best unseen!

"Husband!" said he, in reply to a very faint protest indeed. "Husband, do you say? *Tiens*, but he must get used to all that, this dear Jean-Paul! Does he think, then, to imprison his wife in a zenana? Your pardon, madame, you are too pretty for that!"

And with this opinion it is just possible that Marie-Louise may have agreed.

The drive in the open cab down the Champs Elysées among all the grand carriages, and beyond, rattling gaily over the cobbles, through the cool evening air, was a treat in itself to Marie-Louise, who had seldom enjoyed such a luxury. And when they reached the theatre—but oh! it was a fairyland!

For a long time Marie-Louise sat watching the stage with round eyes of marvel—

"Understand, p'tite femme, I distinctly forbid thee to go to-night with Isidor."

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enraptured. What dresses! what beauty! The heroine—but she was a goddess! And oh, the graceful dancing! It was magnificent, it was a dream! The handsome soldier, also, was very attentive. He diligently fanned her when she felt warm, amused her with stories of the actors and actresses, and told her the names of the grand people in the boxes.

"He is really a very nice fellow!" thought Marie-Louise.

But just as the naughty young woman had begun to realise that she was enjoying herself very much indeed, all at once the fluent stream of interesting conversation ceased to pour from the rosy lips of Monsieur Isidor. He paused, in fact, in the very middle of a sentence.

Marie, glancing at him in surprise, perceived that his attention had been distracted. She followed his gaze, and saw, some dozen rows away, two people whom she knew well enough, seeing they lived next door to the barber's shop. They were the son and daughter of Bompard, the shoemaker.

But what, then, of interest could one see in these people? Pierre? Such a stupid! Elise, then? "Plain Elise," as many people called her! It is true she had a very sweet smile, and she was a good creature, Elise—but Isidor? Hardly his style one would think!

Elise was a thin wisp of a girl one could have crushed in one's hands. She was very pale; her face was sad. Her hair, her eyes, her eye-brows were coal black. Yes, it was perhaps striking, that little face, but pretty?

"Madame will excuse me," said Isidor, after the first act.

"I see a friend over there, and if you will permit I will go and speak to him for two minutes."

And with a beautiful bow, but an abstracted expression, the charming fellow removed the light of his presence from Marie-Louise.

Half angry, half amused, Marie sat on by herself, waiting and wishing for the curtain to rise again. Monsieur Isidor made his way immediately to the Bompards, bowed politely to the brother, and took a seat beside pale Elise.

He . . . . told her the names of the grand people in the boxes.

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"*Mon Dieu!*" thought Marie-Louise, watching the proceedings. "Then it is Elise, the attraction, with her white face and her great black eyes! What airs! One would say she was a queen at least! Well, I suppose my brave soldier will return before the next act!"

But when the curtain rose the callous deserter only settled himself more snugly in his place beside Mademoiselle Bompard. Marie-Louise began to pout; she felt neglected; pretty women do not appreciate neglect.

People, sitting near, stared curiously at the forlorn young woman. Marie felt the looks, and grew hot and ill at ease. What could be possessing him, this Isidor? She tried to fix her attention on the stage, but her pleasure was spoilt.

The play had lost its charm. Dialogues, dances, songs, encores, passed before Marie's eyes without interesting her. The heroine had changed her dress and she never noticed it. Suddenly, glancing at the place where Isidor had been, she perceived that neither he nor his friends were there. She turned her head instinctively; the Bompards were in the act of leaving the theatre! What is more, they were not alone! That villain, that wretch, that monster, that *Isidor!*—went with them!

Marie sank back in her seat, aghast.

"How dare he? How dare he?" she said to herself. "To leave me so! After his intreaties, his implorings of yesterday, that I would come with him! Oh, I will never speak to him again as long as I live!"

Upon which, disdainfully regardless of staring looks and freely uttered comments, she flung on her shawl with defiant energy, and, erect as a young poplar, swept out of the theatre.

So far, well; but when she reached the street the high spirit, which had thus far sustained her, received a severe shock; it rained in torrents. She had no money; she must walk.

"Alas, my poor Sunday dress!" she sighed. "Well, I have only myself to blame!"

And she stepped forward into the sodden night.

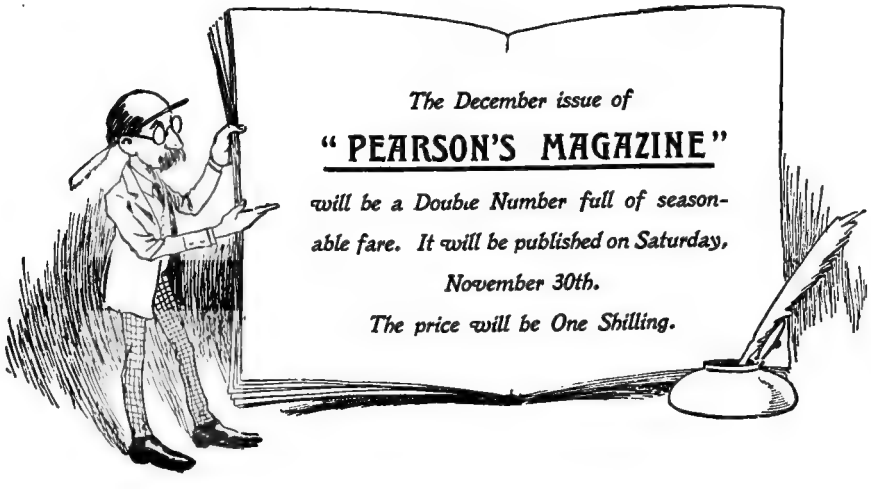
"I might take a cab," said Marie-Louise to herself, "but then I should have to ask Jean-Paul to pay for it. I would rather get wet."

The rain came soaking down in steady, vertical torrents, and Marie-Louise had no umbrella—not even a hat. Her black hair soon became a watershed, whence little rills trickled on to the shoulders of her once pink dress. All her clothes clung to her till she could scarcely walk.

"I am paying well for the pleasure of having my own way," she murmured. "Ah, if he could see me now, even Jean-Paul would be sorry for me!"

It was undeniably a lamentable home-coming, but at last, after what had seemed an eternity of woe, Marie came in sight of the welcome lamps, shining from the back window of the barber's shop.

"To get in without being seen—if I could manage it!" thought she. She opened the little garden gate very quietly, stole up the path and looked in at the window. Oh!—— there was dear, good, forgiving Jean-Paul, kneeling on the hearth, and carefully putting his wife's slippers by the fire to warm.


The December issue of
"PEARSON'S MAGAZINE"
will be a Double Number full of seasonable fare. It will be published on Saturday, November 30th.
The price will be One Shilling.

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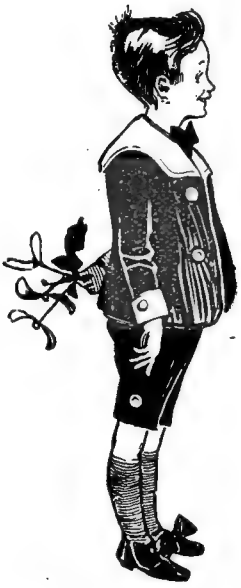

CHRISTMAS - - - IN - - - CHILDLAND.

By Reginald Maingay.

Christmas in Childland!

What a time it is! Even you and I, who have, of course, put away childish things and are staid and sedate people, are not altogether indifferent as the day of days approaches—even you and I, though we have, in all probability, long forsaken our teens and may very possibly have left the twenties behind us as well. There is an irresistibly light-hearted spirit moving in the world, and do what we may—and there are few, I hope, silly enough to try to evade it—it takes possession of us, willy-nilly, and believe me, we are none the worse.

The real fun for the children begins when the lights have been lit.

Dinner time is close at hand, and various little cousins arrive. For both in England and Germany, the two countries where Christmas is most thoroughly appreciated, the party is composed almost entirely of members of the family. Outsiders are seldom tolerated. At the big parties that follow Christmas, you can meet as many of your friends as you like. But Christmas itself is generally dedicated to the family.

Well, the cousins arrive, all very prettily dressed, excited, and happy. Of shyness there's not a trace, as each one knows the other intimately, and chatter and laughter soon become fast and furious. The boys, ungallant youths! all gather together, and the girls, who seem to be able to get on very well without them, are busy exchanging confidences.

The talk is chiefly concerned with the presents they have already received or are about to get. To cart all the presents to the house where the party is to be held and distribute them after dinner used invariably to be the custom; to-day many parents seem to find that it entails too much bother, and presents are either received in the morning or the previous evening.

The pretty custom of hanging a stocking on to the bedpost is almost entirely extinct. Our children have grown so alarmingly wise that I very much doubt whether a child of five would not feel himself deeply insulted if required to believe that Santa Claus makes his way down the chimney in the dead of night, softly enters the bedroom, and fills the stocking with toys.

Dinner and all its glories over, comes the first great excitement of the evening—crackers. Shall I confess?—In a year or so I may very possibly find some grey hairs in my head, but I have still an unholy *penchant* for crackers—

The baby has somehow or other got at the box of crackers.

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Enter Santa Claus.

crackers containing, not bonbons, rings, or cards, but one of those marvellous paper crowns or caps. There is something so intensely dramatic about a cracker—a pull, a flash, a crack, the eager fumbling for the prize, the unfolding of the cap, the coronation, and, finally, the gazing of yourself in the mirror.

And what a noise the children make at this period of the evening, and what a mess! The dining-room floor and table are littered with paper. When everyone is crowned a move is made for the drawing-room, whence all the furniture has been cleared away as much as possible to make room for the games. And here I must beg your leave while I retail two little incidents which occurred a few years ago, when I was at a children's party.

One small boy had been somehow detained and arrived late for dinner. As a consequence he was still paying homage to the crystallised fruit when the rest had retired. I happened to return to the dining-room together with a friend, a man who always addresses children with a: "Well, and how are we getting on?" There sat the belated reveller alone at the great table. His appetite seemed excellent.

"Well, sir," said my friend addressing him, "we look rather isolated."

"I'm quite warm, thank you," replied the youngster gravely.

Here is the other incident. It occurred also over crystallised fruit.

On either side of the hostess at table was her nephew and niece. I had watched the former all through dinner with some apprehension. He was in excellent form, so far as his appetite was concerned, but his manners were "shocking bad." When this or that dainty tickled his fancy he made no bones about it, but pointed it out, demanded it, and took no denial. Finally his aunt ventured on a mild reproof.

"Look at Maud," the lady wound up—Maud was the little girl—"she always waits until she's asked."

I turned my attention to the exemplary Maud, and when dessert came round saw her fix her eye on a large crystallised apricot in a bed of cherries. She glanced carefully at her aunt; her aunt's attention was engaged elsewhere so she prepared to snatch at the prize, and raised her hand. Her aunt looked round and the hand dropped like lightning.

Other tactics had to be adopted.

"Auntie," she said sedately, "if I were as rude as George I should ask for that big apricot there."

But the children have long ago trooped

Snap-dragon.

into the drawing-room, and we must make haste or we shall miss the distribution of presents. For this is a conservative Christmas party and all the presents have been brought to the house earlier in the day.

Of all methods of distribution I think Santa Claus and his bag far and away the best. A Christmas tree makes a very pretty picture, no doubt—but children somehow don't care very much for pretty pictures. A "Bran Pie," is of course, excellent fun, but no use whatever for the distribution of "serious presents,"—as a youth once explained to me. For the point of a Bran Pie consists in everyone

A dip into the "Bran Pie."

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keeping what he has hauled forth, and what, pray would a boy of ten do with a half-guinea doll?

No, Santa Claus is the best method and satisfies all.

For while his appearance can be appreciated by the youngest, it cannot possibly hurt the dignity of any wise and experienced man of, say, twelve or thirteen years. Of course, he (the wise and experienced man) sees through the benevolent old Saint's disguise in a moment, and recognises in the feigned voice the tones of an uncle or cousin, but far from being offended at the show, rather enjoys to watch his relative's undignified performance. And then, it is always satisfactory to know that you have outgrown the childish credulity of your juniors.

But to watch those juniors on the appearance of Santa Claus is a perfect delight. They do not greet him hilariously—far from it; they regard him with perfectly grave faces and very wide-opened eyes. Without being at all frightened, for they have been told often enough that the good old Saint is their best friend, their excitement is strongly touched with awe. Good old Saint though he undoubtedly is, he is reported as being very severe with naughty children and quite capable of presenting them with a birch instead of the longed-for box of bricks or tin soldiers.

Charades.

I remember well one Christmas when Santa Claus drew out from his sack a very bulky-looking parcel. He read the lucky recipient's name to himself and then looked severely along the row of eager child faces ranged in front of him.

"This," he remarked gravely, "is for the best child here. Will he or she kindly take it?"

There was a painful silence. Nobody felt justified in coming forward, until a young man—he must have been four years old—piped timidly:

"Please, d'you mean the goodest?"

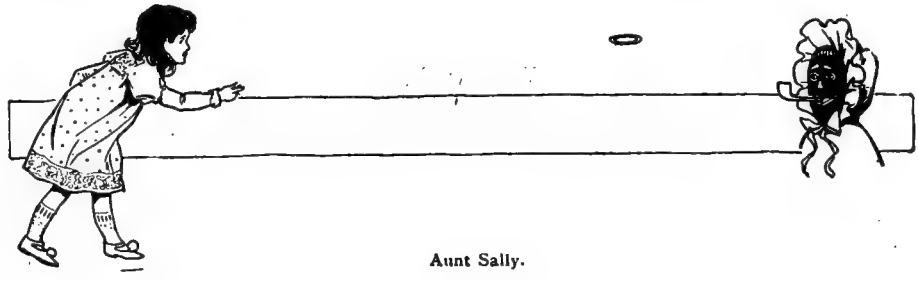
"I mean the 'goodest,'" replied Santa Claus.

And the young man heaved a deep sigh and relapsed into silence. He felt that the bulky present was not for him.

It contained, as afterwards transpired, nothing but a very diminutive rattle in a large cardboard box, and was presented to the baby. After which transaction I have always had my serious doubts as to Santa Claus's qualifications for the discernment of good from bad, for the baby was certainly not the "goodest," unless squalling be a virtue.

The "Bran Pie," as before said, is an impossible medium for the presentation of "serious presents." But as a game it makes excellent fun. Fill it with all manner of little parcels—small dolls, boxes of chocolate, penny

Blind-Man's-Buff.
"It isn't fair! Somebody's pulling my dress."



Aunt Sally.

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whistles, birch-rods, boxes containing absolutely nothing, and so forth, and then let the children one by one plunge their hands into its mysterious depths. There is high glee when some very good and sedate little girl draws forth a birch-rod, or when a superior young man becomes the proud possessor of a little china doll.

Of course, some children don't see at all where the joke comes in. I have a vivid recollection of a little boy, who had never before seen a "Bran Pie," and whose expectations as to its contents had been raised to dizzy heights by some mischievous friend. He was the first to dip his hand into the pie, and, red with agitation, he drew forth a small square parcel. With feverish fingers he opened it, and to see his face when he discovered that it contained nothing but a lump of coal was worth a king's ransom. With the coal still in his hand he cast an unutterable glance at the laughing faces which surrounded him ; then vented wrath and chagrin in such a howl that he had to be petted and pacified (with chocolate creams) some time before he consented to forget and forgive.

"Snap-dragon" — what Christmas party would be complete without it? And yet I always wonder that parents seem to think nothing of the risks which accompany it, and the many accidents of which it has been the cause. I, fortunately, have never witnessed any of these, and would very much regret the omission of Snap-dragon at any Christmas party to which I had been invited. There is no game—always excepting "Blind-Man's-Buff"—which seems to excite children more, nor any so picturesque to watch.

The bobbing apple. It hangs by a string from the ceiling, and you must set your teeth in it without touching it with your hands.

Lucky, indeed, are the children who spend their Christmas Day at a house in which a large accumulation of gorgeous old clothes, Indian shawls, wigs, and so forth may be had for the rummaging. I remember, when I was quite a child, spending the whole Christmas week in such a paradise for children. Our host and hostess had travelled many years in the East, and one of their attic rooms was full of boxes crammed with brilliant coloured stuffs and barbaric beads. And what a time we had that Christmas! Directly after dinner we all sallied upstairs, turned the boxes topsy-turvy, and decked ourselves out for charades.

And those charades were, I venture to say, the finest ever witnessed — from a spectacular point of view. Otherwise they can scarcely have been very brilliant, for the children were composed of three nationalities — English, French, and Dutch, no one nationality understanding the language of the other. A miniature Babel truly! but it was great fun.

For charades is one of the kings of Christmas games. But it requires an intelligent child to enter properly into the spirit of the thing, and a sympathetic adult to coach the actors and dress them for their parts. And the seriousness with which children take charades gives an added charm to the performances. No humbugging, no laughter! and a little girl of five sweeps into the room dressed in her father's overcoat,

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his hat on her head and covering her ears—but without a smile on her face. And her young brother follows in her wake in an equally outlandish costume, and equally solemn.

But "Blind-Man's-Buff," in the estimation of children generally, still holds the foremost place. For when all is said and done boys and girls, no matter what their age, enjoy a game most when it entails plenty of romping horse play, and a fast and furious game of "Blind-Man's-Buff" is wild enough to satisfy the most exuberant child.

Musical Chairs. The last chair.

"Aunt Sally," on the other hand, is a quiet enough game, which may, perhaps, account for its comparative rarity at Christmas festivals nowadays. The fearful effigy of Aunt Sally is hung up on the wall, a long pipe protruding from her lips. The game consists of throwing rings so that they catch on to the pipe. It's a good game for good children, therefore not so popular as it might be.

On the other hand, the "Bobbing Apple" is delight pure and simple. The tamer and less merry way of playing this game is to hang an apple from the ceiling, while one child after the other attempts to grasp it with the teeth, without, of course, fingering it in any way. But far more boisterous fun is got out of the "Bobbing Apple" if you let it float in a tub of water and then try and bite on to it. It is contrary to the rules of the game to press the apple against the sides of the tub, so bringing it to a standstill while you fix it with your teeth. But you may, if so inclined, thrust it to the bottom — with your face, of course: hands are not allowed—when you will find little difficulty in securing it. But to do this you would have to immerse your head, and, if the tub be sufficiently deep, your shoulders as well. This way of playing "Bobbing Apple" is somehow not very popular—with the parents. The children don't mind it at all. What child is not happiest when getting itself into a mess?

"Musical Chairs" and "Oranges and Lemons" are two of the oldest and most patronised Christmas games. Neither are particularly boisterous, though "Musical Chairs" can be made lively enough if a quick tune should be played; but they remain perennially popular, and as much a part of the child's Christmas festivities as Santa Claus, "Snap-dragon," and plum-pudding.

Oranges and Lemons.

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A QUIET LITTLE DINNER

A PLAY IN ONE ACT.

By Thomas Cobb.

CHARACTERS.

Mr. Pinney	The host.
Mrs. Pinney	The hostess.
Mr. Simpson	Their guest.
Mrs. Simpson	His wife.
Sarah	Mrs. Pinney's housemaid.
The Cook.	
A Cadman.	

Scene: Mrs. Pinney's drawing-room, on the ground floor of a suburban house.
Time: Five minutes past seven in the evening.

The room is furnished in an ordinary manner, but with a substantial table in the centre at the back. One or two photographs in frames are standing on it, as well as a conspicuous, small-necked flower vase, which contains a few artificial flowers, a very good imitation of real ones. But instead of being in water, they are stuck in bran, though the fact is not suspected by the guests on the stage.

The only door is on the right side, and on the left a sofa is placed, sloping away from the curtain towards the side of the room. Four or five chairs stand about, with a small occasional table and a coal-box.

When the curtain rises, Mr. and Mrs. Pinney are awaiting the arrival of their friends Mr. and Mrs. Simpson, who were invited to dinner at seven.

Mrs. Pinney is thirty years of age; she is quietly dressed in a darkish skirt and a lightish blouse, so that she is not exactly in evening clothes, but has made a sort of compromise.

Mr. Pinney is ten years older than his wife, of a rather stout figure, with a florid face, a moustache, and a distinctly cheerful aspect. He wears a black cut-away coat, a blue necktie, and a pair of very light trousers. He is standing in the middle of the room, in the front, with his back towards his wife, who is on tip-toes in the act of pinning his necktie to his collar.

Mr. Pinney. O—oh! please be more careful, my dear.

Mrs. Pinney. What a fuss you're making. (*She steps backwards towards the right and Mr. Pinney turns to face her.*)

Mr. Pinney (*with his hand on the back of his neck*). If you had half an inch of pin stuck in the back of your neck—

Mrs. Pinney. You certainly ought to have put on your evening clothes.

Mr. Pinney. No, no. Simpson wouldn't like it. He isn't that sort of man. I know Simpson. I asked him just to bring his wife for a quiet little dinner; no fuss, no nonsense, no ceremony.

Mrs. Pinney (*looking at her watch*). I

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certainly wish he had brought her punctually. I am quite sure everything will be spoilt. (*Enter Sarah, the housemaid, who is sixteen years of age, but does her best to look twenty-six. She wears a large cap, with long streamers, and a very stiff muslin apron over a black dress. Sarah appears extremely nervous, this being her first experience of anything like a dinner-party.*)

SARAH. Please m'm, it's Mr. and Mrs. Simpson. (*Enter Mrs. Simpson quickly, fussily and noisily, followed by Mr. Simpson, who runs against Sarah and then stumbles over her feet. Exit Sarah. Mrs. Simpson is in pronounced evening dress, suitable for a ball or the opera. She wears flowers at her breast and in her hair, she carries a noticeable fan and always speaks in a loud consequential voice. She holds her hand very high as she greets Mrs. Pinney. Mr. Simpson is about forty, a rather formal, irritable-looking man.*)

MRS. SIMPSON. I am afraid we're rather late.

MRS. PINNEY. Oh, not at all.

MR. SIMPSON. You know what ladies are, Pinney. Always behind time.

MR. PINNEY (*rubbing his palms with an expression of extreme cheerfulness*). No matter, no matter. We never stand on ceremony. Do we, my dear?

MRS. PINNEY (*aside to Mr. Pinney*). Run upstairs quickly and put on your evening coat. (*To Mrs. Simpson.*) Please sit down.

MR. PINNEY (*aside*). I can't.

MRS. PINNEY (*aside*). Why not?

MR. PINNEY (*aside*). I haven't got a white tie.

MRS. PINNEY (*aside*). Wear a black one. Don't be foolish.

MR. PINNEY (*aside*). But I haven't got a black one either. (*To Mr. and Mrs. Simpson.*) We never make a fuss. Never stand on ceremony. Just a quiet——. (*Mr. Pinney is interrupted by a loud ringing at the street door bell, followed by a violent knocking, then there is a noise as of the bell breaking from the wire and rolling on to the floor.*)

MR. PINNEY. Just a quiet—

CABMAN (*outside the room*). I mean to see him, so there! (*Enter Sarah excitedly.*)

SARAH. Please m'm, the cabman says you gave him a bad sixpence. (*Mr. Simpson steps towards the door.*)

MRS. SIMPSON. Don't go, Jonathan, don't have anything to do with the dreadful man. (*To Sarah.*) Tell him to go away. (*Enter cabman, pushing Sarah aside.*)

CABMAN. Tell him as much as you like, but he's going to have his rights first. What do you call that? (*He holds forth his right hand with a sixpenny piece on its palm. Mrs. Simpson puts on her double eye-glasses and they all draw a little nearer to look at the coin. Mr. Pinney leans forward, and the cabman who has been staring antagonistically at each in turn, takes a step towards him, almost touching Mr. Pinney's nose with the sixpence. Mr. Pinney moves back and places a chair in front of him.*)

MR. SIMPSON. I call that a sixpenny bit.

CABMAN. It's like you, a bad 'un.

MRS. SIMPSON (*fanning herself rapidly*). Impudence!

CABMAN (*moving his hand up and down with the sixpence on its palm*). Bring me three miles, and give me three sixpences, and one of 'em no good!

MRS. PINNEY. Pray give him another, and let him go.

CABMAN. You'd better. (*Mr. Simpson takes a handful of loose money from his trousers pocket, and selects a sixpence, which he hands to the cabman.*)

MR. SIMPSON. There. Now be off.

CABMAN. How about my time?

MR. PINNEY. My good man——

CABMAN. I ain't a good man. I've got my living to get.

MRS. SIMPSON. Pray make him go away, Jonathan.

CABMAN. I'd like to see him. It'd take half a dozen of his sort. (*The cabman puts both coins deliberately in his pocket, then he doubles his fists and begins to jump sideways about the room sparring. Mr. Simpson looks around for a weapon of defence, and seeing the coal-box, he seizes the shovel, which he flourishes in front of him. Mr. Pinney prances about, always keeping Mr. Simpson between himself and the infuriated cabman.*)

MR. PINNEY. Listen to me!

CABMAN. Put your hands up!

MR. SIMPSON. Leave the room. (*He flourishes the shovel.*)

CABMAN. I'll smash the pair of you!

MRS. SIMPSON. Help! help! Send for the police.

MRS. PINNEY. Sarah! Sarah! blow the whistle for the police.

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CABMAN (*lowering his hands*). All right, mum. Don't you alarm yourself. I'm a-going; I wish you good evening. (*Exit cabman laughing noisily.*)

MRS. SIMPSON. So sorry to keep the dinner waiting.

MR. PINNEY. Not at all. We never stand on ceremony—neither did the cabman. Ha! ha! We never make a fuss; just a quiet little dinner, you know.

MRS. PINNEY. I really think we might ring for it. (*Mr. Pinney rings the bell and Sarah enters.*)

MRS. PINNEY. We are quite ready, Sarah.

SARAH. Please, m'm, cook says the fishmonger hasn't sent the turbot. (*She waits by the door.*)

MR. SIMPSON (*aside to Mrs. Simpson*). Shocking bad management.

MRS. SIMPSON. Just what I expected.

MRS. PINNEY (*greatly agitated*). Not sent the turbot. How extremely provoking! Why didn't cook tell me before?

MR. PINNEY (*rubbing his palms cheerfully*). Never mind, my dear. Never mind. Simpson will excuse the fish.

MR. SIMPSON. Oh, certainly.

MR. PINNEY. We never stand on ceremony. (*Mr. Pinney stands in the middle of the stage, glancing briskly from one to the other.*) After all, what does a man want but a little soup, an *entrée*, and a bird?

MR. SIMPSON. Capital. Capital.

MRS. SIMPSON. If I were you, my dear Mrs. Pinney, I should order what there is to be served immediately.

MR. SIMPSON. Yes, the sooner the better. Just so.

MRS. PINNEY (*to Sarah, who has been waiting at the door*). Serve dinner at once. (*Exit Sarah.*)

MR. SIMPSON. Do you know, Pinney, I think there must be a house on fire.

MRS. PINNEY (*alarmed*). A house on fire!

MR. SIMPSON. In the neighbourhood. Quite close.

MRS. SIMPSON. Yes, we noticed the noise directly we entered.

MRS. PINNEY. Noise! In our house?

MR. SIMPSON. A sound of running water.

MRS. PINNEY. You said fire.

MR. SIMPSON. Quite so. I said fire and I meant fire. The water to put it out must be turned on at the main. There, listen! (*Mr. Simpson holds up the forefinger of his right hand. The others stand with their heads on one side listening. Mr. Pinney puts a hand to his left ear.*)

MR. PINNEY. It sounds like the wind.

MRS. SIMPSON. Water! (*Enter Sarah in a state of great excitement. A tress of hair has fallen loose from beneath her cap, and in one hand she carries a large sponge. Her white apron is splashed with water.*)

CABMAN. Put your hands up!

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SARAH. The dining-room ceiling's tumbled down, all over the table.

MRS. PINNEY. Whatever is the matter now?

SARAH. Oh, please, m'm——

MRS. SIMPSON. Can't the girl speak?

MR. PINNEY. Now, my good girl, don't be nervous.

MR. SIMPSON. What's the matter? What's the matter?

SARAH. Please, m'm, master left the tap turned on——

MR. PINNEY. Eh, what?

SARAH. Please, sir, you left the tap turned on——

MR. PINNEY. Turn it off, then. Turn it off.

SARAH. In the dressing-room. And the water's running all over the floor.

MR. PINNEY. Well, well, don't make a fuss. Wipe it up.

SARAH. But, please, it's dripping through the dining-room ceiling just as if it was raining.

MRS. PINNEY. Not on to my new table centre!

MR. PINNEY. Never mind, my dear. Keep calm, keep calm. It doesn't matter about the table centre; it will all wash out. Suppose we have dinner—just a quiet——

MRS. SIMPSON (*looking down at her dress*). But you surely don't expect us to dine in the rain!

MR. PINNEY. Move the table, you know. (*As he is speaking, a tremendous crash is heard. Mr. and Mrs. Simpson start from their seats in consternation. Mrs. Simpson fans herself. Mrs. Pinney sinks back into her chair. Sarah screams and runs out of the room.*)

SARAH (*outside*). Missis! Missis! (*Enter Sarah.*) Missis! The dining-room ceiling's tumbled down, all over the table.

MRS. PINNEY. I hope it hasn't broken my dinner service! (*Exit Mrs. Pinney, followed by Sarah. A scream is heard without. Re-enter Mrs. Pinney with her handkerchief to her eyes.*) Smashed to pieces, and it was a wedding present from poor Aunt Matilda!

MR. PINNEY. Never mind, my dear. It was a very common pattern.

MRS. PINNEY. Edward! How can you say so!

MR. PINNEY. Easily matched, easily matched.

MRS. SIMPSON. That is just like a man!

MR. SIMPSON (*looking at his watch*). Very annoying.

(*Enter Sarah.*)

SARAH. Please, m'm, cook wants to know what she 's to do about dinner?

MRS. PINNEY. I'm sure I don't know!

MR. PINNEY. There, there; why shouldn't we have dinner where we are?

MR. SIMPSON. A capital idea. Anywhere, so that we have it.

MRS. PINNEY (*rising*). Be as quick as you can or everything will be spoilt. Bring a table-cloth and I will help you. I hope you will excuse me, Mrs. Simpson?

MR. SIMPSON (*aside*). Anything, so that I get something to eat.

MRS. SIMPSON. Suppose we begin to clear the table. (*They all help to remove the photograph frames from the centre table. Mr. Simpson takes the flower vase, containing the artificial flowers, and looks around the room for a place to put it. He holds it very carefully as if to avoid spilling the water and finally rests it on*

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the smaller table on the right. Enter Sarah, flustered, carrying a folded table-cloth in one hand and a number of spoons, knives and forks in the other. Mr. Simpson secures the table-cloth and at once begins to shake it out so that half of it lies on the floor.)

MRS. SIMPSON. Don't put the cloth on the floor. It is intended for the table.

MR. SIMPSON. I am quite aware of that.

MR. PINNEY. Let me help you, Simpson. It's like a picnic. I was always fond of picnics. (*Mr. Pinney stoops to pick up the end of the table-cloth and they hold it between them spread out to its fullest extent.*)

MRS. SIMPSON. Do please be quick. (*Standing near the table, Mr. Simpson and Mr. Pinney wave the cloth about, throwing up the centre and letting it fall upon Mrs. Simpson so as completely to envelop her.*)

MRS. SIMPSON. Take it off, take it off. (*Mr. Simpson and Mr. Pinney drop the table-cloth in their alarm so that it covers Mrs. Simpson like an extinguisher.*)

MRS. SIMPSON (*from beneath the table-cloth.*) Kindly uncover me, Mrs. Pinney, I am being suffocated. I can scarcely breathe. Pray be careful. (*Mrs. Pinney carefully removes the cloth and Mrs. Simpson emerges flushed and indignant.*)

MR. PINNEY. Ha! ha!

MRS. SIMPSON. Really, I do not see anything to laugh at.

MR. PINNEY. No, no, certainly not. (*Sarah re-enters with bread and glasses, and Mrs. Simpson rises to take them from her.*)

MRS. PINNEY. Now, Sarah!

SARAH (*shaking with haste and excitement*). Yes, m'm.

MRS. PINNEY. Don't lose a moment. Be as quick as ever you can. Bring the soup. (*exit Sarah.*)

MR. SIMPSON. Suppose I place the chairs. (*He moves four chairs to the table.*)

MRS. SIMPSON. We may as well sit down. (*They all sit at the table.*)

MR. PINNEY. These things will happen in the best regulated households. (*Mrs. Simpson coughs loudly.*) After all, what does it matter where you dine. The dinner is the thing, no matter where you eat it.

MR. SIMPSON. Yes, the dinner's the chief thing.

MR. PINNEY. A quiet little dinner—no fuss, no ceremony. My wife and a couple of friends — just a quiet —— (*A loud noise is heard outside the room as if a metal tray had fallen, and some crockery had been smashed. A soup-ladle drops through the open doorway into the room, and Mrs. Simpson rises, puts on her eyeglasses, and leans forward, staring at it. Enter Sarah, staggering. She supports herself by holding the back of Mrs. Pinney's chair.*)

SARAH. Oh! Oh! Oh!

MR. SIMPSON. Well, upon my word—

SARAH (*holding one hand to her side and gasping*). The door mat!

MRS. SIMPSON (*still staring at the ladle on the floor*). The door mat?

MRS. PINNEY. What about the door mat?

SARAH. I caught my foot in it. I knew I should some day.

MR. SIMPSON (*aside*). I wish it had not been to-day. I feel quite ravenous.

MR. PINNEY. Do you mean to say you have injured your foot?

SARAH. No, sir, the soup, please, sir.

MRS. PINNEY. You have never upset the soup?

SARAH. I caught my foot in the mat.

MR. SIMPSON (*losing his temper and shouting*). Never mind the mat. What about the soup?

MRS. SIMPSON. Jonathan, you must remember you are not in your own house.

MR. SIMPSON (*aside, shaking his fist*). How I wish I were!

SARAH. I caught my foot in the mat.

MR. PINNEY. Yes, yes, you have told us that before.

SARAH. And the tray went and slipped out of my hand.

MRS. PINNEY. Then I suppose you've broken my soup tureen!

SARAH. I didn't break it, m'm.

MR. PINNEY. That's right, at all events. You see things might be worse, my dear.

MRS. SIMPSON (*aside*). I doubt it.

SARAH. It went and fell off the tray and smashed itself to bits.

MRS. PINNEY. A wedding present from Aunt Matilda!

MR. PINNEY (*cheerfully*). Well, if the rest of the service was broken when the ceiling fell down, the tureen wasn't of much use.

MR. SIMPSON. But what about the soup?

MRS. PINNEY. What shall we have for dinner?

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MRS. SIMPSON. Dear me, it's nearly eight o'clock.

MR. PINNEY. After all eight is a very good hour to dine.

MR. SIMPSON. Not when your dinner is cooked for seven.

MR. PINNEY. A fashionable hour. Not that we pretend to be fashionable people. Not a bit of it.

MRS. SIMPSON. But shall we have it by eight?

MR. PINNEY. For my part I never care a fig for soup. Give me a nicely cooked *entrée*, not too rich, and a bird——

MR. SIMPSON. Give me anything so long as you do give it to me.

MRS. PINNEY. Sarah, don't stand there. Why don't you fetch the cutlets.

SARAH. Yes, m'm. (*exit Sarah*)

MRS. SIMPSON. Ah! cutlets.

MR. PINNEY. Nothing is better than cutlets. Not fried—nicely grilled with sauce *piquante*.

MRS. PINNEY. I ordered tomato sauce.

MR. SIMPSON (*pulling down his evening waistcoat*). I confess I prefer tomato sauce.

MRS. SIMPSON. And I am sure we shall all have most excellent appetites.

MR. PINNEY. What more can any man want! Here we are, just the four of us. Quite ready for our dinner——

MR. SIMPSON (*beginning to eat his bread*). Quite ready.

MR. PINNEY. And the dinner ready for us. Ha! Ha!

MR. SIMPSON (*sniffing loudly*). A curious smell!

MRS. SIMPSON (*sniffing*). Very curious!

MR. PINNEY (*also sniffing*). Most likely it comes from next door. Odd sort of people next door.

MRS. SIMPSON (*aside*). So are their neighbours. (*Aloud.*) It smells to me like burning.

MRS. PINNEY. Oh, pray—pray don't suggest that it's the cutlets.

MR. PINNEY. No, no, only a little water spilt on the stove.

MR. SIMPSON. Would you like me to ring——

MR. PINNEY. Don't trouble, Simpson. Our cook is rather short-tempered. It might irritate her.

MRS. PINNEY. Why doesn't she send up the cutlets?

MR. PINNEY. But as my wife told her, we only wanted a quiet little dinner, no fuss, no ceremony, nothing out of the way.

MR. SIMPSON (*eating bread*). In short, we only want the dinner, Pinney.

MR. PINNEY. Just so. A quiet—— (*The door is pushed violently open and the cook enters in a state of intense excitement. She wears a cotton dress with the sleeves rolled back to the elbows, and she has obviously just left the front of the fire; her face looking red and hot, her hair being rather untidy. Crossing the room, the cook sinks on to the sofa, leans back and throws her apron over her head. She then appears to have a fit of "hysterics." She begins to laugh wildly.*)

MR. PINNEY. My good woman. (*The cook screams.*)

MRS. PINNEY. Fetch the doctor! (*The cook laughs wildly.*)

MR. SIMPSON. Where is there a pail of water? (*The cook screams.*)

MRS. SIMPSON. Please remember you are not in your own house, Jonathan! (*The cook laughs.*)

MRS. PINNEY. And this carpet shows the slightest stain. (*Mr. Simpson looks about the table for some water without seeing any. He hastens about the room, excitedly, opening the coal-box and peering into every impossible place*).

MR. SIMPSON. No water anywhere. (*The cook laughs.*)

MRS. SIMPSON. Jonathan take away that apron. (*The cook screams as Mr. Simpson takes hold, gingerly, of the corner of the apron. He is about to uncover her head, when she shouts more loudly than ever, and Mr. Simpson draws back in alarm. Mrs. Simpson draws near to the sofa and snatches away the apron. The cook is seen with her head very much on one side and her eyes closed.*)

MR. PINNEY. The poor creature doesn't seem to be coming round.

MR. SIMPSON. I would soon bring her round if I had——(*As the cook screams again, he glances at the smaller table and sees the vase of flowers*).

MR. SIMPSON (*taking the vase in his right hand*). Ah, this'll do!

MRS. SIMPSON. Mind the flowers, Jonathan. (*Raising the vase over his head, with a great deal of gesture, Mr. Simpson is about to throw the contents over the cook, when Mrs. Pinney starts forward to hinder him. She is too late. The flowers fall on the carpet, but the cook, instead of being deluged with water, has her head covered with dry bran.*)

MR. SIMPSON. Well, I never!

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COOK (*opening her eyes and rising suddenly*). Brutes! Call yourselves men! Brutes!

MR. PINNEY. Gently, cook, gently.

MRS. SIMPSON. Audacious!

MR. SIMPSON. Ha! ha! I told you I'd soon cure her.

COOK (*crying loudly*). I always do my best, and always have done. It wasn't my fault if the master went and left the tap on.

MR. PINNEY. No, no, of course not.

COOK. And I couldn't help the ceiling falling down or Sarah dropping the tray—

MR. PINNEY. Yes, yes, but what about the cutlets and the bird?

COOK. The bird's all right.

MR. SIMPSON. Well, I never!

MRS. SIMPSON. Well that's something to be thankful for.

COOK. It's all ready dished up on the kitchen table.

MRS. PINNEY. I hope you covered it over.

MR. PINNEY. Well, now, just go downstairs and send up the cutlets. (*At the mention of the cutlets, the cook threatens another fit of hysterics. She throws her arms about wildly and laughs and cries by turns.*)

MR. SIMPSON. It shall be water this time, if I have to fetch it myself.

MRS. SIMPSON. You will find plenty in the next room.

MRS. PINNEY. For goodness' sake, go downstairs and send up the cutlets.

COOK. Cutlets—cutlets—

MR. SIMPSON. And the tomato sauce.

MR. PINNEY. Go back to the kitchen, there's a good woman, and send them up at once.

COOK (*wildly*). Send them up?

MRS. SIMPSON (*fanning herself*). Yes, send up the cutlets.

COOK. I always do my best, and no one can't do more.

MR PINNEY. No, no, certainly not,

MRS. PINNEY. But what about the cutlets?

COOK. Burnt.

MR. SIMPSON. Burnt!

MRS. SIMPSON. Burnt!

MRS. PINNEY. Oh, dear. Whatever shall we do now?

MR. PINNEY. Ah, yes; but we shan't mind if they're rather well done. For my part I prefer a cutlet well cooked.

COOK. Cinders.

MRS. SIMPSON. Cinders!

MRS. PINNEY. The cutlets?

COOK. Cinders is nothing to 'em. I couldn't help it. I always do my best. I couldn't help the gridiron turning over and tumbling 'em into the fire.

MRS. SIMPSON. I told you so. I was sure I smelt burning.

MR. SIMPSON. If she were my cook I should give her a month's notice on the spot.

MRS. SIMPSON. Pray recollect you are not at home.

MR. SIMPSON. If I were I should have something to say, I can assure you!

MRS. SIMPSON. Then I'm glad you're not, because I have heard you say it before.

COOK. I don't want no month's warning. I'll go to-night.

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MRS. PINNEY. Not before you have sent up the bird.

COOK. I'll pack my box this minute.

MRS. SIMPSON. All through your interference, Jonathan.

MRS. PINNEY (*aside*). Such a good cook, too. I shall never get another like her.

MRS. SIMPSON. I shouldn't think you would want one.

COOK. I'll pack my box at once and I won't give the poor cabman a bad sixpence neither. (*Exit cook.*)

MR. PINNEY. One for you, Simpson. Ha! Ha!

MRS. PINNEY (*reproachfully*). Oh, pray don't laugh, Edward.

MR. PINNEY. I really think you were a little too outspoken, my dear Simpson.

MR. SIMPSON. Outspoken! Why, I've been bottling myself up the last hour.

MR. PINNEY. Well, well, only who's to send up the bird?

MRS. PINNEY. Cook said it was already on the kitchen table. Kindly ring the bell, Edward. (*Mr. Pinney rings the bell.*) (*Enter Sarah.*)

SARAH. Yes, m'm?

MRS. PINNEY. Bring up the bird at once.

SARAH. Yes, m'm. (*exit Sarah*).

MR. PINNEY. Suppose we sit down again. (*They all sit at the table as before. Mrs. Simpson fans herself. Mr. Simpson eats Mr. Pinney's bread, having finished his own. Mr. Pinney sits sideways to watch the door.*)

MRS. SIMPSON. Half-past eight. (*Looking at her watch.*)

MR. PINNEY (*rubbing his palms*). One thing you're not an early bird. You're in no hurry, Simpson.

MR. SIMPSON (*aside*). Just as well!

MR. PINNEY. After all, what does a man want with fallals and kickshaws for his dinner? What can be better than a roasted bird? What kind of bird is it, my dear?

MRS. PINNEY. A pheasant.

MR. SIMPSON (*aside*). One pheasant. And I am as hungry as a hunter. I could eat it all.

MR. PINNEY. Ah! Pheasant with bread sauce. What could be better or more wholesome? Give me a comfortable dinner at home with my wife and an old friend. No fuss, no ceremony. Just a quiet little dinner——

MR. SIMPSON. A quiet little dinner. Ha! Ha!

MRS. SIMPSON. A quiet little dinner. Ha! Ha!

MRS. PINNEY (*watching the door with great anxiety*). How can you laugh about it?

MR. PINNEY. Well, well, you mustn't agitate yourself about trifles. (*Enter the cook, wearing a dark dress, a bonnet and a jacket. She is carrying a bag and an umbrella.*)

COOK. Perhaps, you'd like to look in my box!

MR. PINNEY. My good woman——

COOK. Don't talk so much and give me my money.

MR. SIMPSON. She shouldn't have a penny from me.

COOK. My money, and if you don't want them to see how little you pay me come outside.

MRS. PINNEY (*as Mr. Pinney rises*). Oh, pray give her the money and let her go, Edward. (*Exit cook, followed by Mr. Pinney. Their voices are heard indistinctly. The cook shouts.*)

MR. SIMPSON. Nearly twenty minutes to nine.

MRS. SIMPSON. I am afraid that pheasant will be getting cold. (*Re-enter Mr. Pinney.*)

MR. PINNEY (*rubbing his palms cheerfully*). Well, that's all right. She's gone to fetch down her box. Now, we may as well begin dinner.

MR. SIMPSON (*aside*). What is left of it.

MRS. PINNEY. Sarah is a long time bringing up the bird! (*A loud bumping noise is heard as of a box being dragged downstairs, bumping from step to step.*)

MRS. SIMPSON. What is that noise?

MR. PINNEY. Only the cook's box. (*The street door is violently slammed.*)

MRS. PINNEY. I wish I knew who was going to cook the breakfast to-morrow morning.

MR. PINNEY. Don't worry yourself. A little bacon and an egg; a new laid egg. Anyone could cook an egg. *I* could cook an egg.

MR. SIMPSON. Shall I ring the bell? (*Enter Sarah with a long broom in her hand. She rushes to the sofa, and stooping, whilst the others stare at her in astonishment, thrusts the broom underneath it.*)

SARAH. S—sh! S—sh! S—sh!

MRS. PINNEY (*rising*). Sarah! (*Sarah comes behind Mrs. Simpson's chair and thrusts the broom under the table. She strikes Mrs. Simpson's feet. Mrs. Simpson rises, walks to the sofa and sits, fanning herself.*)

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SARAH (*stooping and looking under the table*). S—sh! S—sh!

MR. PINNEY. What is the matter, Sarah? (*Sarah is now brushing Mr. Simpson's boots, he rises and joins Mrs. Simpson, standing by the sofa.*)

MR. SIMPSON. If this were my house——

MRS. SIMPSON (*fanning herself*). Pray remember it isn't.

MRS. PINNEY. Sarah, what are you looking for?

SARAH. The pheasant, m'm.

MR. PINNEY. My good girl, it ought to be on the table not underneath it.

into tears. The broom falls to the floor, and she rubs her eyes with her apron.)

MR. PINNEY. Now, now, my good girl——

MRS. SIMPSON. Good girl, indeed.

MRS. PINNEY. Why ever can't you speak, Sarah?

SARAH (*still sobbing*). Oh dear! Oh dear!

MR. SIMPSON. If I were you, Pinney——

MR. PINNEY. Yes, yes, of course. Now listen to me, Sarah.

SARAH (*lowering apron and showing a tearful face*). Yes, sir.

MR. PINNEY. You have told us cook left the pheasant on the table.

"Don't talk so much, and give me my money."

MR. SIMPSON. Just so. (*He blows out his cheeks and opens his fists and closes them.*)

SARAH (*still penetrating every recess with the broom*). It was on the table.

MRS. SIMPSON. The kitchen table.

MRS. PINNEY. Cook said she left it there!

MRS. SIMPSON. Oh, the girl's mad.

MR. SIMPSON. No wonder. I am sure I shall be if there's much more of it.

MR. PINNEY. The pheasant was dead—cooked—roasted. It couldn't fly away, Sarah!

SARAH. No, sir, but——

MR. PINNEY. Well, well, don't be afraid. Speak out.

(*Sarah comes to a standstill and bursts*

MR. SIMPSON. Why do you want to go over it all again, Pinney?

MRS. SIMPSON (*in a warning voice*). Jonathan!

MR. PINNEY. Yes, of course, Simpson. (*To Sarah.*) Now, don't be alarmed. I am not going to eat you——

MR. SIMPSON. No fear of eating anything in this house.

MR. PINNEY. Ha! Ha! Now, Sarah, who took the pheasant——

SARAH. The cat!

MRS. PINNEY. The cat!

MRS. SIMPSON. What about the cat?

MR. SIMPSON. Oh, of course, it's always the cat.

SARAH. My back wasn't turned a minute when the cat——

Google

MRS. PINNEY. What did the cat do?

SARAH. Got on the table and——

MRS. PINNEY. You don't mean——

SARAH. Yes, m'm, the cat ran off with the pheasant!

MRS. PINNEY (*throwing out her hands*). What's to be done now? Was there ever such a chapter of accidents! First the fishmonger didn't send the turbot. Then the soup was spilt. Cook upset the cutlets in the fire. And now the cat has stolen the pheasant.

MR. SIMPSON. I confess that the cat is extremely fortunate.

SARAH (*shaking the broom*). Not if I find her.

MRS. PINNEY (*sobbing*). Oh dear! Oh, dear!

MR. PINNEY (*rubbing his palms*). Well, well, it can't be helped. Make the best of things—that's my motto.

MRS. SIMPSON (*looking at the table*). Of what things?

MR. PINNEY. Bread and cheese, with celery and the sweets. After all, it's the way you look at it. I could sit down to a quiet little dinner of bread and cheese——

MR. SIMPSON. I couldn't.

MRS. SIMPSON. Jonathan! Pray remember you're not in your own house.

MR. SIMPSON. No, but it's almost time I was. (*He looks at his watch.*) Nearly nine o'clock. Now I'll tell you what I propose. Suppose you all dine with me!

MRS. SIMPSON. But what is there for dinner?

MR. SIMPSON. No difficulty about that. We'll take a cab to the Criterion. What do you say, Mrs. Pinney. (*They form a row in front of the stage. Mrs. Pinney is nearest to the door, Mr. Pinney next to her, then Mrs. Simpson, with Mr. Simpson by the sofa.*)

MRS. PINNEY. To tell you the truth, I shall feel thankful to get out of the house for an hour or two.

MRS. SIMPSON (*aside*). So shall I, and if ever I am persuaded to dine here again—— Well!

MR. SIMPSON. What do you say, Pinney?

MR. PINNEY. A capital plan.

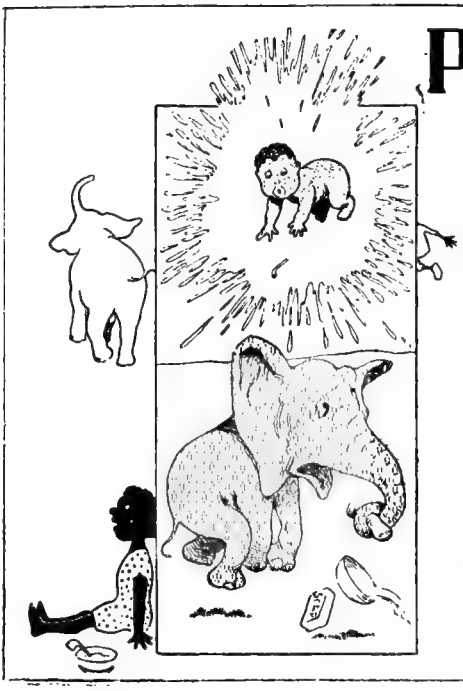
MR. SIMPSON. I promise that the soup shan't be spilt this time.

MR. PINNEY. And we won't give the cabman a bad sixpence, eh, Simpson?

MR. SIMPSON. One to you, my boy. Ha! ha! Now, perhaps, you ladies will get ready. We'll send for a cab and we'll just have——

MR. PINNEY. A quiet little dinner.

MR. SIMPSON. Ha! ha! yes; a quiet little dinner.



PEARSON'S CHRISTMAS NUMBER

READY about **1901**

NOVEMBER 20.

The most gorgeously coloured Christmas Number of the year, with a Coloured Supplement, entitled

"The Yard of Babies."

(Quite the most striking of the Xmas Plates.)

With pictures and poems, stories and jests by all the best men.

Save your Shilling for this fine Christmas Feast!

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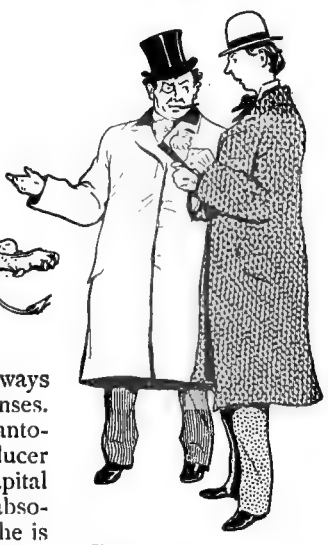
PRODUCING A PANTOMIME

BY H·J·HOLMES·



"There, my boy; you can write me a magnificent pantomime around those!"

A WELL-KNOWN dramatist, beginning his literary career as a pantomime writer, was escorted by the manager of the theatre to the mysterious regions beneath the stage, where the budding genius was promptly introduced to an enormous demon mask, a painted fountain, and a ten-feet-long dragon!

"There, my boy! You can write me a magnificent pantomime around those," said the manager, with a majestic sweep of his right hand.

Times have changed since then. King Pantomime still reigns at Christmastide, and reigns in a more dignified state of splendour than ever!

Job-line "properties," although revered to this day by the managers of fourth-rate provincial theatres, would be unpalatable to a discerning and critical public, and they are accordingly tabooed. Pantomimes are nowadays produced on a scale of magnificence that would have made the theatrical proprietors of the good old days fairly gasp. In the matter of scenery, costumes, and general effects, the Christmas pantomimes of 1901 will be found still further ahead of anything yet produced.

The growing taste for spectacular sensations in pantomime makes the stage manager a far more important personage than the author, who will always be sacrificed on the slightest provocation. This proves that the great British public thinks more of its eyes than its ears—small blame to it, for pantomimic verse and jocularity are not always gratifying to senses.

Yes; in pantomime the Producer (with a capital "P") takes absolute control; he is the presiding genius, and the man to whom the possession of brains is attributed. He it is who reaps all the credit; the author is nowhere.

The late Sir Augustus Harris, it is said, before one of his wonderful Drury Lane spectacles had run its course, had his next pantomime well in head and hand, the scenario prepared, the "effects" planned, and his "book" roughed out.

But the vast majority of managers do not of necessity require to get so far ahead; they regard their pantomime as the big thing of the year, of course, and begin their preparations as soon as possible after Easter, taking time by the forelock to the best advantage.

They have the artists to engage—and a very careful selection they make, particularly with regard to the principal characters. The hero will very likely be some dashing lady serio of the music hall stage; a lady who usually "stars" in light opera or musical comedy will be invited to represent the heroine; the villain—always severely comic in pantomime—will be a popular comic also hailing from the music-halls.

The designer of costumes

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Trying on day.

has to be consulted very early, for his (or her) art requires time, and, in the case of first-class productions, careful research. Months before Christmas, a visitor at a theatre will find a staff of costumiers at work preparing the necessary fine array for the coming spectacle.

As the November and December days go by, the activity in the costumier's workshops becomes bee-hive like in energy, and overtime, so far as the laws allow, is the order of the night. I saw, not very long ago, the busiest workshop I have ever been in. Over 400 costumes were being prepared, and all for a single pantomime!

In many theatres, only the dresses of the auxiliaries are produced on the premises. There are several well-known firms in London and Paris which never cease work in connection with the making of the costliest of dresses for English pantomime. The amount spent upon this one item is often enormous. One of the most successful of last year's London pantomimes (not Drury Lane) had a costumier's bill of close on £5000 to settle!

Another department which must be looked after at an early date is that responsible for the correct "wigging" of the production. Most pantomimes are "wigged" by the famous firm of Clarkson, where a very large staff is employed all the year round at the production of some of the most wonderful things in hirsute adornments that ever bore joy to the pantomimist's heart.

To make the pantomime the thing of beauty it ought to be, it must be properly shod. In other words, the shoes worn by all hands—or rather, feet—must be costly and elegant. In first class theatres the shoe bill comes to a very pretty penny, but there are managers who firmly, yet economically, insist that each performer, the highest and the lowest, shall provide his and her own footwear.

Why this should be when all other finery is provided free, gratis, and for nothing, at the expense of the managerial exchequer, is a problem which no poor chorus girl or supernumerary can investigate without risking their superior's everlasting enmity.

"Trying-on-day" has its trials for all concerned. Huge baskets of costumes are produced, and everybody goes through the ordeal. It is hard for all concerned, and especially for the costumier and his assistants.

Of course, not a soul is satisfied with the things. Wearers find faults where only their own angularities are refractory.

Meantime, the scene-dock, the place where the scenery is prepared, has not escaped the universal bustle. Not that all the scenery are from the brushes of the resident artists. It has become the custom, in less important theatres, for one or more scenic experts of high degree to provide the big set scene, wherein the whole of the company turn up in a remarkable manner, and where a ballet is inevitable and the doom of the comic villain is generally sealed.

The scene-dock of a good theatre is always an interesting place to see, but particularly so during pantomime preparations, when the biggest efforts of resident scenic artists are generally produced.

Google

The artist stands on a platform, brushes and palette in hand. The huge back-cloth or sheet of canvas has outlined upon it in charcoal the scene which presently will begin to glow and flash in the electric light.

With the aid of some ingeniously arranged mechanical contrivance, the great sheet, at the artist's pleasure, moves to right or left, upwards or downwards. The painter can thus use his brush upon any part without changing his place, or disturbing his materials.

Yonder an assistant is preparing colours for application, while, behind, another is spreading by means of a large brush, and a pail of distemper, the groundwork of another great scene, which a more expert hand than his is destined to create later on.

In the carpenter's shop the busy hands are preparing the frame-work of some ingenious scene, which has to follow on another with almost lightning rapidity. At the present moment it is a mass of wheels and pulleys, and ugly to look upon, but when the canvas has been stretched on that frame all those blemishes will disappear.

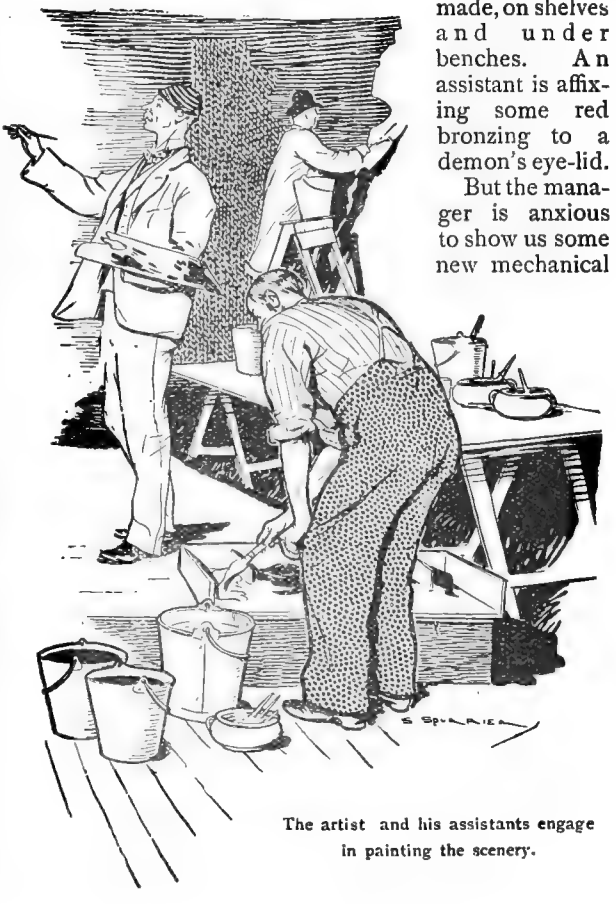
The scene will be fair in the spectator's eyes, giving pleasure and delight. The massive "set" changes in the twinkling of an eye, at the sound of the stage carpenter's whistle, into something of a light and airy nature. "Stage waits" are unpopular nowadays. A suddenly-darkened stage, the rush of naked feet, a subdued whistle, and lo! a bright new scene stretches away back to the full depth of the boards. That is what an up-to-date audience wants—and gets.

Let us run back to the electrician's work-shop. Here we find half-a-dozen experts preparing a novel effect in electrical lighting which should prove the big sensation of a forthcoming London pantomime.

There is no space in this article to describe how the most wonderful effects of lighting are produced—better so, as many of my readers will, no doubt, visit during the pantomime, and it would not do to let them into the secret and destroy the illusion. As the little lamps look now, it is almost impossible for the lay mind to imagine all the startling and marvellous effects they will produce on Boxing Night.

A visit to the property master's den comes next. There appears to be a revival of the favouring of quaint and grotesque masks, animated vegetation, and living rocks and trees. On all sides lie and hang specimens of the strangest animals and reptiles, whose forms must have found their first shape in the mind of some extraordinary imaginative artist; even that walking encyclopædia, the father of the "Swiss Family Robinson," would have found no little difficulty in establishing their identity. Scarlet-tongued dragons and scowling carnivora of various types rest, half-made, on shelves and under benches. An assistant is affixing some red bronzing to a demon's eye-lid.

But the manager is anxious to show us some new mechanical



The artist and his assistants engage in painting the scenery.

Google

contrivances below the stage, and we descend into the lower regions. Electricity guides us, and presently we are inspecting the new machinery which enables one man and a few levers to do the work of quite a little staff of stage carpenters. The heaviest of scenery can be raised or lowered by a boy. And here is a wonderful tank which is guaranteed to form a river, lake, fountain, or miniature Niagara at ten minutes' notice.

December opens, and with it the fearfully hard work of the pantomime Producer really begins. From this time onward until the first week of public performances his work will scarcely end, and the amount of sleep which he snatches now and then will not be worth talking about. He must be here, there, and everywhere, if not quite at the same time, as near to it as human possibilities and legs will carry him.

Rehearsals of supernumeraries, and choristers, and ballet are in full swing. Every square inch of available space in the theatre is occupied. The choristers are in the circle saloon wrestling with the cold and a grand piano, not to mention the chorus master or musical director, both with grievances of a pronounced type. If only the chorus ladies really could read music, and sing it, what a lot of trouble it would save them! The chorus gentlemen, too, wearing overcoats, seem so careful of their voices that they cannot be heard by the conductor, who looks extremely worried.

The stage manager is rehearsing the supernumeraries in a partially cleared space in the pit stalls. There are close on fifty in the batch, and more waiting their turn in the aisles. The movements directed by the stage manager are as often executed wrongly as not, but he is a good-natured man, who knows his business, and his display of patience is truly marvellous.

Still, he is sure he will succeed in his object eventually. In the afternoon you will find him executing the most difficult steps and figures demanded of his ballet. For his young ladies, although experienced, require a little showing. "Like this," says the stage manager, and almost to a leg the movement is performed.

Day by day, sundry important notices and "calls for rehearsals" are posted near the stage door, for all to read. The Producer has kept his eyes open, and bit by bit he is gathering up the strings in his fingers and

A rehearsal of the chorus singers.

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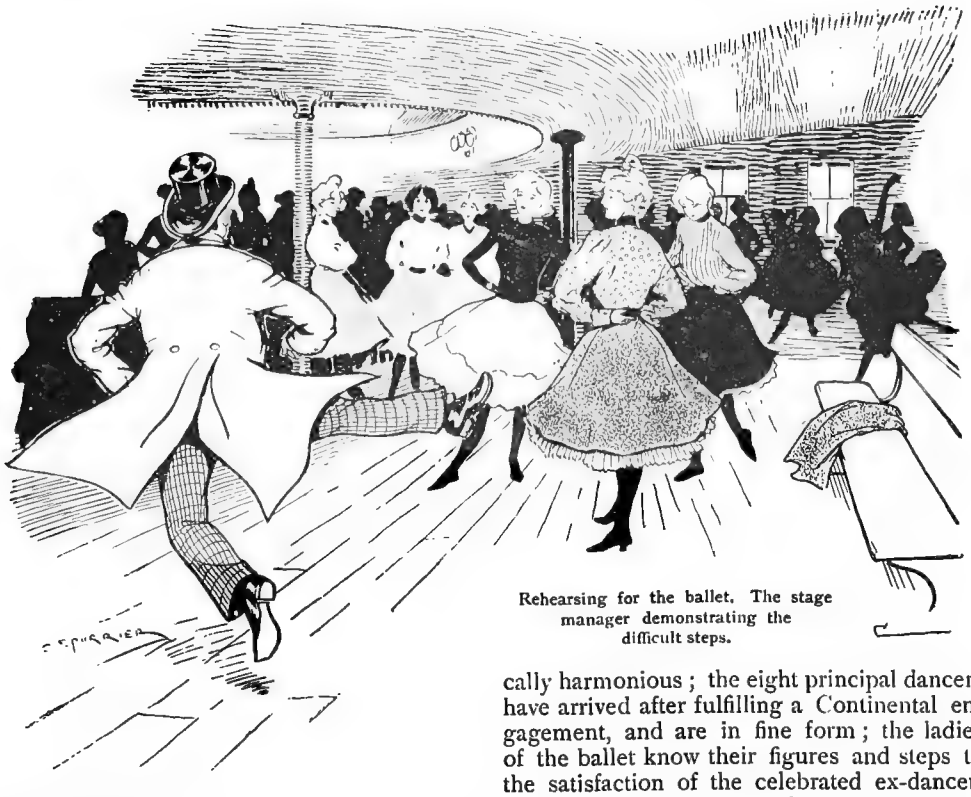

Rehearsing for the ballet. The stage manager demonstrating the difficult steps.

will soon be able to pull them with good and orderly results.

The stage carpenters have taken possession of the stage, piecing the scenery together, and getting at its points as fast as it comes from the hands of the artists, whose work is nearly completed, the transformation scene borders and details taking up every moment of their time—and they are no sloths.

The opening of the second week in December sees the principal characters in rehearsal. They are supposed to know their words, but they don't! The phrase mostly heard during the first few rehearsals is "We'll cut that out." Luckily, the author is a gentleman who is accustomed to such trifles, and he stands by while his book is being literally slashed to pieces, and fails to utter a single word of protest!

At last the scenic artists, the musical director, the chief electrician, the master carpenter, and the property master, have finished their respective duties under the hard pressure of the Producer; the carpenters have got the stage into something resembling order; the principals know their parts—with a little help from the prompter now and then; the choristers, ladies and gentlemen, are practically harmonious; the eight principal dancers have arrived after fulfilling a Continental engagement, and are in fine form; the ladies of the ballet know their figures and steps to the satisfaction of the celebrated ex-dancer, now too stout to do anything but oversee; and the supernumeraries succeed in keeping their places in the marches and tableaux.

Considering all these facts, the Producer decides on a full rehearsal, which is accordingly held. The result is not quite what he had expected and hoped for. Another rehearsal in the afternoon improves matters, and a third for the benefit of the chorus, ballet, and supernumeraries. And so on for a week. Further improvements are visible. Then a dress rehearsal. It is now only five days from the eventful Boxing Day!

Strenuous efforts are put forth by the chiefs of all departments to smarten up everything. The Producer is more energetic in his advice than ever. He threatens a rehearsal on Sunday—and doesn't call it!

And the final dress rehearsal, held on Christmas Day whilst theatrical patrons are enjoying their turkey and plum pudding, justifies his more merciful view. It is satisfactory.

On Boxing Day, as the big crowd willingly pronounces approval, the Producer is happy.

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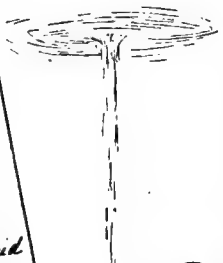
A Bundle of Papers

By Errol Stanhope



① MAY BANK
SOUTHPORT

June 8th 1889

Dear Jane,
I ought to have written you before but poor Martha's death has left me with my hands full. I promised her, poor soul, to look after the two boys and they are with me now - Cuthbert a nice quiet lad and Hal, your godson, who seems as if he were born to be a trouble and anxiety to everyone. I never have a moment's peace with him, and yet he has such endearing ways that you feel you can't be angry with him. There! I hear a smash upstairs. I feel sure Hal has dropped the water jug and I am afraid of the drawing-room ceiling.
Excuse more.
Your affectionate sister,
Maria Skurps

② 25 Priory Road
Southport
July 4 1889

Madam
I am indeed sorry to have to complain again of your nephew. This morning I found 5 panes in my conservatory broken, the nets off my plum trees, and my wife's pet cat nearly mad through having had a tin tomato can tied to her tail. I am told by my gardener that your nephew has been seen in my grounds. I must ask you to be good enough to have the conservatory repaired.
I remain, Madam,
Yours faithfully,
T. S. Whelpin

To Miss Skurps

③

July 5th 1889

Miss Skurps

To **GEORGE BROWN**, Dr.

PLUMBER, GLAZIER, GAS, STEAM, and WATER FITTER, etc.

To 5 panes of best glass in conservatory	5	
Man's time	2	6
	7	6
Paid with thanks G.B.		

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(4)

MAY BANK
SOUTHPORT
July 5th 1889

Dear Sir

I can only express my regret that my nephew, Harold, has been annoying you again.

I do all I can to keep him in order, but he defies me at every opportunity.

You would oblige Sir very much, when you catch him again, if you would chastise him.

I remain
Faithfully yours,
Maria Skurps

(5)

EASTBANK ST

HORSE CLOTHING
WHIPS
BITS, SPURS
EMBROCATION
&c.
REPAIRS NEATLY
EXECUTED

Southpor

July 6

To STRAPP AND STRAPP, Dr.
Leather Merchants.

1 Riding Whip 4 6

Send at once to Mr Whelpton

(6)

3 Enss.

LONGTON COLLEGE,
BATH.
September 14th, 1889.

Madam,

In reply to your letter of to-day, I have a vacancy for two boys who could join in the opening of the Autumn term. I enclose full particulars and terms, and remain, Madam,

Yours faithfully.

H.S. Morgan
Head Master

To Miss Maria Skurps.

(7)

Longton College
Sunday

Dear Auntie

Excuse skrawl but I am getting on all right Old Morgan is a bit hard and I get some wakkings you will be glad to hear I did a sketch of Morgans dorther and he liked it No more from

Hal

P S Cant you send 2/6 every week

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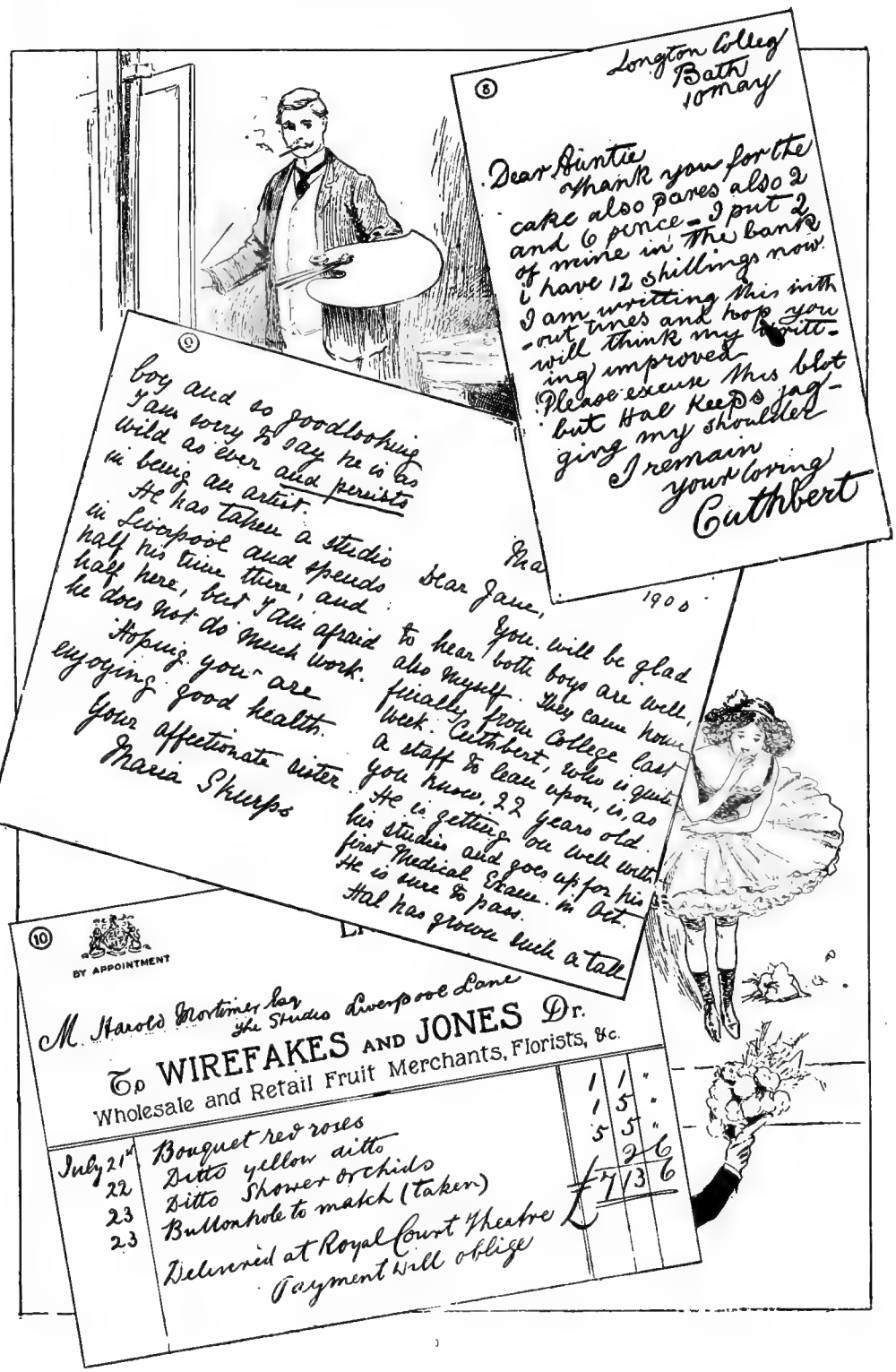
8
Longton College
Bath
10 May
Dear Auntie
I thank you for the
cake also pares also 2
and 6 pence - I put 2
of mine in the bank
i have 12 shillings now
I am writting this with
-out lines and hope you
will think my writt-
ing improved
Please excuse this blot
but Hal KeePs jog-
ging my shoulder
I remain
your loving
Cuthbert
9
boy and so goodlooking
I am sorry to say he is as
wild as ever and persists
in being an artist.
He has taken a studio
in Liverpool and spends
half his time there, and
half here, but I am afraid
he does not do much work.
Hoping you are
enjoying good health.
Your affectionate sister
Maria Skurps
Dear Jane,
1905
You will be glad
to hear both boys are well.
also myself. They came home
finally from College last
week. Cuthbert, who is quite
a staff to lean upon, is, as
you know, 22 years old.
He is getting on well with
his studies and goes up for his
first Medical Exam. in Oct.
He is sure to pass.
Hal has grown such a tall
10
BY APPOINTMENT
M. Harold Mortimer Esq
the Studio Liverpool Lane
To WIREFAKES AND JONES Dr.
Wholesale and Retail Fruit Merchants, Florists, &c.
July 21st Bouquet red roses 1 1 "
22 Ditto yellow ditto 1 5 "
23 Ditto Shower orchids 5 5 "
23 Buttonhole to match (taken) 2 6
Delivered at Royal Court Theatre £ 7 13 6
Payment will oblige

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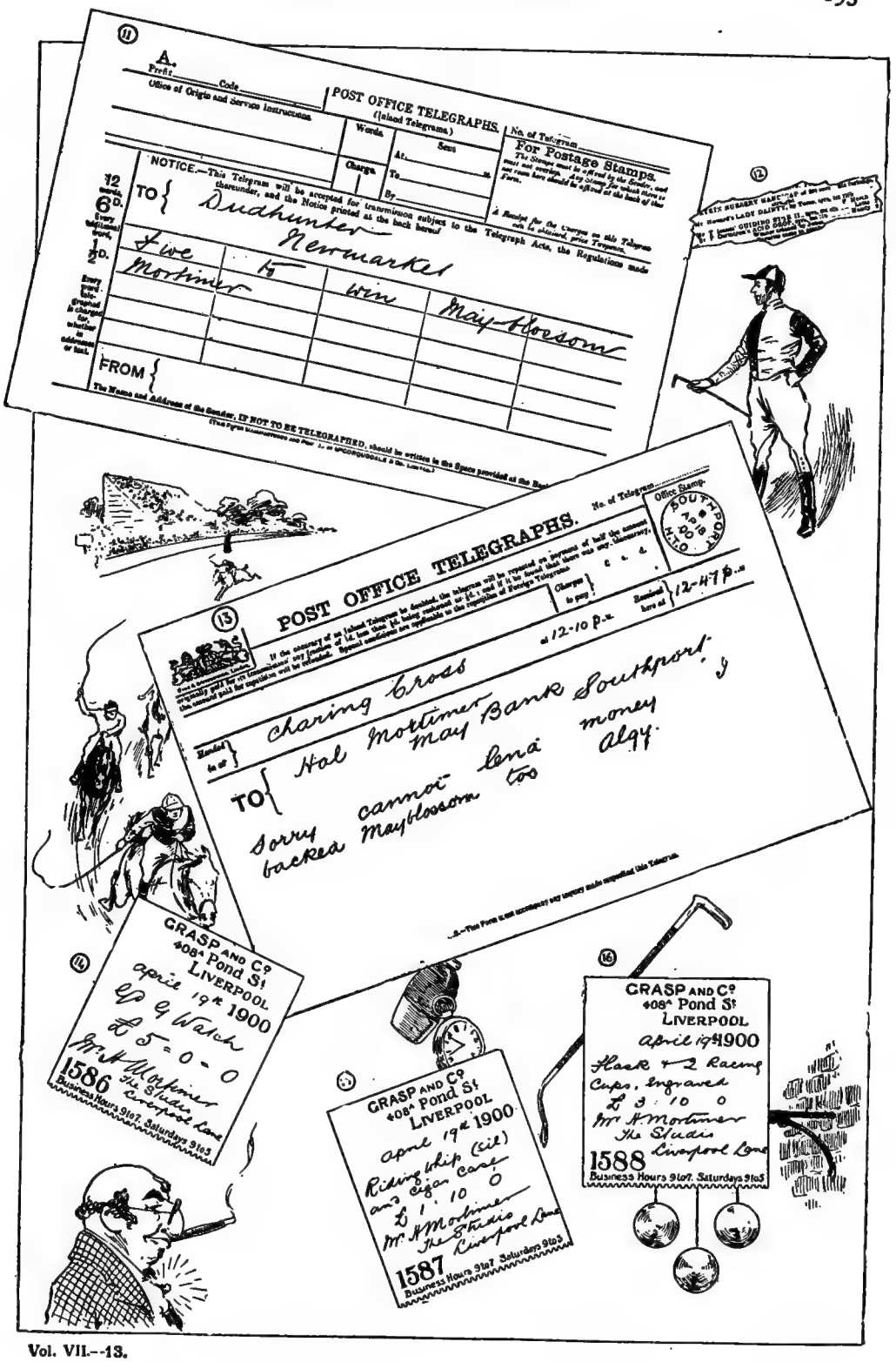

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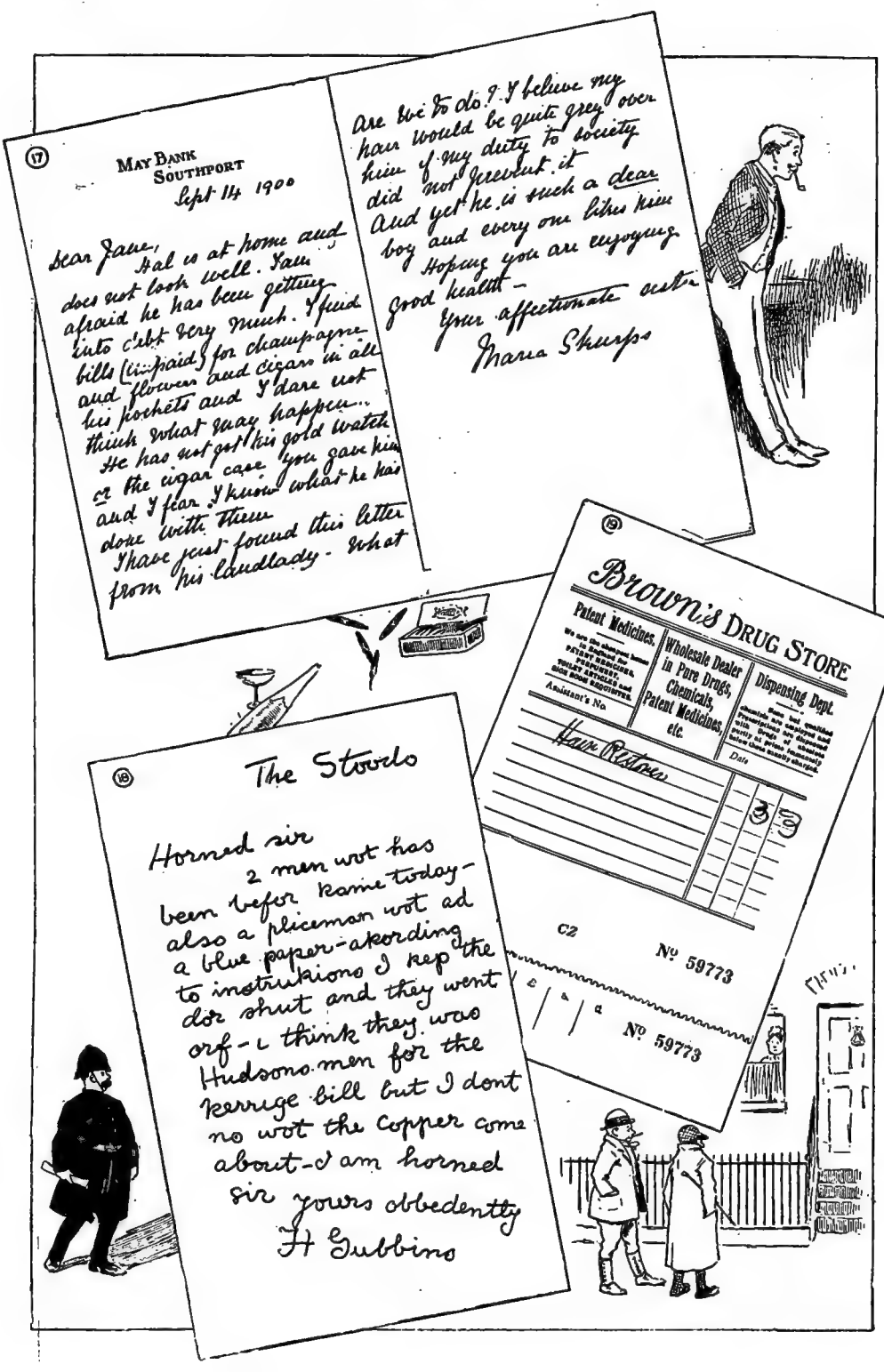
(17)
May Bank
Southport
Sept 14 1900
Dear Jane,
Hal is at home and does not look well. I am afraid he has been getting into debt very much. I find bills (unpaid) for champagne and flowers and cigars in all his pockets and I dare not think what may happen... He has not got his gold watch or the cigar case you gave him and I fear I know what he has done with them.
I have just found this letter from his landlady. What are we to do. I believe my hair would be quite grey over him if my duty to society did not prevent it. And yet he is such a dear boy and every one likes him.
Hoping you are enjoying good health—
Your affectionate aunt
Maria Sharps
(18)
The Stoodo
Horned sir
2 men wot has been befor Rome today—also a pliceman wot ad a blue paper—akording to instrukions I kep the dor shut and they went orf—I think they was Hudsons men for the kerrige bill but I dont no wot the copper come about—I am horned sir yours obbedentty
H Gubbins
(19)
Brown's Drug Store
Patent Medicines.
Wholesale Dealer in Pure Drugs, Chemicals, Patent Medicines, etc.
Dispensing Dept.
Assistant's No.
Hair Restorer
3 3
Date
C2
№ 59773
№ 59773

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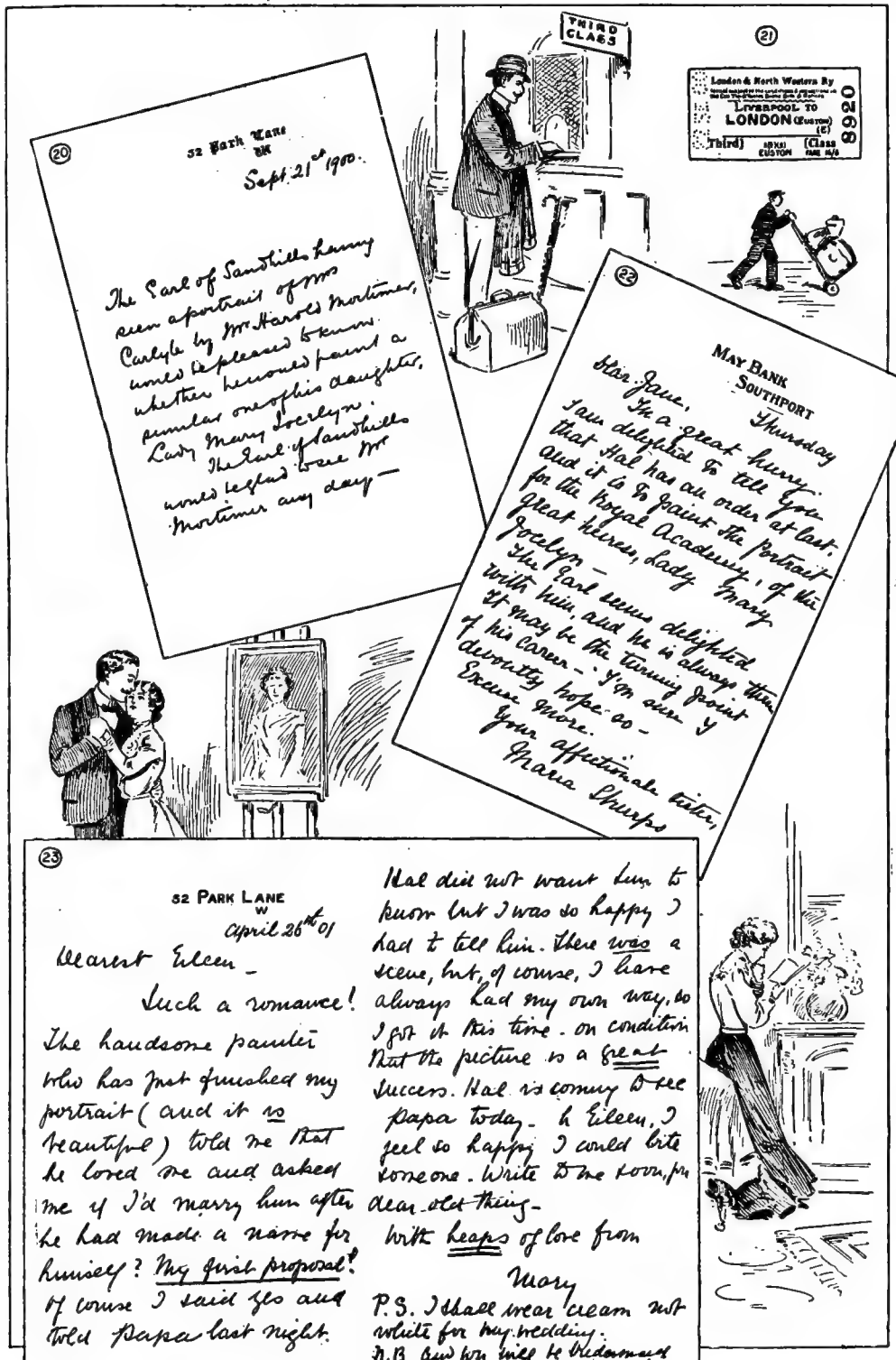
THIRD CLASS
(20)
52 Park Lane W
Sept 21st 1900.
The Earl of Sandhills hearing seen a portrait of Mrs Carlyle by Mr Harold Mortimer, owned he pleased to learn whether he owned paint a similar one of his daughter, Lady Mary Jocelyn. The Earl of Sandhills owned he pleased to see Mr Mortimer any day—
(21)
London & North Western Ry
LIVERPOOL TO LONDON (Euston) (E)
Third
9920
(22)
MAY BANK
SOUTHPORT
Thursday
Dear Jane,
I'm a great hurry. I am delighted to tell you that Hal has an order at last. And it is to paint the portrait for the Royal Academy, of his great heiress, Lady Mary Jocelyn — The Earl seems delighted with him, and he is always there. It may be the turning point of his career — I'm sure I devoutly hope so —
Excuse more.
Your affectionate sister,
Maria Shurps
(23)
52 PARK LANE
W
April 26th 01
Dearest Eileen —
Such a romance! The handsome painter who has just finished my portrait (and it is beautiful) told me that he loved me and asked me if I'd marry him after he had made a name for himself? My first proposal! Of course I said yes and told Papa last night. Hal did not want him to know but I was so happy I had to tell him. There was a scene, but, of course, I have always had my own way, so I got it this time. on condition that the picture is a great success. Hal is coming to see Papa today. Oh Eileen, I feel so happy I could bite someone. Write to me soon, you dear old thing —
With heaps of love from
Mary
P.S. I shall wear cream not white for my wedding.
N.B. And you will be bridesmaid won't you?

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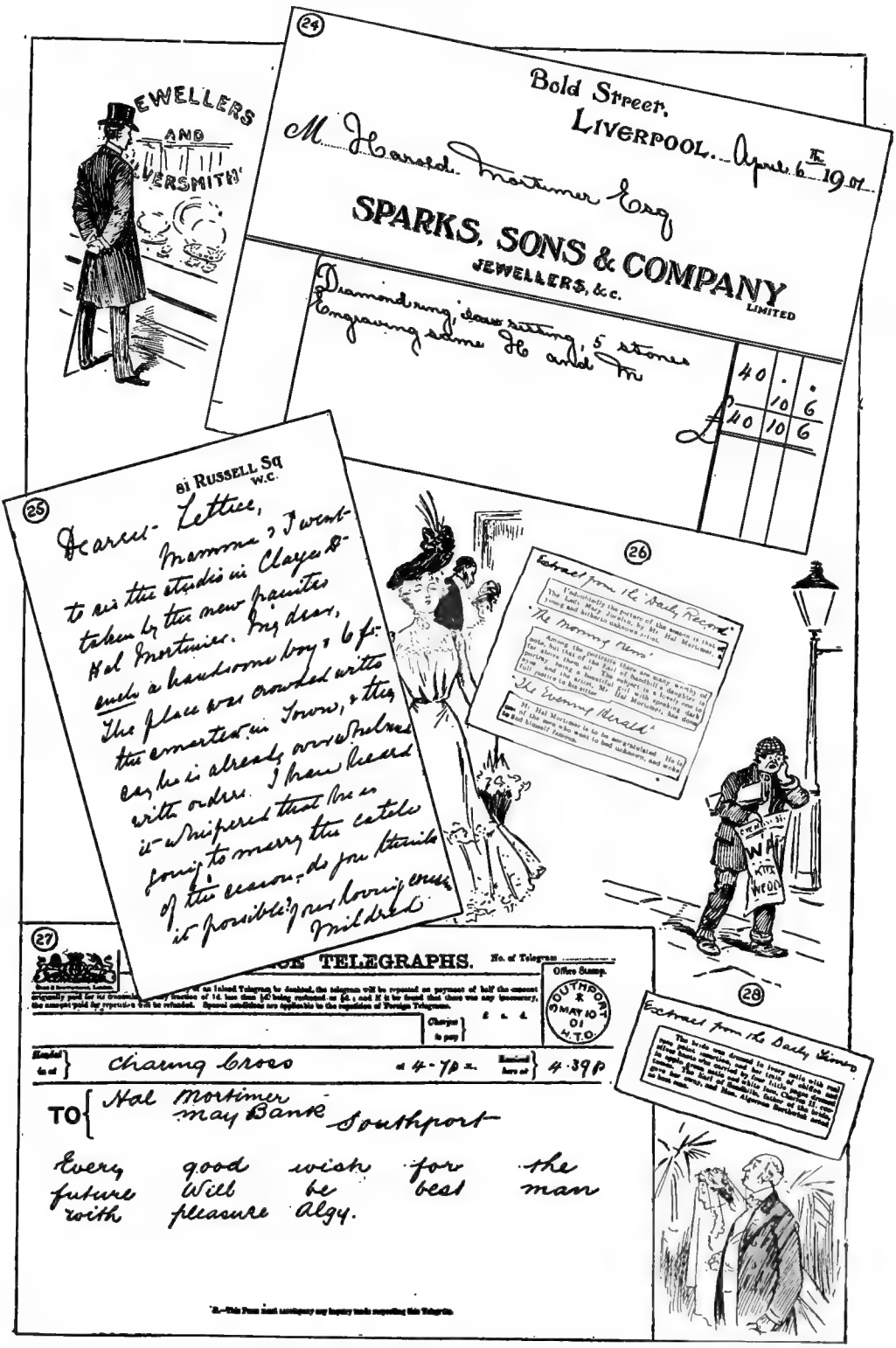
EWELLERS
AND
VERSMITH'
(24)
Bold Street,
LIVERPOOL. April 6 1901
M. Harold Mortimer Esq
SPARKS, SONS & COMPANY
JEWELLERS, &c.
LIMITED
Diamond ring, three setting, 5 stones
Engraving name Hd and Mr
40 . .
10 6
£40 10 6
(25)
81 RUSSELL SQ
W.C.
Dearest Lettice,
Mamma, I went
to see the studio in Clayes &
taken by the new painter
Hal Mortimer. Is he dear,
such a handsome boy, 6 ft.
The place was crowded with
the smartest in town, & they
say he is already overwhelmed
with orders. I have heard
it whispered that he is
going to marry the catch
of the season, do you think
it possible? Yours lovingly
Mildred
(26)
Extract from the 'Daily Record'
'The Morning News'
'The Evening Herald'
(27)
TELEGRAPHS.
No. of Telegram
Office Stamp.
SOUTHPORT
MAY 10
01
H.T.O.
Charing Cross
TO Hal Mortimer
May Bank Southport
Every good wish for the
future Will be best man
with pleasure Algy.
(28)
Extract from the Daily Mirror

BATH was in the heyday of its glory, and the long, well-lighted public room was crowded with a fashionable gathering. For this was the night of the ball, and all who were not absolutely decrepit usually managed to be present.

The participants in the festivities at this most fashionable watering-place were, indeed, a heterogeneous collection. Suffering from every disease, known or unknown, imaginary or real, they included duchesses and beaux from Mayfair, mulatto heiresses from St. Christopher's, and self-made *parvenus* who had obtained their money by unknown means; Scotch lords and penniless knights from Ireland, and rich traders' wives from Wapping and Houndsditch; judges, bishops, wits and poets—all crowded to Bath.

This evening the gathering was even greater than usual, thus absolutely forbidding many from attempting to dance. Possibly for this reason two people were seated in one of the window corners. She looked very young—barely twenty—and possessed a complexion which had evidently not yet been spoiled by late hours and excitement, and a pair of bright dark-grey eyes that followed every movement of the gay scene before her; he looked nearer forty, and although not *blasé* in appearance, had certainly left his brighter youth behind.

"Clarinda," he said, as he produced a little case containing a ring, "I have brought you a little present. I hope you will like it."

Her face lighted up with joy as she saw the flashing stones.

"Oh! how lovely," she exclaimed, and then her smile vanished. "But—but—I have told you I do not love you."

"Will you not wear it, and then, perhaps, you may come to love me in time?"

"No, I shall never love you. Sir Hubert," she answered. "I know—I am sure."

"Is there, then, someone else who has gained your affection?" he asked.

The colour rose to her cheeks, but she did not answer.

"Before we left Asburton," he continued, "you seemed to care for me. The Squire, your father, says I am to marry you, and I had hoped you would learn to love me. Have you, during this last month at Bath, seen someone you like better? Tell me, Clarinda, do you love me less?"

She held her head down, but her voice came softly and slowly to him.

"I never really loved you, Sir Hubert. I was fresh from school—I did not know what love is. And now——"

She left her phrase unfinished.

"You will wear this ring in case you may come to love me?" he asked. "Let me put it on your finger," and she gave him her hand.

"You shall never be forced into marrying me, dear Clarinda," he added. "I care for you too much. If you come to me, you

Google

shall come freely, whatever the Squire may say."

She looked at him gratefully.

"Thank you," she said, "you are kind."

The air buzzed with voices and laughter, and jewels flashed on bare necks. The dance was at its highest and the dancers becoming more gay.

"I fear I keep you from the dance," he said. "To-morrow, if it please you, I should like the honour of conducting you and your aunt to the theatre. Sheridan's new play—'The Rivals'—is to be performed. Would you care to go?"

"To the theatre? Oh, yes," she answered eagerly.

"You seem fond of the theatre," he smiled.

She looked at her ring as she answered, "Yes."

After the dance Sir Hubert conducted Clarinda and her aunt Margaret to their house in King's Mead Street, where the Squire was awaiting their return.

He had come to Bath partly on account of Clarinda, but mainly because of his gout, and he swore freely at the inefficacy of the water in relieving him. The noise and bustle and gaiety of the watering-place suited him still less. He hated the life, and the bowing and scraping of the *habitués* of the Pump-room.

When his sister, Margaret, announced that Sir Hubert was to conduct Clarinda and herself to the theatre on the morrow, he sniffed scornfully, and looked almost with disdain at Sir Hubert.

"Gad," he snorted, "'tis nothing but dances and theatres. Never content to rest a moment. Always rushing, pushing. I'll have no more of it. Back we go to Asburton. One can rest there in quiet."

Nevertheless they went to the theatre, and as "The Rivals" was fresh from its first success at Covent Garden, all the *élite* of Bath went too.

The audience followed with the keenest interest to the climax of the play where Captain Absolute and Sir Lucius O'Trigger meet to fight in the King's Mead Fields. Their swords had crossed, and Sir Anthony, Mrs. Malaprop, Lydia and Julia had just entered in order to stop the duel, when owing either to accident or the eagerness with which he fought, Sir Lucius slipped, and, falling against Captain Absolute, his sword appeared to pierce the latter and they both fell to the ground.

A sudden cry broke upon the stillness and quietude, and all eyes, previously directed to the stage, now turned to the seat where Clarinda had fainted. She soon recovered, however, and brightened up when she heard that nothing had happened to the actors. And the play continued to its happy termination.

"Whatever possessed you, child," asked her aunt, "to turn all the eyes of Bath on us? When the Squire hears of this we shall have no peace. He'll surely hurry back to Asburton."

"I'm so sorry," said Clarinda, "but I feared Paxley—I mean Captain Absolute—was hurt."

"And if George Paxley had been hurt, why should you be the only one to cry out? One would think you were in love with the actor. Why, Clarry, I do believe you're blushing. And Sir Hubert here, too! What nonsense is this now? If you let the Squire guess that you fancy an actor, I don't know what he'll do."

But the Squire had more than guessed, as they soon discovered. He had forsaken his chair and hobbled up and down the room, holding a small piece of paper in his hand, cursing and mumbling the while. As soon as they entered he burst out:

"So, miss, this is what I came to Bath for, is it? To be annoyed and worried by a chit like you."

They all stood in amazement. Could the Squire be referring to the recent incident? And if so, how could he have heard of it?

"Don't stand there staring as if you'd never seen me before," he shouted.

"But, brother, what is the matter?" asked Aunt Margaret.

"Matter, ma'am, matter, why everything's the matter. Do you think I came her for pleasure? Do you think I'd have put a foot in this cursed place if it wasn't for my gout? And now, as if that wasn't enough, here am I pestered with the doings of this chit of a girl."

"What has she done now then?" burst in aunt Margaret.

"Done!" shouted the Squire, almost purple in the face. "Zounds! ma'am, did you say 'done?'"

"Don't shout so, brother," remonstrated aunt Margaret.

"'Sdeath, ma'am, mustn't I speak in my own place? Do you take me for a mouse? Here, read this," and he gave her the piece of paper which he held in his hand. "Read it aloud. Let us all hear it. The hussy will like it."

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Aunt Margaret looked at the paper.

"It is a letter, but with no address," she said.

This roused the Squire again.

"Zounds! couldn't a bat see that? Read, ma'am. Will you read, or shall I?"

So she read the following:—

DEAREST AND SWEETEST,

It is an age since last I heard from you, and the world has grown old since I saw your dear face, and basked in the sunshine of your smile. All day I think of you, and at night I am with you always in my dreams. My heart rejoices at the thought that I may see you soon, that I may gaze in your eyes, and listen to the sweet cadence of your voice. When will you meet me at the old rendezvous? When will you grant me the joy that alone can make me happy? Send me a word that I may live till then, and be for ever your devoted, humble, and obedient servant,

GEORGE PAXLEY.

"Your slut of a maid can tell you all that, and a few lies, too, if you will listen."

"George Paxley!" exclaimed Aunt Margaret. "Why, he's the actor. But who is this letter for?"

"Who, ma'am?" asked the Squire. "Yes, who would you think? For me or for you? Lud, ma'am, there she is," and he pointed to Clarinda, who was sitting on a chair at the farther side of the room with her head bent.

"But how do you know it is for her? It bears no address."

"Your slut of a maid can tell you all that, and a few lies, too, if you will listen. 'Sdeath, and did you say this Paxley was an actor? Come here, you hussy," he shouted to Clarinda, "do you think you were sent to the best boarding-school and taught music and heaven knows what else to go running after these actor-fellows? Gad, I'll horsewhip him, I'll—I'll—" but he could say no more, for his rage made him speechless.

In the end Sir Hubert was deputed to interview Paxley and convey the Squire's sentiments towards him, and Clarinda, sobbing and utterly dispirited, was taken to her room by her aunt.

Her love dream had been suddenly blighted, and she sobbed to ease her heartache. She knew the Squire would now compel her, if possible, to marry Sir Hubert. And were all her meetings with Paxley at her school friend's rooms, all the dear letters that had passed between them, to be forgotten?

It was impossible. She would not be dragged away from Bath and her lover. At least she would see him before she went. She knew he called at her friend's rooms every day about the same time, so she must endeavour to evade the vigilance of her aunt.

She had feared that their daily visit to the Pump-room would be discontinued owing to recent occurrences, but on the morning following, Aunt Margaret prepared, as was her rule, for the customary call, doubtless intending to keep a very strict eye upon Clarinda.

As usual the room was crowded, whilst the music playing in the gallery, and the hum and buzz of the conversation of the visitors, made it peculiarly easy for Clarinda to escape her aunt's vigilance. In this she soon succeeded and hastened to her friend's rooms, where, as she had expected, Paxley was awaiting her possible call.

He was evidently agitated, but evinced the greatest anxiety as to her health.

"I knew it was you who fainted at the

Google

"Be strong, dearest, and all happiness will be ours."

theatre," he said, "and could scarcely stay from leaping off the stage. What was it that ailed you?"

"I feared you were hurt," she said quietly.

"And do you care for me so much that a possible danger to me could affect you so?"

She did not answer, and his arm crept round her.

"Dearest," he said, "I knew it. I was sure that you loved me. The thought has made my life immeasurably happy. I have loved you with my whole heart and being. But, till recently, I had scarcely dared hope that my love would be returned. Now I know the truth. Now I know that our hearts beat together. Now I feel that the greatest of all joys is ours."

She held her face up to him and their lips met. Suddenly she shook herself free and a sob burst from her.

"But it is all impossible," she said weakly.

"Love, dearest," he whispered, "can make all things possible."

She smiled sadly.

"The Squire will never consent to our marriage. He has found out all. He obtained from Millicent the last letter you sent me, and I shall have no opportunity of seeing you again. I expect we shall very soon leave Bath."

"I know, dearest," he answered. "Sir Hubert Mickleham has called upon me and informed me of the Squire's wrath at my presumption. But did I not know that? He also hinted, though, that he was proffering his hand to you. Is it true, dear?"

She nodded.

"But I have never loved him," she said. "I have never loved anyone save you. And now—now I shall lose all. I shall be dragged away, and you will forget me."

"Never, dearest," he burst out, "if you love me, if you will consent to do as I wish. Will you leave all for me? To-night I will have a post-chaise ready, and we will leave Bath together. Do you love me so much? Will you put your trust in me?"

She smiled through the tears which her anxiety had called up.

"Do you not know?" she asked. "I could not live away from you. It would kill me if I was dragged away and forced to marry a man I did not love."

"My love," he murmured. "Be strong, dearest, and all happiness will be ours. A post-chaise shall await us just outside the town, and I will stay at the King's Mead Fields till you come."

Her lips quivered as she looked at him.

"I must hasten back now," she said, "and allay my aunt's anxiety, or else there will be a hue and cry after me soon."

"And I can depend on you?"

"All in my power," she smiled. "Farewell!" and she was gone.

Aunt Margaret had searched in vain for Clarinda, but the assembly being very large, it had taken her some considerable while, and Clarinda arrived just in time to go home with her. For the rest of the day Clarinda feigned a bad headache, and would not appear at meals with the Squire. Her maid, Millicent, who had been entrapped by him, could be absolutely depended upon, she was

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certain. And Millicent, it turned out, was overjoyed to think of the Squire being outdone after all.

Consequently it was with little difficulty that Clarinda contrived to creep out of the house at dark enshrouded in a large cloak. Paxley was awaiting her, and a few minutes' walk brought them to their post-chaise.

The night was dry and clear, and the moon, which rose early, lighted all the country with its brilliance. The horses were fresh, the postillion had been promised exceptional fees, and everything seemed to guarantee a successful issue.

Yet disaster befell them. The postillion swore he was not asleep, but the fact remained that about two hours after leaving Bath, and at a distance of three or four miles from the nearest village, one of the horses jibbed so suddenly that the post-chaise, which was travelling very rapidly, half-swerved into the ditch, and ere it could be righted, the frightened horse reared and the carriage was upset.

The occupants crawled out unhurt, and on examination the post-chaise appeared only to require lifting up. The position in which it had fallen was such, however, that it defied the efforts of the three men. Half an hour passed, and Paxley, who was constantly scanning the long road behind, was becoming extremely anxious of pursuit.

At last a couple of villagers who were passing rendered the necessary assistance, and Clarinda stepped into the chaise once more. Paxley was about to follow, when he heard the clatter of horses' hoofs breaking the stillness of the night. If this was the Squire, then to fly was hopeless, for a post-chaise was no match in speed against mounted horsemen. He lingered a moment, and three riders galloped up and passed the chaise some little distance before they could stop their steeds.

Alas! it was as he had feared, for they were the Squire, his servant, and Sir Hubert. Aunt Margaret had soon discovered Clarinda's flight, and had frightened the secret out of Millicent, and the Squire had sent immediately to several hostelries for three good horses, on which the pursuit by the most likely road was started.

The brilliant full moon made it all well nigh as light as day, and as the Squire now sat endeavouring at the same time to get his breath and to speak, the purple of his face shone out.

"'Sdeath, you vagabond!" he at last managed to say, whilst in his hand he held a pistol which he pointed at Paxley, and whether from excitement or purpose his pistol went off with a loud report.

There was a shriek from Clarinda in the chaise, and Sir Hubert hastily dismounted to see the result of the Squire's petulance. But Clarinda was unhurt, for the shot had gone

Clarinda contrived to creep out of the house.

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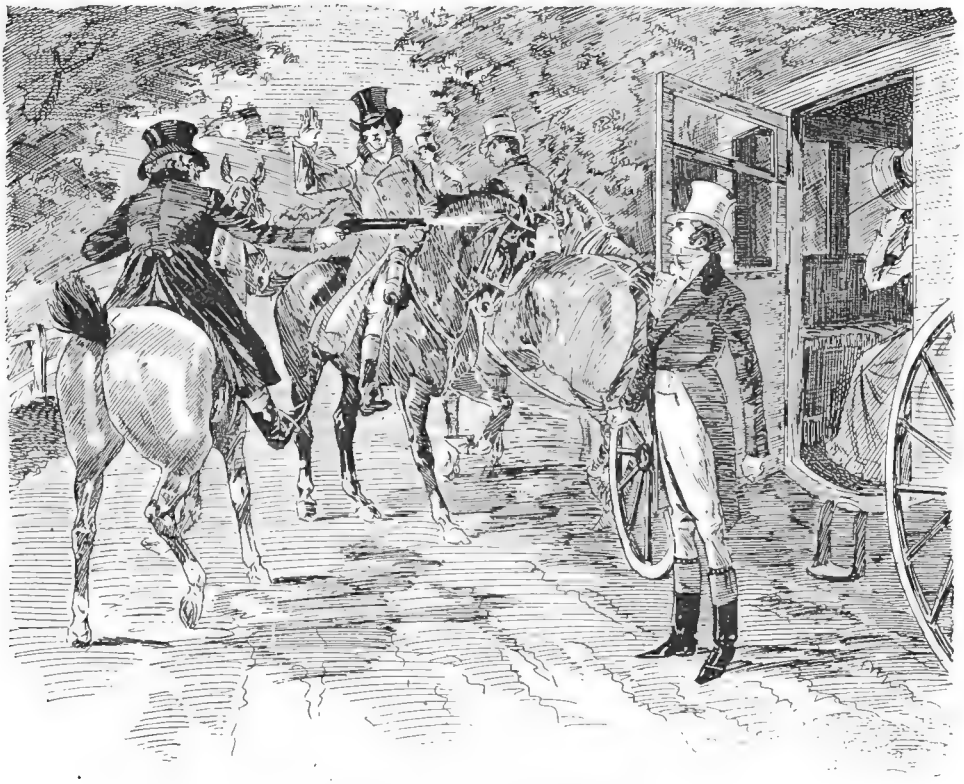

His pistol went off with a loud report.

clean through the top of Paxley's hat. The Squire, who had calmed down over the recent incident, called for his daughter, and at last Clarinda came out of the chaise.

"Well, miss," he said, quite calmly for him, "what is the meaning of this?

"I do not love Sir Hubert and I love my Paxley," said Clarinda.

"Good gad! but you shall love Sir Hubert. Am I to be ever contradicted by a hussy?

But Sir Hubert intervened and stopped the Squire from saying more.

"Pardon me, sir," he said, "but I will never marry Clarinda against her will.

At this the Squire became furious.

"And you side with her too!" he shouted.

"Might I speak for a moment?" suggested Paxley.

The Squire nearly choked with rage, but Paxley took the opportunity of his silence.

"I am not an actor by profession," he said, "but because I enjoy the life. My real name is Sir George Aylesford and my estate is at Whitchurch in Bucks, but for certain reasons I am not now occupying my true position. I love your daughter, Squire, and am eager to marry her as soon as possible.

The Squire listened in surprise.

"Why the blazes didn't you speak up before?" he asked.

"I wanted my wife to love me for myself."

"Another fool," grunted the Squire, "but what does Sir Hubert say?"

"Clarinda knows what I think," said Sir Hubert. "I would never be a bar to her happiness."

Clarinda moved towards him and held out the ring he had given her.

"Won't you wear it still," he asked, "and think sometimes of one who wished you well?"

And she put it back on her finger.

"Well, I think I'll ride back with you in the chaise. Horseback doesn't suit me now," said the Squire

"And I'll ride your horse," said Paxley.

"Ride him well, for you've had one narrow escape to-night," laughed the Squire. "Ha, ha! Margaret will be in raptures at the thought of a wedding."

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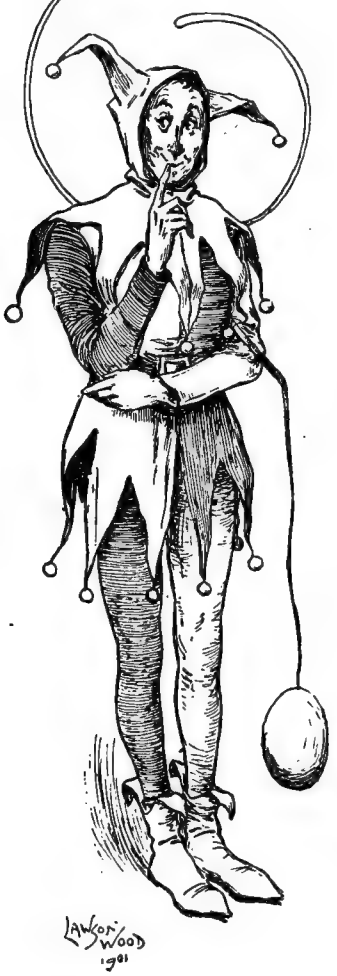
CAP AND BELLS



The canned article that goes the quickest is a dog's tail.

* * * *

OFFICIAL AT THE TURNSTILE (to fat lady): "Sure, 'tis no use ma'am; ye'll have to come in by the way out."

* * * *

It is not putting things in the right place that bothers a man so much as finding the right place after he has put things in it.

"She had the nerve to propose to a deaf and dumb man, and now she wants to bring suit for breach of promise, on the ground that silence means consent."

* * * * *

DEPOSITOR: "Is the cashier in?"

THE PORTER: "He is, ma'am, for ten years. Perhaps th' assistant cashier'll do, ma'am?"

* * * * *

Medical attendance in the King's household is calculated to cost £53 a week. It is, perhaps, charitable to hope that the Royalties do not get their full money's worth.

* * * * *

MR. GOODSOUL: "For a beggar you look rather respectable with glasses on."

MENDICANT: "Yes, sir; I have ruined my eyesight looking for a job."

* * * * *

Calino's wife goes out to work. The other day she reproached him for getting up so late, he replied: "Ah, my dear, I sleep very slowly, and I need in consequence more time for repose than you."

* * * * *

FIRST TRAMP: "There ain't goin' to be good livin' for our profession in the future, I'm afraid."

SECOND TRAMP: "Blow me! 'ow's that?"

FIRST TRAMP: "It's this 'ere civilisation. These cookin' schools is teachin' gals how to use up cold wittles.

* * * * *

A Frenchman just arrived in England, who had been taking English lessons on the voyage from a fellow-passenger, complained much of the difficulty of our grammar, especially of the irregular verbs. "For instance," says he, "se verb, to go. Did you ever see one such verb?" And with the utmost gravity he read from a sheet of paper:—"I go, thou departest, he clears out, we cut stick, you make tracks, they absquatulate. Mon Dieu! Mon Dieu! What irregular verbs you have in your English language!"

* * * * *

SEPARATION.

I never, never can forget,
How far apart from you I drifted
My bitter anguish and regret,
I never, never can forget.
My foot half slipped, the punt upset,
You watched me soar on pole uplifted;
I never, never can forget,
How far apart from you I drifted.

G. T. Walker.

Google

"Waiter, this chicken is very tough!"

"Very sorry, sir, but that chicken is a peculiar bird. When we came to kill it we couldn't catch it, so, at last, we had to shoot it. It flew on to the house-top——"

"Then you must have shot the weathercock by a mistake."

* * * * *

HER FIRST CHRISTMAS PUDDING.

Once a bride, unused to cooking, made a Christmas pudding rare,
And in weight, at least, no pudding ever did with it compare.
Then the bride unused to cooking bowed her weary head and cried,
But her cheerful husband whispered: "Never mind, my precious bride;
It is just the thing I needed; we will yet out-wit the fates!"
And he cut it up in segments which he used as paper weights.

* * * * *

OUR COOK: She takes a tremendous pride in her personal adornment—hangs such a lot of things of various descriptions upon herself, that we call her the kitchen dresser.

* * *

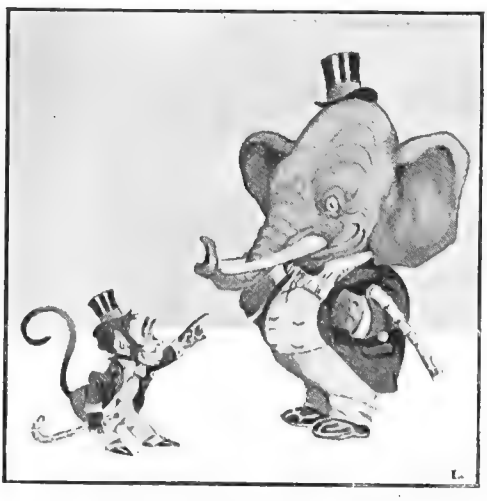
It is hardly fair to send a blind man to gaol for having no visible means of support.

* * *

The surest proof that a man isn't hen-pecked is the fact that he has a pretty servant girl.

* * *

A little boy, having lost his balloon, his sister said, "Never mind, Neddy, when you die and go to heaven you'll get it."



"I say, old chap, would you mind lending me one of those toothpicks?"

TRAMP: "Please lady, kin I have a fit on your lawn, I feel it a-comin'?"

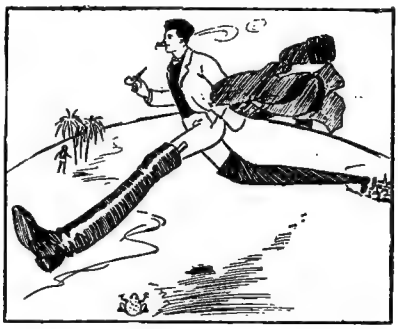
LADY: "Go round the back and have it on my daughter's tennis-court, it needs rolling."

* * * * *

"How old is your coat of arms?" asked Mrs. Dimling of Mrs. Freshrox.

"Old?" replied Mrs. Freshrox, with some feeling, "why, we had that coat of arms made to order."

* * * * *



Had I a pair of seven-league boots
Like those in fairy lore,
The city'd be my office,
My home upon the moor.

And every Sunday when the sky
Was cloudless, bright, and clear,
I'd take a constitutional
Around the hemisphere.

* * * * *

"Nursin' ain't what it used to be," said Mrs. Gamp. "They make up their medicines so nice nowadays that there ain't no fun in makin' people take 'em at all."

* * *

"Ah! I feel for you deeply," murmured the sympathetic pickpocket to the watch in its owner's pocket.

* * *

SHOP ASSISTANT: "How shall I mark these goods?"

OLD TAPEYARD: "Just figure out fifty per cent. profit, and add 11¾d., so the women will think it's a bargain."

Google

THE CHOIR.

Viewed by the congregation:

Little white-robed cherubim!
Sweetly surge the tender voices
In the soul-inspiring hymn,
And the listing ear rejoices;
Softly swell the silv'ry throats,
In exalted measures blending,
And the strain divinely floats,
Pulsing clear, and high ascending.

Little white-robed cherubim!
Pure the vision and uplifting
And the gazing eye grows dim
As the golden sunlight shifting
To the faces rapt and sweet—
Strangely sentient in its flitting—
Casts a halo that is meet,
Casts a glory well befitting!

And overheard by the organist:

"Bet you can't guess what I got!"
"I smell pep'mint; who's got any?"
"Gracious, ain't her hair red-hot!"
"You hold on, I dropped that penny!"
"Gimme 'nother pear-drop." "Say,
See this jack-knife? Want to swap her?"
"See the dog fight yesterday?
Bill Smith's puppy licked a whopper!"

"Shove along, you've got my seat!"
"I shan't come to your old party!"
"Now, look here, get off my feet!"
"Pooh! you dassent do it, smarty!"
"Just you stop now, that ain't fair!"
"Who's the feller pulled my hair?"
"Pinch me once more and I'll holler!"

* * * * *

The subject of "kissing before engagement for marriage" came up at a whist club of half-a-dozen married couples. It turned out that not one of the women had been kissed until her troth was plighted. One of the men had a poor memory.

"We used to kiss sometimes, didn't we?" he said to his wife.

"No, sir," she said, with deep indignation; "you never kissed me till after we were engaged; you tried, and you fought for the privilege, but you never succeeded."

"Is that so?" the husband remarked. "I've kissed so many—"

"What? What did you say?" the wife asked.

There was a pause. Intense but suppressed excitement was visible on the faces of the other married men.

"I say," said the husband, "I have kissed you so many times that I can't remember when I began."

Then the other men breathed freely.

The Snapdragon, or Tommy's Christmas dream.

Google

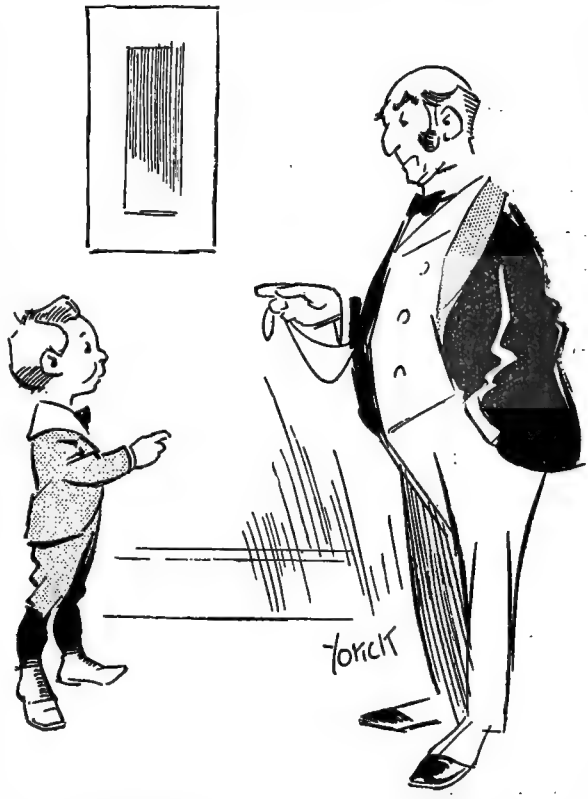
A physician says that more wrinkles come from laughing than from worrying. Young women should remember this when they see a man's hat blow off and go whirling down the street.

* *

It is a great shock to a young married woman to realise that when her husband comes home it is not to tell her how much he thinks of her, but to get something to eat.

* *

The gushing young poetess has sent us in a poem which she wrote two or three weeks ago, beginning "What shall I find in my stocking on early Christmas morn?" and asks what we think of it. We think, dear, that unless you try and make money out of something else but poetry you will find holes in both stockings.



"Grandpapa, do you know that Tommy hadn't all his toes on one foot?"
"How very sad!"
"'Tisn't sad at all. He's got five on each foot."

"She is a perfect Amazon!"

"Why do you say that? She is not at all like the Amazons of old."

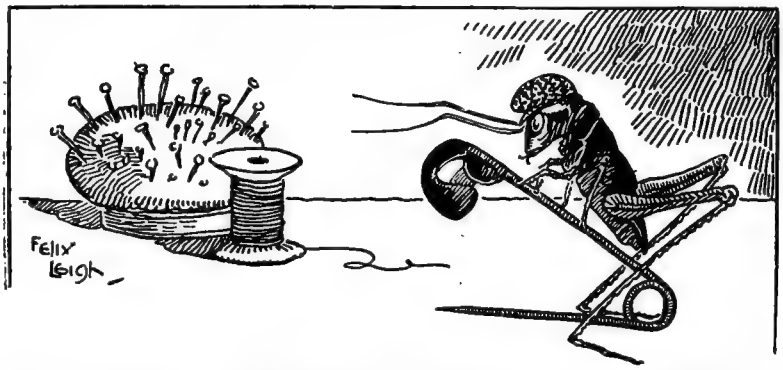
"Oh, no; I mean like the river. She has a large mouth and babbles on for ever."

* *

When lovely woman stoops to weather
The stormy blast that sweeps the street,
Beware, young man, her fixed umbrella—
'Twill knock your teeth out if you meet!

* *

"The sun is fifteen million years old, and will last fifteen million years longer." This fact will quieten a great deal of anxiety and alarm. An impression had got abroad that the sun would last only fourteen million years longer. The sun holds its age well. Oldest inhabitants say that it does not look a day older than it did sixty-five years ago.



Mr. Grasshopper: "These chainless safeties may be excellent machines for short-legged people, but I really don't see how *I'm* going to learn to ride on one of them."

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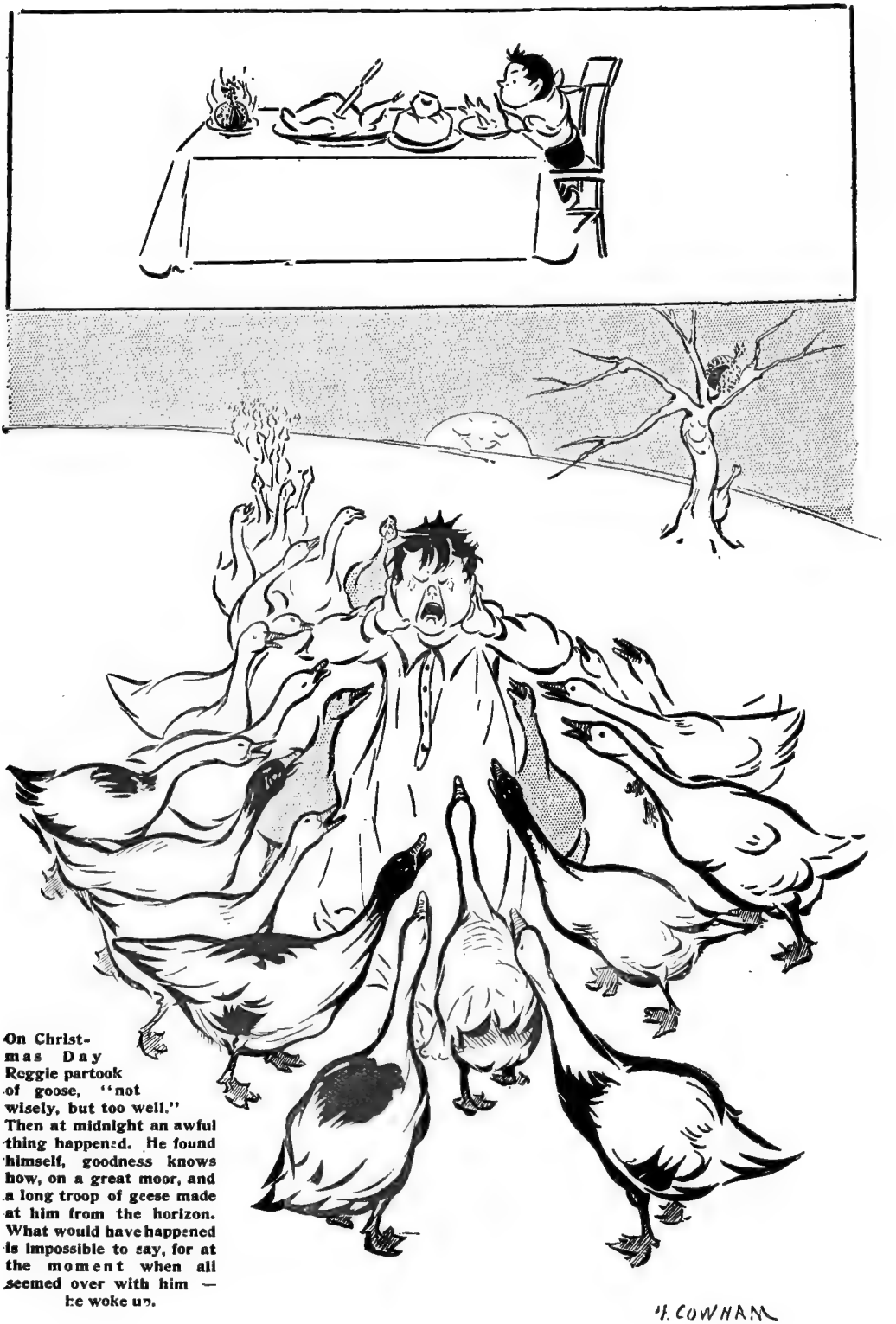

On Christmas Day Reggie partook of goose, "not wisely, but too well." Then at midnight an awful thing happened. He found himself, goodness knows how, on a great moor, and a long troop of geese made at him from the horizon. What would have happened is impossible to say, for at the moment when all seemed over with him — he woke up.

H. COWHAM

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"He knows nothing, you say?"

"Absolutely nothing. Why, man, he has such a poverty of mental resources that when a friend has a cold he cannot give him a sure cure for it."

* * *

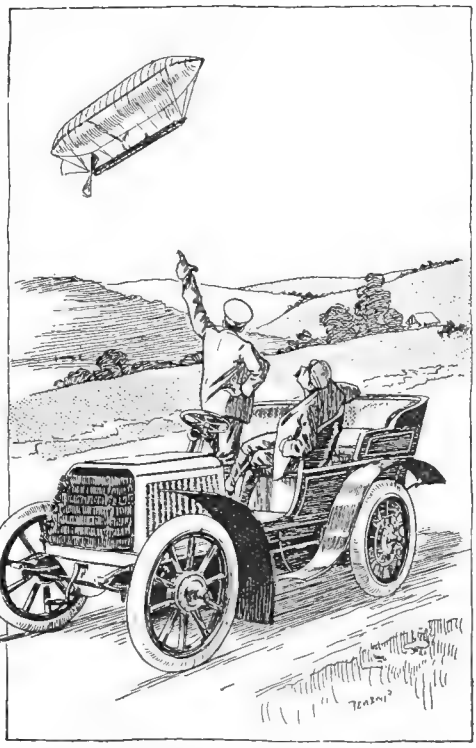
JESS: "I thought that you hated Jack, and yet you have accepted him."

BESS: "I did hate him; but he proposed under an umbrella, and said if I refused he would let the rain drip on my hat."

* * *

EDWIN: "My dearest Angelina, why are you putting a twopenny-halfpenny stamp on a letter for Belgrave Square?"

ANGELINA: "Well, you see, I've run out of my thick notepaper, and was obliged to use a foreign envelope."



Owner of lordly motor: "Great Scott, what a fool I was to spend two hundred pounds on this car. *That is* what I want, of course.

* * *

"I don't know what to do with the old furniture. I don't want it, yet I can't throw it away."

"Get a cheap carter to move it. He'll break it all to pieces."

* * *

A paragraph in a provincial paper reads "A thunder-storm made Beranger a poet, a mother's kiss made West a painter, and a salary of thirty shillings a week makes us a journalist."

"'Tis the most exasperating thing," said Chumley, "to find you have the ticket next to the winning number in a lottery. To prevent it, when I buy a ticket I always buy the numbers on both sides of it, too."

* * *

HE: "Before proposing, Miss Lulu, I wish to know if you have anything in the bank."

SHE: "Yes, Mr. Poorman, I have a lover there. He is the cashier, and we are to marry next week."

* * *

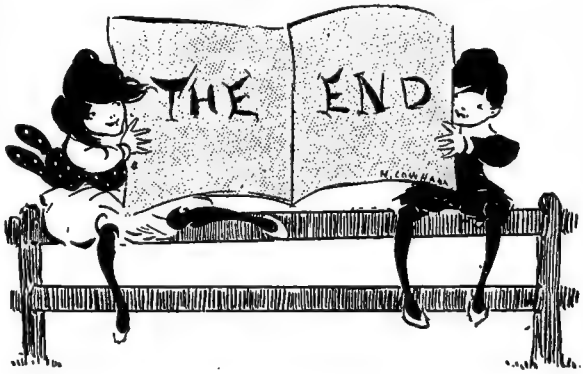
Elsie, who is the youngest of the family, was entertaining me the other day. During the conversation she said:

"All the folks who come to our house are so much older than I am." Giving a little sigh she continued, "There seems to be awfully few people seven years old nowadays.

* * * * *

PHILANTHROPIC VISITOR (to Gaol Bird): "My friend, may I ask what brought you here?"

GAOL BIRD: "The same thing that brought you here—the desire to poke my nose into other people's business. Only I used generally to go in by way of the basement window."



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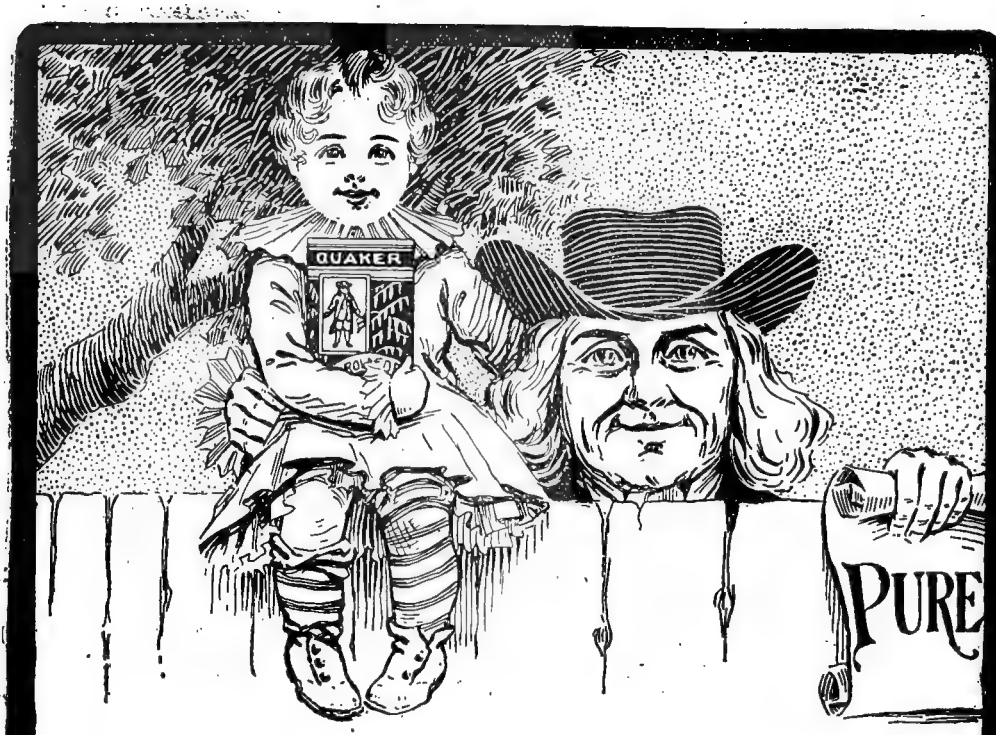

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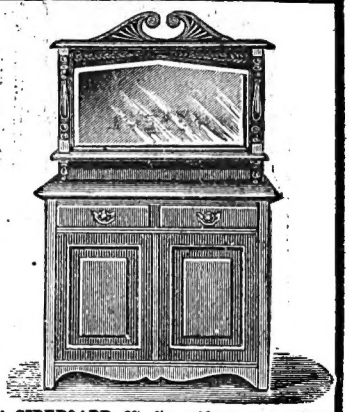

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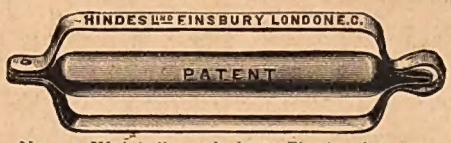

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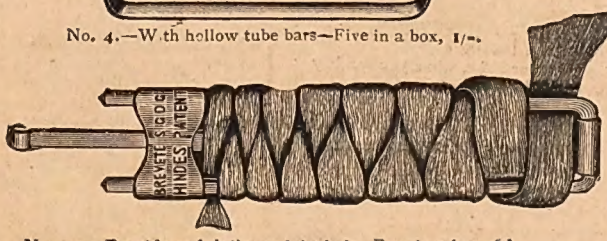

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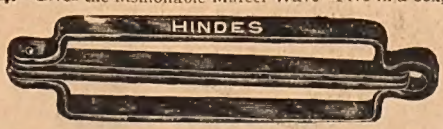

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